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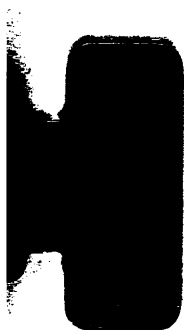
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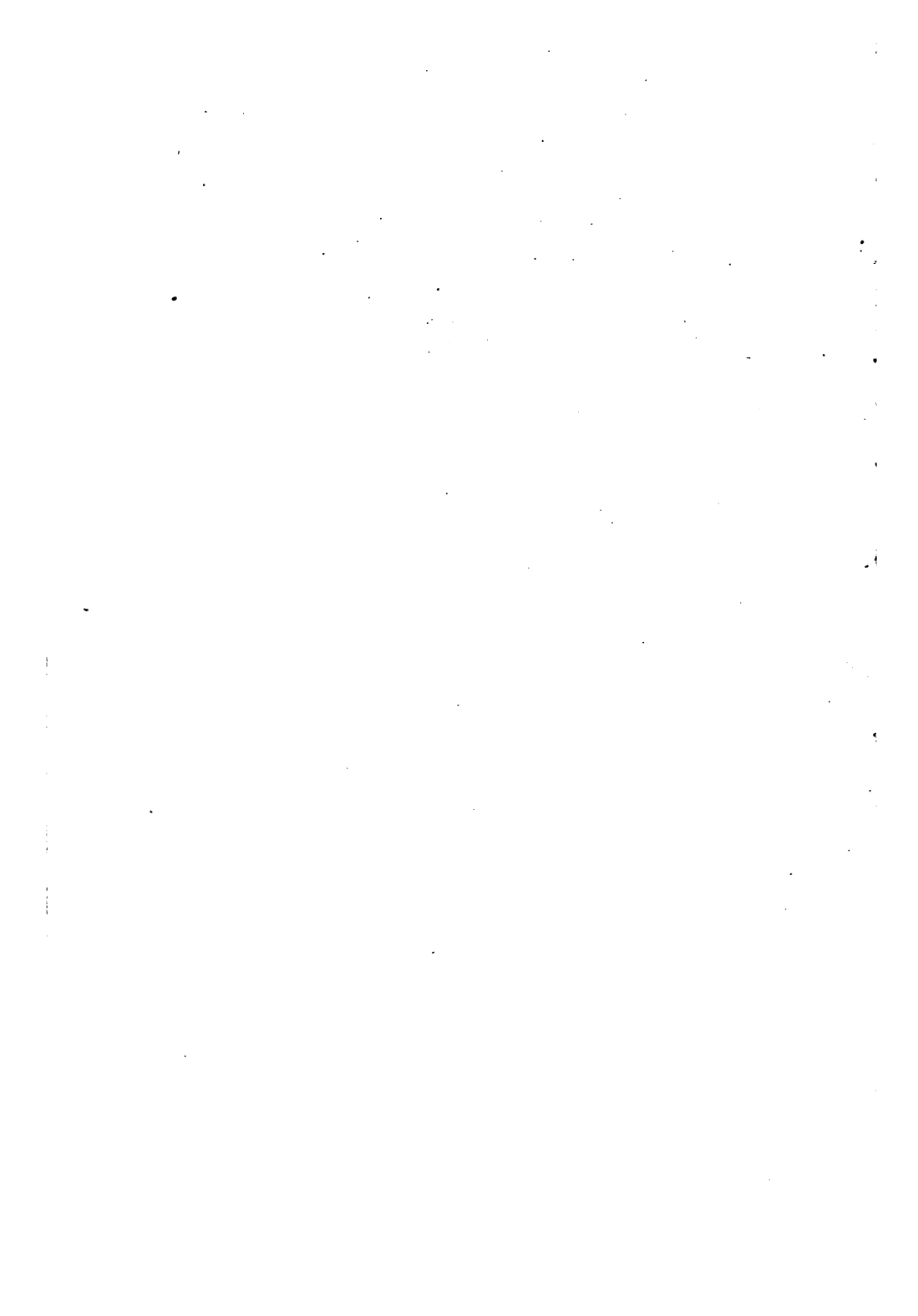
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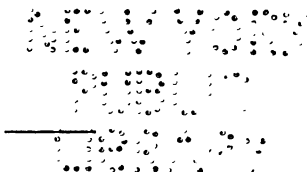
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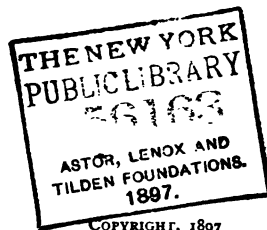
A  
YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LETTERS  
BEING A MEMOIR OF  
BYRON CALDWELL SMITH

EDITED BY  
D. O. KELLOGG



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## PREFACE.

I N the legend of Hellas, when Herakles brought Theseus back from Hades, the Greeks called the return of the Attic prince a PSYCHAGOGIA, or a leading of a soul back from the region of the dead. In a less literal but a more significant way, the publication of these letters replaces Byron Caldwell Smith, who died in the splendid promise of his youth, amongst the living generation, and by them "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Many who knew him in his fair person will rejoice at this restoration of his bright, strong-opinioned spirit to a place and function among mankind, and lament the loss of his early decease, which seemed at the time to end a career of extraordinary promise.

These letters were written by a young man between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three, during four years of student-life in five university cities of Europe. It is notable that the author of them had planned for himself, and in advance, the scheme of study that he followed there, and that it was dominated by an ideal of culture rather than by standards of professional attainments. It is further remarkable that, although so young on leaving home, he had already forged his way to philosophic, religious, and social conceptions which he thereafter developed but never abandoned. Students, wherever they congregate, make a world of their

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own, and in Europe their communities have a Bohemian irresponsibility and freedom on which dissolute habits make heavy inroads. For young Smith such temptations could not seduce him from the joy he had in conforming to the pure order of nature and he came out of the Circean ordeal unsullied. "I have withstood every temptation," he writes to his mother as he set his face homeward, "and grappled with every difficulty that I thought might conceal treasures for my life, that I might be worthy one day to return to your bosom as pure in body and soul as when I nestled there as at the fountain of my life." Is not the remembrance of a spirit so self-poised, of a pursuit of truth and beauty so strenuous, of conduct so blameless, and of a career ended with the bloom of youthful enthusiasm fragrant upon it, worthy of perpetuation?

It has fallen to one who was a close associate of Byron Smith during all his professional life and who, for a part of the time, knew him as a member of his own family, to edit these letters. In performing this task care has been taken to present the character of their author with fairness and integrity, and to sacrifice uniformity of style to the spontaneity and freedom of epistolary writing at different times and under different circumstances. To make them look as he would have made them look had he revised them for publication (a task he would never have undertaken, for he did not dream that his biography could be of public interest), would be to introduce into them an element of constraint and reserve incompatible with their naïveté and self-revelation. There have been eliminated from these letters some personal comments and ephemeral business matters of no permanent interest, but enough of these has been preserved to keep alive the epistolary



form and color. It was a fixed principle with Professor Smith to give no needless offence to a single person, though he scorned trimming, cowardice, and untruthfulness. For this reason, where no verity or suppression of traits was involved, the editor has rarely modified or erased vehement expressions of dislike for things other men cherish, which never would have fallen from Smith's lips except under the sacred confidence of intimate friendship or family intercourse. Otherwise the portraiture in these pages stands as its subject drew it, unsuspecting that strange eyes would ever behold it. It is a picture veracious and without concealments.

From the dawning of intelligence Byron Smith was a child of enthusiasm and ardor. His hunger for knowledge and his aspiration for culture grew with his growth and were unappeasable. In the realm of books the ground he conquered will seem prodigious even to scholars. To some his expressions of opinion may at times seem over-confident and even egotistical. A part of that self-assertion (which he never showed in general company) belongs to the intimacy of home. But a part, too, belongs to his singular sense of clearness in thinking and the fervor kindled in him by the themes of which he discoursed.

Among his rare intellectual characteristics there may be noted his philosophic and religious views. Even those who dissent most widely from them, will recognize that he presents them with masterful comprehension, logical force, and great vigor of language. He claimed discipleship of Spinoza and Hegel, frankly avowing himself to be a pantheist. From Absolute Being he stripped away all predicates, especially discarding all anthropomorphism. Thus he was left to

confront in his soul an inscrutable abstraction as the source of all being and history. For most men this position is paralyzing to the religious sense, and results in an impotent or indifferent agnosticism. Not so with Byron Smith. To him this mystery was life, and wonderful beyond utterance. It was a divine and ultimate fact, and here he worshipped with a reverence that was impassioned. On this foundation he built a religion.

On it he also founded a system of ethics, and gloried in its noble generosity and arduous exactions upon human nature. It called for a self-effacement seldom reached by the devotee of mysticism. Yet he was not an ascetic. To him selfishness was simply separation from nature, in and through which ceaselessly throbbed the unspeakable Divinity. He recognized no personal immortality, and thought it made self of extravagant importance, setting it in opposition to the divine whole, and making love a passion rather than a principle. Death was to him a dreamless repose, a blessed Nirvana.

Although first of all a metaphysician, he did not believe in the opposition of philosophy and science. Science he understood in its principles, methods, and tendencies, but he found in it a firm support for his speculations. He would not lose his hold upon the unity of all things, for at that centre was divinity.

Not unrelated to these premises were his views of art and scholarship. Nature had a sacred beauty for him. It was a revelation of the Absolute. The artist was touched with a divine afflatus. In verdant fields under "azure" skies, on the sea and on land, and in the galleries or before the temples of Europe, his soul kindled with solemn joy. Of the poets he was a discerning critic, and few pens have more incisively

pointed out the soul of art or a singer's limitations. He seems to see into the heart of a Wordsworth, a Goethe, a Tennyson, or a Swinburne.

His arguments have the parry and unerring thrust of a skilled dialectician. His thought moves through metaphor and epigram with lucidity and charm, as the clear waters of a river, catching light on its white foam as it pours over obstacles, or purling in soft cadences along the reaches of its channel.

To those who respect youth, lofty aspiration towards verity, faculties capable and brilliant, the ardor of a noble nature, loyalty to conviction, and purity of heart, —all combined in a narrative of devotion to culture, —these autobiographical pages are now committed.

D. O. KELLOGG.

VINELAND, N. J., February, 1897.



# LETTERS OF A YOUNG SCHOLAR.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

THIS book is for the most part an autobiography of Byron Caldwell Smith, since that part is compiled from his letters. It needs no justification from the fact that it puts before mankind a remarkable union of youth and mental gifts in one person, nor from the desire of fond relatives and friends to perpetuate the memory of a character they can never forget or of an influence they can never erase. In a final judgment of values men do not ask the age of the singer whose impassioned notes thrill them, nor of the painter whose limning entrances them. Work and lives must be taken at their real worth. It is therefore with the conviction that they deserve it that these letters are wrought into this life-history, and that the reader will recognize the fine enthusiasms, the high gifts, the elevation of character, and the eloquence of expression thus disclosed as of fascinating interest.

Yet youth has its beautiful glamour, and great excellences are more striking when early attained. These letters were written when their author was passing from nineteen to twenty-three during four years of studious life at Heidelberg, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Athens.

They were for the home reading of parents loved with unusual candor and confidence, and their self-revelation is without constraint. Their writer unfolded himself in that large atmosphere of sympathy, as the flowers expand their petals and give forth their perfume in a balmy morning of June. In them his reminiscences of youth complete a rounded history of his mental life, and it is only necessary that a friendly hand should add a few details of childhood and of the days that were fading away under the stroke of disease to make a whole biography and chain a life that otherwise would seem like the rapturous dream of an artist and a sage, to this earth.

*Antecedents.*

Authors searching for new scenes and strong natures to give color to their writings have as yet not discovered the valleys of the upper Ohio. Yet they were peopled by a dominant race as religious as the Puritans of New England, but far more touched with ardor. Their lives were as simple, their confronting of a new wilderness to be subdued as brave and unrepinning, their veraciousness as stern and thorough, their strength as indomitable, their ideals as high, their domestic affections as sweet and faithful, as those of any people that ever reared and gave vigor to states. It is the Scotch-Irish race that gave character to the settlements of this region, and they came thither with their school-masters and their Presbyterian pastors, not as fugitives from persecution, but under the more genial impulse that seeks enlargement of life and room to grow in their own fashion. They were not embittered; they were not joyless; they were godly. One sees

in their characters the same difference in moderation and geniality as between the Presbyterians and Independents in the days of the English Commonwealth. Sir Walter Scott describes it well in *Woodstock* and other of his novels. Into these valleys came now and then descendants of those German Anabaptist sects whom the influence of Penn drew to the fertile fields of the Susquehanna valley; a meek, devout, simple people, clannish as Israelites for like reasons of faith, living in a perpetual sense of obedience to God, and, while narrowed by too formal adherence to the letter of the law, yet too godly to lose its spirit. They were a meek, affectionate people, plodding with dogged perseverance, as are the characteristics of their race.

Among these people Alexander Campbell found a field ripe for his harvesting. He followed his father from Ulster province to Washington county, Pennsylvania, where both were stirred by an unappeasable desire to see the unity of Christians. They would wipe from Christendom all the blots and scars of controversy and creeds, and have believers one family, known only as obedient disciples of Christ. Campbell wished to reach the heart of divine truth that makes men free, and, holding with unquestioning conviction that through the New Testament the mind of Jesus spoke so that the lowliest heart could understand, he strove to silence all the jargon of the schools and the dissidences of the sects, so that men should hear in Christ's words the revealing voice of God's will. His ideals were by no means novel. Others had tried the same dangerous experiment again and again through the ages, and the issue had been a religion more fantastic and even antinomian than that of the formalized

church from which they sought to escape. If Campbell's venture was free from this peril it was largely owing to the sound sense, the self-restraint, and the discerning consciences of the people who received his tenets. He sowed his seed on good ground. Men and women reopened their Bibles and tested Campbell's preaching by his fidelity to the primitive gospels. They gathered about and adopted his teachings. He secured their liberty by a Congregational system of church government; they accepted adult baptism by immersion; their young men prophesied in their meetings; they founded their church-fellowship on simple obedience to Christ; they repudiated dogmatism and formulas. Great was the influence of that evangelist of rude eloquence, glowing faith, and brave, high rectitude. It lingers now, spread all along the Ohio valley to Missouri. In its nurture his widowed mother trained the youth of President Garfield, and its fragrance was upon him at the White House as chief of the nation. The Disciples of Christ, as they wish to be called, or the Campbellites, as sectarian discrimination terms them, may not have been able to break through the limitations that rest upon all religious societies, and so have only added another denomination to the motley divisions of Protestant Christendom, but they were of heroic blood, fearless of scorn, veracious and truth-loving as they could see the truth, simple in manners, and withal not lacking in picturesque qualities.

Byron Smith was the child of these influences. In him mingled the blood of Penn's Palatinate Germans and of the Ulster Presbyterians. The inspiring fellowship of The Disciples brought his parents together, and its atmosphere enveloped his cradle. His



father was of the Pennsylvania German stock, and came across the Appalachian ranges to the Ohio valley with his father, and here both came under the influence of Alexander Campbell and for a time were now and then lay exhorters in that communion. His mother's family came from Belfast, in Ireland, and were the children of the covenant, as the Irish Presbyterians defined their relation to God, the covenant-keeping Sovereign of the Universe. This commingling of races has given rise again and again to some of the finest personalities of the world. The warmth of family loyalty and love never cools in the blood of either. To the huge capacity of the German for enduring persistency and thoroughness of work, the Irish adds its acuteness, ardor, versatility, and wit. The qualities of either race are counterparts in the making of a full-rounded, well-balanced, and strong man. The genius of work and the genius of intellect combine in the ideal genius. How far this result was attained in our young scholar his own words are soon to disclose.

The father, George P. Smith, in middle life was a lithe, slight man, alert and elastic in motion, full-bearded, and with wavy hair touched with iron-grey. His brown eyes had in them a glint of light that indicated quick understanding and resolute energy; evidently a man not to be trifled with, and self-reliant. His manner was placid, his speech soft, his manners gentle and without affectation. Fear he did not understand. There slept in him a Berserker rage, that shot forth at the last indignity of bodily assault, and woe to the man that laid hands upon him. Such a man is seldom molested, and had not one or two rash men dared to awaken this temper by violence it never would have been known what a tempest that tranquil man's breast

could brew. But his scorn of wrong and his purpose to see the earth clean and righteous, never slept within him. In his youth he preached as the spirit moved him among assemblies of The Disciples, though he never sought ordination or pastoral care. He made journalism his business, and, in the days when men were angered by slavery, he was working on the editorial staff of the *Wheeling Times and Gazette*. He was the friend of the bondman. As the presidential election of 1856 drew on, Mr. Smith advocated in that Democratic city the choice of John C. Fremont, and in the City Hall addressed an assembly in an anti-slavery speech. Many were enraged and a mob gathered to waylay him on the street. He was beaten and his clothing torn from him, but possessing himself of a dirk he held the crowd at bay, having wounded two of his assailants when the sheriff rescued him. Strangers to him went on his bail-bond, from admiration of his pluck. In a pro-slavery court a Wheeling jury acquitted him of the charges of the indictment, but he was advised quietly to leave the city. "Not until I have cast my vote for Fremont," was his answer. On election morning, amply and visibly armed with knife and pistol he walked openly to the polls and deposited his ballot for the Republican candidate and none molested him going or returning. He then turned his face westward and, after two years' stay in Mason, Illinois, moved on to Danville in the same State, where he published a newspaper. He was at Steubenville, Ohio, visiting his wife's parents and on his way to Port Townsend on Puget Sound to assume the duties of collector of the port, an office to which President Lincoln had appointed him, when the call was made by the government for three months' volunteers to resist the secession rebellion.

He abandoned the civil office and promptly enlisted, receiving the rank of captain and serving on General Morris's staff at Wheeling, Virginia. Again he enlisted when troops for a year's service were called for, and going to Dwight, Ill., he became major of the 69th regiment of that State. This little place was the home of his family during his service in the field. As a major his services were rendered in Chicago, but the following year he obtained permission to recruit a regiment, and he raised the 129th Illinois volunteers, becoming its colonel under the commission of Governor Richard Yates. The regiment was immediately ordered to Louisville, Kentucky, and was attached to General Rosecranz's army. At Louisville the Colonel passed through a long and dangerous sickness in a military hospital, which he left in health too shattered for service in the field. Consequently he resigned in 1864, and removed to Jacksonville, Ill., where his son Byron, then a lad of fifteen, had already passed two terms in Illinois College. Here he became editor and proprietor of the *Daily Jacksonville Journal*, and in the columns of that paper the youth found occasion at times to practise his pen. The family settled in Humboldt, Kansas in 1869, led thither in hopes that the change would restore the father's failing health, and here he mingled farming with journalism and with public service in the House of Representatives of that State. In 1884 he fled from the agues of a new state to Pittsburg, Pa., where he was in the service of the Pension Bureau. He died at Steubenville, Ohio, in the summer of 1889.

This narrative necessarily fixes the residences and migrations of the son until he went abroad, when his own letters begin to indicate his locations, pursuits, and fortunes.

Byron Smith's mother, Margaret Caldwell, was the daughter of Belfast Presbyterians who settled on a farm near Steubenville, Ohio. To describe their home is most quickly done by saying that its pious and winning spirit Burns portrayed in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It was the cotter's household transferred to the freer and larger life of an American frontier, for when the Caldwells came to the Ohio valley it was a frontier. There was frugality in it without penury, diligence and thrift, but without anxiety. The sire was patriarch and priest to his family. He read to them God's oracles and they knelt reverently and daily at the family altar. High thoughts gave dignity to the home; love lent it warmth and cheer; veracity made life earnest and real for it. One feels the strength and wholesomeness of these integrities,—the solidity and stability of truth-loving are in it. Mr. Caldwell lived to be a venerable man and in his later years was much an inmate of his daughter's family. As his hair whitened with the silvery touch of time, he grew oracular in his cozy ingle-side seat, speaking as one having the authority of a good life and a long experience. His converse still was of high themes, for his love of right-living grew with his years, his interest in the lives of kindred and neighbors mellowed and expanded, and his need to discern the divineness of reality in things and the Godward purport of events was imperative.

The people I have described drifted widely as time went by from the doctrinal moorings of early days, and outgrew their Campbellite cradles. No influence was more potent in producing the change than the unfolding of the bright and captivating life that had sprung from them. But through it all, the love of love, the human soulfulness that was more than conventions and station,

the conviction that truth was the keeper of all security and goodness, the scorn of sham, and the courage of rectitude persisted. Indeed it was just these qualities, which their primal faiths nourished in them, that made their changes of mind necessary. Their birthright spirit wafted them on.

These Smiths and Caldwells were not learned people, but they had a substitute for learning in their bright common-sense. They were never lured to grasp the unearned favors of fashion or position, but they loved to see work done honestly and well. For social arts they had *bonhommie*.

Such were the influences that nurtured the youth of Byron Smith. It is his mother's testimony that parental authority never was used to warp or constrain his development. Indeed there was little occasion for interference, for the child, quick of wit, and inquisitive for the reason of things, found as keen delight in the play of his mental faculties as a boy does with his first pair of skates. Yet he was far from being a pale, large foreheaded book-worm, devouring his books in quiet corners of the house. It could not be said of him, as John Stuart Mill said of his childhood, that he "never was a boy." While still in petticoats he was ready to arbitrate his differences with his mates with a pair of chubby fists, and when in knickerbockers, he strove to be first in the race. He needed no spur either on the play-ground or in the school-room. His merriment was hearty, his enthusiasms many. Over his large lustrous brown eyes there passed expressions of intentness, questioning, eagerness, intelligence, mirth, jubilation with vivacity, like troops that enter and pass over the mimic stage, until sleep drew down the long-fringed curtains of their lids. His dark brown hair

clustered about a face of clear brunette complexion and rosy cheeks, such as seems to be granted to Irish beauties. But from the earliest manifestations of intellect there appeared in him a delight in ideas, and an insatiable appetite for knowledge that was his dominant characteristic. The great function of his parents was to tend the unfolding of the soul of their son and nurture it with sympathy, and this they proudly did.

*Early Years.*

Island Creek is a farming township on the Ohio River immediately north of Steubenville, and in it the Smiths and Caldwells dwelt on adjoining farms and had the same religious connections. Here, on the 28th of August, 1849, Byron Caldwell Smith was born, being the first child of his parents. Their migrations fixed the scenes of his childhood and his schooling. His teaching was such as was afforded by such towns as Mason, Dwight, and Danville in Illinois, with the exception of four months in a Roman Catholic school at Wheeling when his father was on staff duty there in the early days of the Civil War. Mathematics were a delight to his heart, and he seemed to have entertained towards them in his childhood the spirit of a remark that he made years after, to the effect that no farther advance in that branch of study was to be expected except from highly imaginative minds. Imagination is not associated usually with pure mathematics, but men who can conceive concretely of figures of four or five dimensions have a rare gift. At all events, these studies to Smith were more than ingenious processes and solutions of problems. They conjured before him relations numerically expressed and marshalled vital

things in orderly procession. He excelled, therefore, in geometry. At ten years of age, while attending the White Seminary at Danville, he was present at the annual exhibition of the proficiency of its scholars before a public audience. The class in higher geometry came to the front, and soon had themselves, their teachers, and the lookers-on in a very uncomfortable state of flushing warmth and uneasiness. One after another failed to make his diagram fit his problem, or his demonstration fit the figure. Byron, through the humiliating scene grew restless, his face glistened with eagerness because the failures were so needless to his mind, and at last he went forward to explain, and with lucid demonstration to the admiration of the audience solved the problems and corrected the diagrams.

He had just passed his fifteenth natal day when he entered Illinois College at Jacksonville. At this time he was pondering deep questions of government, such as the philosophical basis of personal rights and liberty ; theological problems cast spells over his thought and he was then in quest of that unity which would reconcile faith and nature. A clear conception of such problems was to be found in ideas and not in the formal drill of grammar and logic he had reached. During his college course, through the columns of the *Jacksonville Journal*, he entered anonymously upon a controversy with the classical professor of the college over the right method of making Greek a means of culture rather than of mental discipline. The professor was a man of more force, ability, and thought than in those days was ordinarily to be found in the chairs of Western sectarian colleges, and he was lured into the discussion by the impression that he was answering the criticisms of some clergyman in the place. Great was

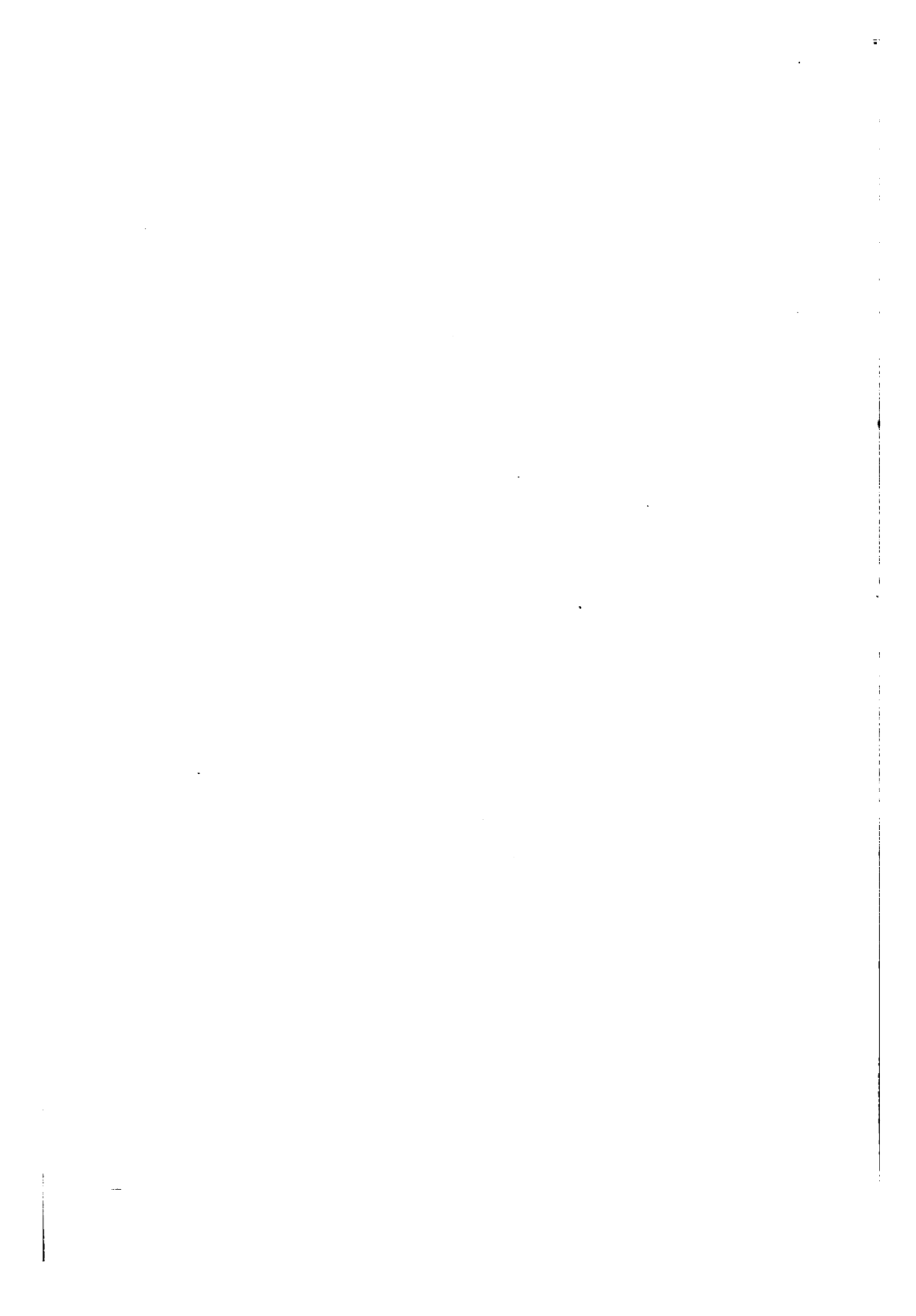
the surprise of the town when the fact came out that the Goliath of the faculty had been measuring weapons with a David of the class-rooms having the ruddiness of his teens fresh upon him. In these days the young student was found propounding his reflections and views to those who were interested in him. He would have seemed pedantic had it not been for the evident flame of enthusiasm that was in him. Life was opening to him as a very wonderful and beautiful thing. To see the order of nature, to contemplate a lucid thought, to perceive the primal rock of truth under facts, to catch the tone of beauty in literature, made him rapturous, and like all hale youth he could not restrain the expression of his ardor. His speech was always fluent and yet with all his glowing temperament there was in him a singular power of accuracy and fitness in the use of words. No doubt, to prosaic and unsympathetic natures this exuberance of utterance was a bore and a token of too great self-complaisance. Had he vaulted with poles on the campus, shouted rollicking college songs in college corridors, exhibited the antics and abandon of high animal spirits, people would have said these performances fitted his youth, and have smiled with the amusement or pleasure that older people so readily receive from the pagan glee of young students. To comprehend Byron Smith's style of exuberance at this time we must conceive that ideas and mental operations were to him what athletic sports are to young men. He approached them in a similar spirit.

In the summer when he attained the age of nineteen he graduated from Illinois College, and, having laid out a scheme of scholarly culture for the following six years, found in his parents' generosity and devotion the means of putting it in execution. It was to be carried



out in Europe, and with it begin those letters which convert the rest of this book into an autobiography. They were penned with no dream that stranger eyes would ever see them ; they are wholly without constraint or affectation. They present their author in all the freedom of self-revelation that love and confidence and sympathy could secure for him. It is not the intention of their editor to add one needless word to their narrative, and they require small elucidation. If the art of letter-writing is a lost one, it surely revived with Byron Smith's pen. It is, perhaps, proper to apprise those who will read on, that the picture to be unveiled to them is not one of incident, but of a gifted soul. As the highest art lies in depicting the human form as the instrument of a noble intellect and heart, so it is the higher reach of literature to reveal the mind and soul of a noble man.

The letters now take up their function and appear in chronological order.



## LETTERS.

### I.

*The splendor and mystery of the sea ; Bremen ; the Cathedral of Cologne ; pantheism native to the German mind as seen in the early religious architecture as well as in the transcendental philosophy ; Heidelberg ; early soulsickness.*

HEIDELBERG, Sept. 23d, 1868.

Let me give you a hasty and incomplete account of what I saw, or rather what I felt in the four weeks of voyaging and railroading from which I now gladly rest. How I shall strive to forget what I saw of human nature on the sea, of the vileness and the coarseness of sin and intemperance, of the wants and the lusts which make men miserable, and contemptible and pitiable ! But what a divine and infinite beauty hath the sea, the very type of the transient in the eternal, of the yielding yet unconquerable ! He who has not gazed for hours, till entranced, on its white wind-flowers and quietless great violet bosom, has felt little of the sense of that ineffable mystery which, like the dark earth, must underlie the flowers of love and gladness and quenchless hope in our hearts. There is one treasure given us in the great chaff heap of men's lives which, when found, turns to gold. Without it every life is *pulvis et umbra*, shade and dust alone ;

with it none can be less than the universe, of which it is a "joy-mirror," as the dear German philosophers would say.

We could not have seen the sea in a more beautiful mood than it was our fortune to experience through our entire voyage. Its colors were the most ethereal and perfect that can be imagined.

From the wan grey water of dawn to the rich golden green of sunrise, the soft violet of mid-day, the purple sea of twilight, and heavy cold lead-colored waste of night, the pencil of light worked wonders on the deep. Among a heedless and vulgar crowd whom the light of Paradise could not penetrate, the immortal beauty of the sea preserved for me a tone of mind which they had not the sense to envy. You would pardon this flight of egotism could you congratulate yourself, as I can, on having endured without utter disgust the daily associations with the company on board the vessel.

I cannot say that the voyage on the whole was not a great pleasure—it certainly was a lesson and an experience of incalculable advantage to me. It awoke a passion to know more of the sea, not more of the life of men on it but of its great self. Sometime I must live by its shore and peer into its great and beautiful secrets, which are only yielded to the patient watching of the eyes that love to seek. You may smile at my enthusiasm, but it is a love bound to grow with my growth, and in the end solve the great problem of life. I do not think that the beauty of the sea is comparable with that of the land in those forms which afford the best nourishment to man's mind day after day, but it is rather a great spiritualizer, breaking down the barriers of sense by its negative impressions, driving him out

of his daily relations, rebuking him by its endlessness, barrenness, and unbroken tameless splendor.

How awfully sweet is the thought of green quiet fields, and scented bright flowers, little golden children of the black earth, to one long on the sea ! I have gathered numberless blossoms of fantasy from those fruitless, beautiful waves where no other blossoms will grow. The memory of this mighty Æschylean element of grandeur and mystery will murmur forever in my soul and roll, like its own compact deep waters, blossoming into white passion-flowers of song when the breath of love agitates its bosom. This is the education, not for the artist only, but, what is much more, for a man. Preach beauty and harmony to the inharmonious hearts of men, and take your texts from groves and running brooks and the flowers which grow out of the black bosom of mother earth. Away with forms and creeds and revelations and limits for the limitless ; break down these walls which hem the view, even the crystal arch of heaven, and let men know that they are gazing into the bottomless and the endless. The infinite and unknowable are the background for the stars and the canopy of earth.

We saw the cliffs of England at a distance of not over three miles, and the city of Dover was quite distinct even to the unassisted eye. France could also be discovered at the same time but not clearly. We were one whole day in sight of land in the Channel, which the Germans on board would call canal. We lost sight of England Wednesday night and prepared for bad weather in the German Ocean. The passage through this famous play-ground of the winds was calmer, if possible, than in the Atlantic, where I had been sick but two days.

After a tedious voyage of three weeks our steamer cast anchor Saturday afternoon in the mouth of the Weser. Land had been in sight since morning, but was only observed as a mere cloud line above the horizon ; now, however, its greenery was quite distinct, and the peaceful little Batavian-like villas, embowered in closes of fresh verdure near the strand, offered the first nourishment of real nature to eyes almost famished on the phantom beauty of the sea. As I am no lover of overwhelming sensation, I was delighted by the gradual, quieting impression made by this low green coast.

We left the huge machine which had carried us from home, standing out on a clear horizon like a great far-travelled messenger just arrived at a distant world, and went ashore in a little serving boat which smirked and snorted out to the bar to bring us off. I shall not attempt an account of my emotions on putting foot on this strange land, for they are yet too confused and contradictory to submit to being stated. While I could fairly anticipate the joy of the exertion, I trembled with a pleasing dread of the magnitude and the importance of its results to me. My country and my friends, who had heretofore been too much objects of my love alone, appeared now to withdraw and stand over me, apart in a place not subject to the fluctuations of human passions, but to become as never before objects of my reverence and rulers of my life.

In Bremen I got my first impression of a German city, clean with narrow stone-paved streets and high, solid houses of stone or brick, plastered over with a smooth, hard cement, making them look as made of dressed blocks ; dotted with parks, statues, fountains, etc. ; with a high-towered old cathedral and council-

house with a carved point, all covered with tile roofs ; and filled with an orderly and sober population, and very quiet traffic in the streets. I visited the Rathskeller, or, in English, cellar of the council-house of Bremen. Here is where the famous wine is kept which is over three hundred years old. This is a very strange place, with its great iron-headed casks which hold ten or fifteen hogsheads of liquor under its white massive vaults, adorned by great grotesque figures of Bacchus and his satyrs in gilding. I was also in the Dead-cellar where corpses are preserved without decay for over four hundred and ten years.

*The Cathedral at Cologne.*

A careful survey of this famous structure is worth to the student of history the perusal of many learned tomes on the intellectual and religious state of Europe in the middle ages. Till I beheld it I never comprehended the force of architecture as one of the fine arts—that is, as an interpreter of psychological conditions. The ground-plan of the cathedral, if I remember, is an immense cross, or rather parallelogram with projections at the sides scarcely considerable enough for the arms of a cross. Its walls are pinnacled, gryphoned, and otherwise adorned with grotesque figures of old saints. The central aisle is one hundred and sixty-five feet from floor to vaultings, and the great roof is supported by scores of columns rising from the broad marble area to that giddy height. The centre of the building is surmounted by a finished tower and steeple nearly four hundred feet high, while twenty-five hundred workmen are constantly employed on the two principal front towers, which are to be six

hundred feet in height. Eight years will see the work completed which six centuries ago was begun.

It scarcely resembled the work of man's hands, but stood rather like some huge crystal of nature, or a habitation of some primal earth-power kindred to the storm-god, the force of waters, or the principle of life in sweet flowers, or dark forests on the hills.

Pantheism is native to the German mind, and is no less distinguishable in the religious architecture of an early period than the transcendental philosophy of to-day. Distinct conceptions of divine things are characteristic of the sectarian and, as commonly understood, religious mind, but how mysterious, how really infinite, did the universe appear to the soul of the great master who planned this temple to the Spirit, who, if He giveth the corn, also blasteth it and is the Father of sorrow as well as of joy. The chaunt of the choir, and intonation of the great organ, when rolling through these marble aisles shaded by the mellow light of stained windows, and solemnized by the devotions of twenty generations now in the dust, are fit to inspire terror or ecstasy as the listener feels at enmity or at peace with that awful Being whom he has enthroned in the star-paved infinite halls above. The temple-building age of the race is gone by. One has only to behold this great hymn of stone muttering the hopes and fears of departed centuries up to the skies, to look at all religious buildings of the present as he would at the efforts of forty to frisk and gambol in the plays of ten. The knees which first bent upon this floor were not far above the tortures of the damned—at least their owners thought so, and any sweet, sudden vision of the imagination might



really be some calm-eyed saint, or pitying glance of the dear *mater dolorosa*, our "Lady of Sorrow."

If these reflections have carried me too far, the nature of my subject rather than my imagination is to blame, and I must now leave unsaid the greater part of what I wished to write you of this famous cathedral.

That part of the Rhine which I saw from Bonn to Bingen, where night fell, was a panorama of such beauty and romantico-historical interest, as scarcely to allow one the time or temper to observe critically.

I will not attempt to load my letter further with accounts of what you can find much better described in infinite books of travel, but hasten home—that is to Heidelberg—and to business.

*Ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg.*

Looking away into the western sky from this little ancient bower of greenery on the terrace of Princess Garden, Heidelberg Castle yard, with the quiet, brown-tiled city, and little silver, eager Neckar in the autumnal sunshine at my feet, my thoughts go out involuntarily to the friends at home. This is the very eye of Germany, and finest ruin of the middle ages in Europe, if not the finest ruin in the world.

I have never felt as to-day the unutterable loneliness of this place, although I have been here almost daily for two weeks. To-day the thoughts of home are really awaking far down in my heart. How irresistible these memories! What floods of melancholy do they threaten to rain down on the soul! I fear them, for to-day the first drops have fallen and my heart is too full of sighs. Ah! the world is everywhere

beautiful, and there are everywhere so many souls to whom one may speak a joyful word, that men have little more need to wander for "sweetness and light" than the silver-cupped lilies of the field. I am not insensible to the beauties of this place, but if I am not so elevated by them as I might expect to be, it is because I never knew before how very nearly full my happiness has been without them.

What a blessed change did I experience three years ago, when the world was without color and men's hearts without love, because I was soul-sick. How can I ever forget that delightful September day, so like this, with its rich autumn-colored greenery and mellow air, when, oppressed by a cruel dread of some nameless evil and a perfect disgust of all life, I rushed from the house for relief out into the light under the sky, and stood for some moments entranced before the infinite joy and life of nature, until the glory of that autumnal day sank down into my soul. My care was gone, I smiled through tears of gladness at the blindness of my fears, and ever since have been as happy and cheerful as man may hope to be.\*

\* A year later Byron Smith wrote the following metrical account of this experience.

Once in childhood's minstrel days,  
While light of summer prairie fell  
Upon my hair, and all the ways  
Of flowery grass and hazel dell  
Seemed strange to feet that knew them well,

Within my heart, as in a flower,  
The breaking flush of life grew bright,  
And every soft-winged, listless hour  
Passed and left a deeper light,  
Made day more sweet, more strange the night.

Beattie was a true poet, for he said, you know, of nature :

“ Her charms shall work thy soul's eternal health.”

Do not, I pray, take what I write to-day for a specimen of what I think a letter ought to be—not a Trophonian oracle or Sibylline prophecy of the unutterable, but a calm and clear narrative of facts and statement of things.

## II.

*Visions of home ; study of the classic and German languages ; from the boy's task of memorizing to the man's labor of thinking ; need of Greek culture in the conflict of modern learning ; work of the scholar ; the presidential campaign ; nature of authority.*

HEIDELBERG, 1st Oct., 1868.

The first letter from home has just reached me, and how wonderfully sweetened are its words by a silence of over two months and a distance of so many thousand miles !

There is a miserable sad fog in the sky and a feeble, cold rain is dripping through it, but I am too happy to regard either the vain ways of men or the windy ways of heaven with troubled eyes. To-day shall be a holiday, and books shall rest from their importunities, while their bond-slave snatches a moment of time to rejoice and to indulge a sweet grief which is akin to joy and pain. I have read both your dear letters so many times and am proud of both. Dear mother writes like a Cornelia, and what son would not feel like a Gracchus with such a mother to love and encourage

him? I love home—no one knows how well,—and the first wish of my heart is to make it the centre of “sweetness and light,” for I shall never have any other home but round your hearth. Sometimes a note of some melody that dear little Abby\* plays will strike a vision into my soul so vivid, that I am again sitting on the shaded tiny porch and hear the indistinguishable murmur of known voices within,—only a faint consciousness lurks, as in a dream, that it will not last.

Dear mother asks if I am homesick. I do not know what sort of a complaint that is with others, but with me it is a continual hunger, and will only be borne, not stilled. I would not be *at home* away *from home*. Write longer letters, and as an artist, with the purpose of creating home around me.

When I finish this letter and send it off I shall know more about my studies for the winter, and whether it will be possible or advantageous for me to attend the Lyceum or not. My labor, however, will consist almost entirely of a thorough, genial, and minute study of the classic and German languages. I abandon for the first six months all attention to ideas and literature, and shall busy myself in those technical difficulties which an earlier and better directed study should have enabled me to be past at this time. But I trust to my enthusiasm and industry to deliver me from the toils of syntax. The labor of most or nearly all American students is rendered fruitless by their beginning the study of philology so late as never to escape from the boy's task of memorizing to the man's labor of thinking. I am thoroughly convinced that an enlightened sympathy and extensive acquaintance with the spirit of

\* His only sister.

Greek art is essential to any liberal education. The Greeks were the great apostles of intellectual order, and were no less remarkable in the semi-moral, semi-intellectual region of æsthetics than the Hebrew mind in the purely theosophical. The one will always command the admiration of the learned; the other has passed for inspired with the many. The great ignorance of men, however, is of the capacities of their own race.

Some minds are so Greek by nature that they may scarcely be thought to need an exquisite sense of completeness cultivated, yet without the support of some congenial literature it is not apt to hold its desired importance in the wonderful civilization of our day, where the mind and the eye are distracted by a multitude of objects and subjects. It is prudent for the scholar, whose business is in the conflict of modern learning, where the stars and animalculæ are searched for their secrets and the grandest speculations are linking the present and future of the race to the most abstract problems, to secure himself a retreat in the

“Olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long.”

Without such a country residence, how can he associate with the aristocracy of letters? And thus he, on whose vision the genuine impression of a little Dorian temple in a myrtle grove of Greece, where the bright blue waters of the Ægean are breaking forever at its marble base, has once been made, will scarcely leave the pursuit with his will.

But after all, the principal work of the scholar is not there. It consists in a mastery of the diviner ideas of

his own time, and a comprehensive reduction to order in his own mind of the systems of thought that are now winning for the world true conceptions of liberty, nature, and man, and driving out of life that Protean monster of superstition, that lingers in the dawn of a terrific advance of Truth. Truth has become Græcized, that is, is losing the fretful ardor of her youth and uncertainty, and now moves with the divine, calm majesty of Pallas, neither hastening nor ceasing, but sending her silent golden shafts far into the fading hosts of cruel bigotry and selfish philosophy. He who despairs of these days is a fool and the real and only genuine traitor known in nature.

I have not received a Journal\* yet, but read the English and German papers with interest on the (presidential) campaign in America. They represent the situation as very deplorable in the South, which is confirmed by several acquaintances I have made here just from the Carolinas. Negro rule, they say, is prostrating every department of industry but the trade of corrupter and lobbyist. Incompetency, immorality, and irresponsibility are alike necessary qualifications in their legislators, whose election is directed and secured by adventurers from the North, called Carpet-baggers. It is a sad picture, and however much we may think they (of the South) need some such humiliation, we must yet recognize such a rule as fatal alike to innocent and guilty, and as a precedent absolutely fearful. It makes no difference what the animating principle of a regnant party may be, a province or a dependency has never yet experienced anything but the boundless effects of corruption and misrule. It is no more possible

\* His father's newspaper, *The Daily Jacksonville Journal*.

for the North to maintain good government in the South, than for the authority of a master not to be abused by the majority of men. I have always preferred a republic to every other kind of despotism, as most likely to be liberal on occasions, and have no reason to change my mind since I have seen the surface of European society. You know my peculiar ideas on the nature of authority in society, and I cannot expect to see any country free from internal broils till the rigid distinction between protection and government, objective and subjective aid, is recognized and the function of law or force limited to the former. This is no distance at which to argue politics, so I shall await the results of November (the presidential election).

## III.

*A student-guest at the Lyceum ; love of temperateness.*

11th Oct., 1868.

I have entered the Lyceum here as a guest, in which character I shall not be subject to many very annoying interferences which the regular student must endure. I only study the classics, and am not yet required to take part in the recitations, as my German will not permit. I get the lessons and much more and attend recitations, and expect in three or four months at farthest to recite. They are more thorough than I ever thought it was possible to be in an ordinary school.

I have seen but two or three drunken men in Germany. I suppose mother's anxiety about my habits must be excused, but I do not know how she could entertain fears when she knows my temper in such things

and, what is as much, I know her desire. My habits here shall be in all respects as temperate as they were at home.

## IV.

*Autumn the philosophic season ; a happy mean of labor and rest ; German enthusiasm for light and catholic sentiments ; the German youth the people's ideal ; the character of this ideal.*

HEIDELBERG 26th October, 1868.

Everything moves on with us as I imagine it does with the empty shades below. The currents of our lives hardly make an eddy and are clear to the eye. Autumn is the most philosophic season of the year, and when all nature is resigning life and the pomp of summers, I catch the infectious spirit of resignation, and take a certain melancholy delight in reflecting that I have cause for grief, and still let the sweet days die in labor that I love.

Nothing could be more regular than our hours, which we keep with the quiet and punctuality of a monastery. It is that happy mean of labor and rest, which, if a man is not allowed change, wears longest and best. We\* refresh our evenings with a walk through the mountains, which the beautiful scenery invites and cheers ; or sometimes take our stroll on the busy streets, where the eye of a curious, or the reflections of a philosophic mind need not to be idle, and the affections of a sentimental stranger, like myself, find a thousand objects of pity, or faces with whose gentleness or jollity he may

\* He passed his year at Heidelberg in the companionship of a young American student with whom he had been in college.



feel an interest. Often we take our walks alone by a sort of mutual consent, when we feel that we need a moment of self-communion. These little evening tramps will soon be broken up by the increasing inclemency of the weather, which is more forward towards winter here than at home.

My attendance at the Lyceum is regular and I am highly gratified by the progress I am making under instruction, I may say, for the first time in my life. The art of teaching is thoroughly understood here, and the drill is perfect. My studies are incapable of lending interest to my letters, further than to let you know that they are successful. I read but little, and that from the German classics. I have made several translations from Bürger and Lenau, but they need touching up, and that requires time.

You have little idea of the difficulty I experience in resisting the constant temptation to read, and when I indulge myself for an hour in the pages of Wieland or Kleist or Jean Paul, I miss my accustomed auditor, dear mother, whose noble appreciation of noble sentiments lent them a double interest. German literature is only to be appreciated out of its native soil by the few. A mild ideal atmosphere early accustoms the mind to the beauty in the haze of things. The promise of the German character is even greater than its achievement, but such enthusiasm for light and such catholic sentiments as govern them in the pursuit of excellence cannot fail of the highest results of culture. I desire to gain something of that generous disposition towards the sum of all systems of thought which is so prominent a trait of mind among the learned of Germany.

There is a peculiarity of the German character which, I think, I may affirm to be national, and to one who

thinks, it must give a far insight into the real life of the people. I refer to the kindly and enthusiastic sentiments with which the old regard the young. If the people have an Ideal it is the German youth. I need not tell you how this character is supposed to unite generosity with frankness, courage, and tenderness,—with an enthusiasm for the beautiful which is truly Greek, and I do not believe any people can vie with the Germans in the attainment of their desire.

Have dear little Abby write to me with her own hand. I shall kiss the letter a hundred times. Can't Billy \* manufacture a postscript ?

## V.

*Latin instruction ; German laboring men look to America ; superiority of American country women due to liberty ; Greek verbs and Homer ; art purified nature ; Morris's "Earthly Paradise."*

HEIDELBERG, 8th Nov., 1868.

Within the last fortnight I have received two letters from you ; one enclosing a sheet from dear little sister. I have deposited my guldens with the banker on whom the paper was drawn, and, as far as money can purchase content, I am at rest for several months to come. It is possible to live in Germany on very little money, but a student can spend a good deal with advantage, if he can afford it. For instance, although I have the regular recitations at the Lyceum, as I take nothing but the classics I have time to write a good deal of Latin, which cannot be corrected by the pro-

\* A younger brother.

fessor. Consequently I need some one to do this, and this will be an extra expense.

The news of Grant's election has reached us, for which, I believe, every one was prepared. It is going to add fuel to the emigration fever, which next spring will be unprecedented. There is scarcely a laboring man in Germany under forty years of age, who does not look forward to a home in America,—something he need never think to own in the Fatherland. Means to go are almost impossible for him to obtain. I know a young tailor here who thinks that, if, after ten years' savings, he will be able to get to New York he will be fortunate. He has been several years a journeyman, but has just been able to live and is not worth a kreutzer. Marriage among the very poor is scarcely known, and four-fifths of the people are very poor.

A woman in Germany pays her own way, and has about as many rights as a man, with an exemption from the army,—and such women! It is pitiable to see every trace of women's grace and sweetness crushed from their poor faces. Among the peasants I have not seen a face which was not painful to behold, while in America, among the country women, no one is surprised to find the greatest delicacy and proportion. The cause or causes are not far to seek; the very breath of liberty bears beauty with it, puts a fire in the eyes, gives uprightness and elasticity to the step, and a cheerful independence to the whole countenance. There is nothing more brutalizing than slavery of all kinds and degrees, and to live with the never absent sense that there is some one over you, that your destiny is being determined by the prejudices, or even wisdom, of others, will put a cloud on the face of the sun. The learned can, in a manner, dispense with the sunlight of

liberty by shutting themselves up in their studies, and lighting all the candles of science, or from the pages of ancient Greece catch the light of suns set two thousand years. Even they betray a sickly tint of artificial light, and learning is not even here what it ought to be. She is a goddess in whose robes the freshness of the mountain air should blow, and whose hair should be sweet with the weight of wood-perfumes and the light of the field.

I begin to see that too much planning and too little work are no more profitable, although more delightful, than the reverse. I put my powers of memory to a test the other day, and committed in one hour one hundred entirely new Greek verbs : I mean that I was able to give the Greek verb when its German equivalent was pronounced. I consider this a feat, but do not propose to repeat it very often. I am reading Homer's *Odyssey* with such delight as you can hardly imagine. It is more than probable that, when I have finished my studies in Homer, I shall write you an essay on his genius and works.

You neglect to tell me what you are reading. I am in no condition to recommend anything to your attention in English, as I have only what I took from home. You may determine whether or not you have a taste for pure art, which is simply purified nature, by ascertaining whether you are able to find unalloyed delight in several of the stories of Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. The book, you know, was presented me in Chicago, and I read it all the time I was at sea. It is as Greek as the *Odyssey*.

Dear Abby's letter was especially pleasant,—so full of every kind of news and gossip. She writes sense and English. Your letters grow thinner every mail. You

must not let the only bond between me and home grow weak. Father does not say much more than he would if he met me at the corner of the street, but he is working hard for me and loves me, I am sure. What pleasure we shall have one day, when I come home, to repay him a part of his care and toil! We shall always have but one home and one interest, which some day will not all be earned by him. I leave a thousand things unsaid and unasked. Write often and at length to your lonesome boy.

## VI.

*Men's part in the world; preparation for the University; a newspaper article would derange one's temper for study.*

HEIDELBERG, 6th Dec., 1868.

Your own and mother's letters of November 6th are before me, and by their side the sweet face of little sister. A wife and daughter who love us must make us do men's parts in the world. If my peculiar views on the subject of government have appeared to make me a dissolver of civil relations, they have driven me for logical foothold on to a more elevated conception of the *family*. Where my head clearly leads my heart is in training to follow, although I had no need of reason to make me an enthusiast for the family. You, I am sure, cannot fail to understand the joyous pride that must thrill a true man's heart and is the reward for his sufferings, when he can plant his shield over the dear and defenceless, and face the world. I say to myself: "Father and I are now comrades of battle; he watches while I arm—he shall soon be relieved."

When you receive these lines, nearly a half-year will

have elapsed since we parted on the cars. The twinkle of letters, like stars, must light me through the dreary watches of the night, with sometimes the pale memory dreams which rise like the "ghost of the late buried sun." This letter must, however, be one of business and not of sentiment, although sentiment is no sport for a poor homesick fellow, but the first of realities.

Business in this world is limited to dealings touching money, which, like faith in the church, comprehends everything else. To begin, as Horace warns poets not to do, at the beginning :—I have, after getting and reciting my lessons at the Lyceum, which are much easier for me now than when I began, seven hours each and every day, and they must be utilized. I have discovered a gentleman in the city who has prepared young men for the University with eminent success and in an almost incredibly short time, but these were able to take two or three hours with him a day. He reckons for success on extra diligence and more than average perception in his pupils. This gentleman, who has a reputation to sustain as well as a character that appears most honorable, promises me to abate at least one of the three years to which I am doomed, if I give him the direction of my studies and take six lessons a week of him. I am confident that at least so much, if not more, could be done. I trust that you will be able, as I know you will be willing, to pay it. In the meantime, till I can hear from you, I shall employ him, for I feel that time is flying, and enough has already come and gone with unweighted wings for me.

What can I say to your invitation to write? [*i. e.* for the *Jacksonville Journal*]. When I consider how it must appear to you I cannot excuse myself, but

then I really have now no more material to write of Germany than if I were almost anywhere else. Society no man can learn without money and time ; German politics are sluggish and as impenetrable as mud ; my scenery is shut within this little valley, and now often smothered in vapor ; and I have no time for German literature more than just to taste. Moreover, people here are very like the Germans at home. After all, my matter would not so utterly fail me if I had time ; but every available inch of it is under contribution to duty. To collect one's ideas for a newspaper article would derange one's temper for study to a sad degree.

Give my love to all, and think of me as often as I do of you, which is without ceasing.

## VII.

*Industry a goddess ; the opera "Faust" ; loneliness not endurable ; German pedagogic to help the reform of American schools.*

HEIDELBERG, 27th Dec., 1868.

For once you must pardon my neglect and be satisfied with a note instead of a letter.

My three days' vacation has run through to the last sands, and to-morrow I awake to "fresh fields and pastures new." You remember the passage in *Lycidas* : "Sober-faced Industry is a goddess, with girt-up gown and severe smile, whom no one loves at first ; but for the initiated into her mysteries of silent, ceaseless, midnight toil, she has many an hour of calm and genial feeling, when the balanced wheelwork of the mind runs without hum or jar."

Yesterday E—— and I, with a triad of friends, went to see the opera *Faust* at Mannheim. What emotion purifies the heart like pity ! And what a masterpiece of sadness has Goethe created, where the unsearchable forces of our nature impel life against life, and love, like the fabled blossom made deadly by lightning, grows a poison flower by wrath out of heaven ! The music by Gounod, and performed by perhaps the finest orchestra in Baden, was such an interpreter of every scene, that you had thought it more intelligible than the words. We returned at eleven o'clock, and have thought in iambics all day.

The weather has been so mild as to leave sweet little nooks of grass in the mountains, but they cannot laugh the gray sky into the azure and silver of summer. Ice has formed but once.

You have no right to taunt me with my praise of solitude, and ask me how I find it in reality, since it seemed so desirable when it could not be reached. This is not solitude, but desertion ; nor is it even solitary desertion, for the world's voice rings in my ears : —now however, it is German that is spoken. But I confess, and that is what you desired I should do, that utter loneliness is not even endurable by the lion of the desert. How insufferable then must it be for a man “ whose heaven-erected face the smiles of love adorn ” !

I am collecting information on the entire pedagogic of the German schools and intend imparting it to the *Journal*. I am convinced that what I can say will be acceptable to all earnest students and may contribute its mite to the reform in our schools which must be achieved, and for which I shall strike a blow when I come home.



## VIII.

*Gothic letters ; as Telemachus in the "Odyssey" ; charm of the "Earthly Paradise" ; its Greek stories the finer ; men defend with the most violence what they least understand ; the Spaniards with the coolness of a gambler and equal concern ; German monarchists exalt learning to kill the thinking faculties ; draft on patience.*

HEIDELBERG, 3d Jan., 1869.

Two of your letters came to hand four days ago at the same time, notwithstanding the difference of their postmarks of six days. Your letters are so Gothic, not only in their form, but as well in contents and arrangement, that to answer them is pretty much like singing an appropriate chorus to the blended songs of a wood full of birds on a June morning.

Your solicitude about my health and appetite is unfounded, as I never enjoyed either in a greater degree than since I have been here. I caught from the circumstantiality of Abby's letter a real genuine impression of home. She has the art of making herself objective. Tell her I think of her dear little face every day, and long for the time when I shall see it again. Her picture is a delight to me, and dear father in his fur coat looks out from the magical metal plate with those clear eyes, manly, imperturbable brow, as I loved them at home. As Telemachus in the *Odyssey*, who mourned his father as lost when Mentès, who was Pallas in disguise, put courage in his heart and then went gleaming up to heaven, thought with more love, so has absence made me feel more consciously how noble a father I have. Let me have your own picture

and Billy's, for the eyes are fed with a shadow while the heart has the essential reality of love.

When I heard that you had procured a copy of Morris's poems I intended to make this letter an introduction to reading them, but the inexorable demands upon my time will not allow me more than a few remarks. The pre-eminent charm of the sentiment is the delicate blending, or rather fusion, of an intense objectivity in form, the antique element, and an equally intense subjectivity in essence, the finest product of a high civilization. His stories, you will notice, are alternately on Greek and mediæval legends. For the reason above referred to, his Greek stories are by all odds the finer, as they offered him the most perfect body for his sentiments, which must still be modern. The mind of every reader is fitted up with what one may call its scenery, and the finest poet can do little more than shift the figures already possessed. It is true that he must perfect and develop the material in a measure to his hand, as the furniture of the mind is not fixed, but grows ; still one poet cannot expect to carry the process very far, and if he finds little to his hand to begin with, he seldom succeeds in arranging an effect.

To construct a story of Morris's in the imagination does not demand a great number of fixings, but rather a very few but exquisite human figures and idyllic landscapes. The sea is always introduced with the most enchanting effect, which I failed to perceive till I had seen the sun-saturated water of the Atlantic. With the qualifications of a tolerable imagination nursed in dreams of artless human beauty and still fields and waters, of a heart undebauched by a thousand affections as transitory as worthless, and of a

clear conscience and good digestion, one may open to the first tale, "Atalanta's Race," with the certainty of being delighted. I can only call attention to the beautiful introduction to this story, and then to the lovely, fearful maiden, the friend of Artemis, who scorned all love. How appropriately Morris has given her gray eyes!—but I believe he has done as much for all his female characters. The beautiful episode of Milanion at the temple of Venus deserves many a reading. After the preferment of this eloquent prayer, the temple is described, or rather the heavens and earth are so blended with the place that we think we could have prayed too in such a spot.

In the "Doom of King Acrisius" the fight of Perseus with the sea-monster is a subject for the pencil. An artist would seize the moment when

"In confused folds the hero stood,  
His bright face shadowed by the jaws of death;  
His hair blown backward by the poisonous breath."

In the story of "Alcestis" remark what an effect the shepherd-man, Apollo, has on the mind,—a god in disguise. But this subject could only be exhausted with the entire book. The story of "Cupid and Psyche," the finest allegory in existence, is perhaps the most perfect of the tales. If you cannot become, as I am, an enthusiast for Morris, you will have the majority to sympathize with you.

I have written a letter to M—— in which I expressed my opinion on some delicate subjects in not a very delicate way, and I am in fear he may not understand one. Religion is something in which men put their hopes darkly, and as they are determined not to be driven from it, they defend what they least understand

with the most violence. I have done the same thing and can fully appreciate the agony of mind with which we feel ourselves being forced in some cherished obscurity to see the light. When we have been driven from an error we never regret it, but the pain of separation cannot be surpassed by that which we feel on the death of a friend.

Your ingenious policy for \$1000, costing only \$1.10 per annum, is more than was thought possible when I was a boy in arithmetic. Methuselah's age would not suffice to make such a policy paying to the grantors. Tell me if this is a new invention since I have left home. How fast one gets behind in Europe!

The revolution in Spain raised the highest hopes in my breast for Spanish freedom, but there is eminent danger of a relapse. The secret influence of European sovereigns is untold, and they are exerting themselves to their utmost to turn aside the eyes of the Spanish people from the seductive light of liberty. That nation acts with the coolness of a gambler, but I am afraid with only equal concern. Kingship is in less danger in Germany than in any other civilized nation of Europe. German monarchists have understood how to control the popular thirst for knowledge to their own interest. They have made learning a state institution, and by making an almost incredible proficiency in the forms of science and language indispensable to success in either public or professional life, they have succeeded in killing the thinking faculties of the great majority of educated men by an overdose. One extreme is as beneficial to oppression as another. I shall benefit by their oppression, as I can take just as much of each course as will advance my true culture.

My first year will be the most slavish I shall spend.

You cannot imagine the drafts this work makes on my patience. I think every day I shall be bankrupt in that necessary quality, but it seems to grow with use. My self-respect is flattered by my cheerfulness under circumstances I had thought would cast me down. I work like a spirited horse, steadily but restlessly. What years of literary ease and domestic happiness I promise myself as a reward for this labor and loneliness!

I must go now to dinner, having consumed the morning on this letter, which will be a poor pleader for a half-day when we must answer for our wasted time.

## IX.

*Temperance and freedom from cares enable us to do prodigies ; monopoly the secret of money-making ; the secret of life ; expansion of social pleasures and realization of noble ideals a cure for intemperance ; as healthy and innocent luxuries of life become attainable, the pernicious ones are given up ; study of Greek drama ; Heidelberg skies.*

HEIDELBERG, 8th Feb., 1869.

Your letters with an enclosed draft for some hundred and eighty gulden were received more than a week ago. I did not write an acknowledgment of their receipt at the time, as I had posted a long letter to you only some three or four days previous, and as I never sin against order by doing *more* than is on my card.

My health continues excellent, but in view of my liability to a spell of fever in the spring, I shall slacken sail and wear into the wind. This winter's test has been severe, but has affected neither my appetite, eyes,

nor temper. Perfect temperance in all one's bodily habits, with an ordinary freedom from grinding cares, will enable us to do almost prodigies in labor.

Your journalistic ambition is not so far from meeting my humble approval as perhaps you would think. Monopoly is the secret of money-making, and if you were master of ten *Journals* each one would cost you less than the same paper would the publisher who had no other office. I look to some form of journalizing as the only field open for myself in which to discharge that debt of labor which we nearly all have to pay for the privilege of existing.

I neither covet nor expect to lead a purely scholastic life. Such an existence is dearly bought at any price, and reason as well as inclination points me to the busy field of actual human labor as likely to afford most delight in the execution of my duties, and far greater satisfaction in the reflections of age.

But how shall I adorn and deepen my life from the wealth of the dead centuries? The secret of a perfect life is to live through the past, in the present, and with the future. The secret of a happy life may be learned from the former, and it is to keep our ambition below our abilities, and then we are always successful. I know far too well where I can hope to succeed to lay any claim to the laurels of song. I warn you all from entertaining too high hopes of my powers, for it is the surest way to ensure disappointment for yourselves and the bitterest mortification for me.

We are altogether apart on the liquor question, as, in fact you are aware, on many other public issues, but at all events you are conscientious and able in your defence of prohibitory legislation. You will fail, must fail, ought to fail; but that would be nothing more

than the fate of many a generation of earnest and powerful legislators. Temperance must win in the end, but unless some other vice is to be substituted for drunkenness, we can never get rid of intemperance till the gradual expansion of social pleasures and the realization of noble ideals make drunkenness, what so many vices have already become, without any attraction and antiquated. The development of society is organic and proceeds from within, not from without. Liquor is only an instrument of human imperfection in the production of vice, not a cause in itself. The race is just *so* imperfect, and *so* much moral weakness must have its effect, whether its instrument be one or another. The savage, who can procure neither liquor nor any other of our civilized means of vice, manages to be the most wretched and villainous of mortals. In many countries I could name, the entire plain is shedded over with the pious solicitude of men who forget that, if Nature had thought drunkenness needed any more legislation, she would have added to the already severe penalties she executes against it. It is a long and hard lesson,—this of keeping hands off the delicate processes of social machinery, which is as much under law as the stars. Every man's sphere is to seek light and sweetness for himself first of all, then when he has got it, give of it freely to all who will listen or look,—and all will do that. While the virtuous men of society are represented by the narrowness, dryness, and darkness of our religious brethren in America, I should lament the day that drunkenness or any other vice of excess was stopped, not that in themselves they are not bad, but that if they could be eradicated at this stage, it would be conclusive evidence that we had reached our zenith,—that we had grown to our stature, and such a

stature ! Principles, like algebraic formulas, know no particular names or quantities, but work with generalities, *n*, *m*, *x*, *y*, etc., for which in any given problem you must substitute the *particular* things ; but who will swallow the liquor-law or tariff when formulated to a principle ? Of course there can be a thousand twists and evasions, which evade nothing, between these principles and the law on the books, but reason must call them all the same. Drunkenness has decreased immensely in the last two centuries, but the cause has never been a sentiment or law against it. The prying eye of research finds that as the healthy and innocent luxuries of life become attainable, the pernicious ones are given up. There is no manner of doubt on this matter. This law has obtained in regard to every moral quality we can cultivate. The last of arbitrary power and forced respect gives place only to the increasing honor shown to human nature as such, and especially to the peaceable attainments of the scholar and thinker.

But why should I enumerate these happy changes,—this transmutation of vice into virtue ? We all can now see what stupid unbearable worlds have been the very dreams of the virtuous Puritans of Cromwell's time. In the unconquerable disobedience of their children in marrying for love, although it brought ruin and contempt, lay the force which was in the end to master and make the marriages of to-day seldom a pious prostitution. If I may be allowed to reason rather than relate, in the drunkenness of our land we see the fruit of our cold selfish society, and till innocent mirth and jollity make the sweet land ring from sea to sea, we shall hear the hideous *imitation* of the midnight orgy and carouse. I am confident that in Germany, where



there is absolutely no sentiment against drinking, and where the chances for social pleasures are not so good by far as in America, but better cultivated, drunkenness does not do one third the harm it does at home. How seldom a drunken man is here seen ! Yet it is not true the people drink at home to intoxication, for the beer-saloons are never empty of a gay, interesting crowd from every rank of society and of every profession. About one table are seen a half-dozen laborers eating black bread and sausage and drinking their mug of beer ; around another a group of students reading a drama of Sophocles in the Greek for their pleasure, or hotly debating the Hegelian philosophy. This is no fancy picture but an actual fact. The entire corps of preachers in J——would be children in learning beside these young enthusiasts. Yet even for these beer is an evil as it is used here, but how much less an evil than were there nothing but Sunday-schools on the one hand and beer on the other ? The conditions of society, not her laws, are to determine the extent of every vice. But this is a long and irregular digression for a letter, and not to my own taste.

I will mention what my progress has been in Greek poetry,—perhaps the hardest department of classical learning. I have studied some dozen books of Homer with such thoroughness that my teacher says I can read his entire works against the first of next autumn. A year from date, if nothing happens, I shall have read the entire Greek drama, embracing about forty tragedies and comedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. These are without doubt the finest remains of ancient genius, and in a field where the Romans could no more follow the Greeks than a Methodist. I am in no humor to-day to descant on the

pathos of Sophocles, but take my word for it, the man who does not know Greek is no scholar and is to be pitied.

I have written and rewritten an article on German schools, but I was frightened to find myself in such deep water and on a subject I could only treat in a way interesting to an enthusiast, like myself—I may, however, hammer out something yet; it is an uncertain subject and would not interest anybody.

The region about this place must be a wonder in May. Such deep skies and airy delicate shaded clouds, it appears to me, I had never seen at home, and then the fine hills or mountains—but they are neither—are so green near the sky that they intensify the blue. Spring too will awaken my longing for home, which has somewhat slumbered through these inert months. What delicious and sad emotions does not spring arouse in our hearts,—if it has a place there! In this respect I am as near to nature, I often think, as some of the animal world. Dr. Johnson would not allow that the seasons made any difference in our real feelings. He was not as susceptible as a bear. How I wish the days had fifty hours.

Do not let any one see my letters in whose eyes you imagine I would care to stand well. I don't laugh as often as when at home, but have an even temper,—on the whole a much better.

## X.

*Tendency of feeling to become ideas ; struggle against our sensibility ; an escape in mental toil ; Tennyson's " In Memoriam " a sublime biography ; philosophic value of the poem ; pain of mourning ; an intenser life ; error of the poem ; Spinoza's God.*

(Conjectured date) HEIDELBERG, March, 1869.

Too earnest and serious letters, such as mine, always act as a soporific antidote to the pains of separation. If I can sound on in your ear with the monotonous drum of abstract thought, I shall grow farther and still more distant, till I shall be to your sense as a low disembodied voice whose unreal joys and griefs will be remembered as things sad or sweet, or things of thought. Feelings with me have an almost resistless tendency to become ideas, memories to pass from the actual life, where they sob and ache and glow, to the motionless heights of soul, where passion is none and love only a perfect yearning.

It is strange, but love is too overpowering a passion for me, too awful. My nature trembles in its presence, and I shrink, maiden-like, from the too great joy, the *divinity* of love. It is the wisest for me ; it is in truth the only thing possible, to be content with one stolen glance of her great, sweet face. Who will understand me ? I scarce understand myself, yet I know that I am too weak to live and cherish one full love, a ray of flower-like, starry affection,—the one holy thing in life, of infinite memory, of power to penetrate the dust of death, a fountain of songs as the sun is of spring.

Far be sentimentalism from me. I love to look at a healthy life with blood in its face, and no one has ever done less for, nay more against, over-great sensibility

of feeling than I ; but it is in no one's power to be other than one is born. This same peculiarity is perceptible in other and lesser affections,—a certain desire to go off from them, to worship them alone at a great distance. How absurd ! Yes, and I contend against it, let it be hoped with some success.

This sense of completeness, or rather content with what is past, should be the cool bright mood of age, after a life of struggle and of love. It takes away all fear of death, but for youth it is sad and leaves me to wonder how my life will be filled out, if it is long. Can these sweet and high concluding strains sound on for years or will they cease ? After the last, surely there is no more music.

I have tried by these remarks to give you a deeper insight into my heart than one generally gets from words, but I shall have scarcely succeeded. If you have a chord of kindred feeling, it will jar audibly at these words, and you will understand me ; if not, the common stock of sentiment is not rich enough to furnish me with universally understood expressions for such a feeling. My only escape appears to me to be in a life of unusual mental labor and an assiduous cultivation of the minor feelings. I can love children and places and friends, books and animals and mankind and some great cause, and brother and sister, while I must take care to be always master of my filial feelings.

The following is a reflection after reading Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

For every one whose heart beats true to the pulses of this age, that is, who lives over in the increased distinctness and fervor of personal experience what is only dimly and in outline indicated by the religious, literary, and political convulsions of the period, will

esteem this master-work of Tennyson's as a piece of sublime, universal biography. We see here what resources the world at this time has for a grand, pure soul in sorrow.

We have a man whom nature and fortune conspired to endow with the fullest and finest sense of life possible in an age which, for beautiful enthusiasms, star-like virtues, and deep, sweet sympathies, is indeed the very crown of times. He meets with a loss bitter and desolating as the heart of such a man can sustain ; but it is of a nature to which, by an inexorable law of fate, every human bosom is in its degree liable, and, being a sorrow from the heavens, leaves no hateful and to be hated human form between the sufferer and his grief. It is a pain to be wept out by a naked human soul to the naked, heedless heavens. We are to see whether, on the earth or under it or above it, there is a final reconciliation ; whether with the Christian we are to think it no bereavement, or with the philosopher an endurable and salutary bereavement, or with the aching heart only a bereavement which we shall forget when we forget all things.

That Tennyson has not decided from an æsthetic-moral view this conflict which, from a moral-intellectual, has been so terribly contested in the world, is too apparent from his work to need a statement. Indeed we should be unwarranted in looking for such a performance till the faith of the world is better fixed ; at least till all that half the great minds affirm of life and immortality is not negated by the other. It is not until sometime after their discovery that we are able to feel ourselves at peace with great truths, and, whatever may be the final decision as to the soul's immortality, there will certainly be no exception here to the general

rule. That, with each great truth once decided, a final reconciliation of the human heart must take place, follows from the necessity in nature of a gradual adaptation or an ultimate extinction. Not to pursue the methods of this great and creative law in the limited field of history, we may rest assured of its existence.

What, then, is the philosophical value of this poem? The answer to this question will be determined by the faith or lack of faith of him who answers. The spiritualist will say, taking up the conclusions of the poet, that it shows the triumph of faith over grief. But there is another conception which, to my mind, is the true, essential tendency of the work, that is, the realization through the imagination and feelings of the existence of the beloved object for the mourner, or, in other words, the annihilation of time as a factor in the life of the soul. Death is only a ceasing of the subject to exist for himself; for love he cannot cease to be. So much of our nature as remains unchanged after such a loss, and so much only, can keep the old love, if kept by the imagination in a constant glow and in the perfect vigor of its accustomed sensations. It will not grieve, for the pain of mourning arises from the discontinuation of old and agreeable impressions.

A friend dies in whom the poet had gathered up the almost infinite affection of his young heart for an object of the finest, highest, broadest manhood. He had loved in his friend all that is amiable in the race, and cherished dreams of divided happiness and fame with him. But with a poet's love all nature enters glorified into his heart. His friend had now ceased any longer to be as a personality. Is then all that was built on him to fall together? With most men it would have done so; with the poet it did so

only partially. It will always in a less degree be so as our sense of life becomes more unified and intense, and as our love can look farther before and after.

It is too true that the poet has descended to that traditional abuse of what seems the earthly at times, nay, even to frantic and senseless expressions of disgust at life unless it is to last forever. By this means he does not approach the object of his desires and fears in any degree, but he fully unprepares himself to meet the other alternative. These words are often in the harshest contrast to other and better weighed and more deeply felt passages. This is the chief error or imperfection of the work, as all works must have chief errors and other smaller ones.

In the nature of Tennyson's passion itself, as it appears to us from this great dirge, we may notice a certain want of individuality, perhaps due to the little idea he gives us of his friend's relation to him. The poem is rather a bas-relief than a freely rounded, perfect whole which we are at liberty to view from all sides. Such limitation was probably necessary in the production of those great lyrical monotones of grief which, to change the figure, seem to moan with an endless pathos in the depths, with an answering accord in the heights of his soul.

It is a great fault of feeling to find the sorrow of these poems too intellectual, as I have at times heard it characterized. True it is that the whole understanding cannot take part in the heart's sorrow; but not for this reason is the grief of all men alike. Nay, it is in the choicest light of the understanding, the true wisdom of a man who grieves, that the really wise and good and tender in the centre of their being come

together and make one heart, where great sorrow or great joy abideth. The assimilation of all these elements is the true growth of character. He only, who has felt the enthusiastic longing of youth for wisdom, can know how real a part of a man's innermost desires and dreams the pressure after truth comes to be, and, with such sympathies in the reader, the great Laureate's work will have no trace of the forced and far-fetched.

His choice of metre cannot be admired sufficiently, and his mastery in it is so natural that its use is made impossible for every coming poet who may have read him. He seldom indulges here in that golden shimmer of coloring which in his early pieces reminds one of the old Italian masters. He might have safely been more profuse with his magical brush, did he not have Milton's *Lycidas* as a guide. But we have said enough and more than enough of dispraise. He has lived to see the direction which he had the originality and boldness to take up in poesy, become the common highway of English art. For neither to Byron nor to Wordsworth can we trace the birth of that unspeakably tender light, so deep, so spiritual, now spread over all the best productions of the British Muse. I am certain that, in the perusal of this great work of human love and ruthless fate, you will not miss the sublime tones of sorrow transposed by presence of universal death into the unearthly cadences of a pathos that nothing can disturb.

The divinely intoxicated thinker of whom you speak, Spinoza, the real father of German speculation, develops in the fifth division of his *Ethics* an idea that is destined to be recognized as the most fruitful thought of the human mind ; enveloped, it is true,



in the appendages of his general system and not carried through to any important consequences, but still the thought. Nature is God to Spinoza, but it is another nature than we are accustomed to represent by the word God. It is the entire sum of all that actually exists, the divine whole, full of life, blossoming in flower-beauty, sky-beauty, soul-beauty forever,—a divinity that rejoices in an eternal youth. Its being is order with a soul of necessity. It is all one great problem for the mind, and an infinite treasure for the heart. This we must love and seek to understand.

XI.

*Enchanted ground ; age of imperative thought ; fashions of learning ; faith the heroic virtue ; religious fallacies ; no exiling sorrow ; nobler studies.*

HEIDELBERG, 10th April, 1869.

This is indeed enchanted ground ; such a spot as earth and sky conspire to make sacred. The great valleys are resonant with the soft but querulous music of spring birds, while the air lies almost still, nursing the sweet balm of flowers. The water makes a cheerful sound in the cool, deep moat, and on the walls stout old knights in stone are almost hid in the freshening ivy. Heroes, ye men of passion, do ye not look with superior pity on us poor children of ideas? Hundreds of years ago, in the sweet spring-time, the glorious tournament and minne-song stirred your young blood ; here, where "ladies' eyes rained influence," the anxious search for lore has brought me far from home and buried my youth in the dust of libraries,—youth that is never to come again.

Forgive me this reverie, for part of it comes from my very heart. For what is all this voluptuous pomp of nature, this unfettered joy and overflowing luxury of life? Why should it make me sad, as if conscious of some irreparable loss—as if the sweet fruits of life were passing before me, Tantalus-like, in the impotency of a dream? Is it a misfortune in this age of imperative thought to have a too lively sense of the rich full wine that is in our hands, but which we dare not drink lest it cloud the brain? I look forward to old age for some recompense of my self-denial, when Memory, who loves the thought of labors past better than the withered flowers of delight, will spread her own heavenly colored clouds over these very days, and every sigh of the boy's heart will be a gentle, far-off, tender remembrance to the old man.

But why should I not be glad now? The health of youth is mine now, and the roselight of hope. So long as everything is new nothing can be wearisome, and if I already have plucked one dusk flower of regret "that sad embroidery wears," still even it is dear to me, and I have yet no cause in my life for remorse.

I study with zeal, but not as a devotee, the wisdom of men. I have thoughts of my own, and to their songs I bring an almost equal share,—an open heart. I respect myself, for I have fought clear of all the nets in social order and universal order that the inter-twisted follies, fanaticisms, vices, and dreams of one generation weave for another. Wherever I see a man caught in them, I have seen to his bottom, at least in one place. I have no cause for vanity in this consciousness, but it delivers me from that excessive reverence for these great men with which an ardent child is certain to begin its studies. I am aware that in the

schools there is as great a pernicious clinging to tradition and old forms as in the state.

It is difficult to introduce any sound human sense into institutions which have once bound up, as it were in one body, the heterogeneous mass of many men's opinions. It is the teacher's trade to teach what he was taught, and the first requisite for the scholar is to know what others know, for learning has its fashion, and one as much more imperative than that of dress as the pride of knowledge is naturally greater than the pride of appearance. Some great men advise a student to dare to be ignorant of many things that everybody knows. I shall not hesitate longer in dismissing the pretensions of school cram to my time.

It is my intention to live a genuine, fair life, and neither pretend, do, or believe anything that I do not think is altogether sound and true to the centre. If this resolution strips me to the faith of a savage and darkens every jack o'lantern pole-star in my horizon (of which there are some thousands claiming confidence), I shall not be intimidated, for I do not at least fear any ghosts in the dark. So long as the essential question is What sort of faith will make me happy? and not What is the truth about life? there will be no end to the errors and consequent miserable confusion of opinions. Faith, in the only acceptance that makes it anything but credulity, is that heroic virtue of mind that forbids us to make any effort to blink the truth for fear of consequences,—which refuses to acknowledge as even desirable anything but the truth. Now I ask you how this philosophic, liberal spirit is possible for one who even suspects that he has in his hands a "revelation," for that all reason is long over with. A man who believes this need not be remarked.

You seem to have altogether mistaken the purport of my *sylogism*. I gave it as the most generalized statement of the cosmological argument for the existence of a personal Creator. By showing that our word "planner" never means the *origin of the wisdom of a plan*, but only a mediate agent, I believe that I have (for myself) discovered the fallacy of this ordinary argument. For my part I have not the slightest idea that the order of nature ever did begin, and am myself growing extremely tired of these questions which find their only support in the inert credulity of human nature. Religion serves to give some form and embodiment to our notions and highest affections at an age when symbols are necessary to convey or rather to ratify every idea. Their incongruity and absurdity become apparent as soon as, and no sooner than we can fairly see, in the worth of our nature, the *utile et honestum*, the useful and the right. To deprive a man of his superstition before this, is like refusing the mathematician his assumption of  $x$ . He treats it as a known quantity while he knows nothing about it; but this proceeding is necessary if he is ever to evolve its value from the given conditions. He drops his  $x$  so soon as he knows its equivalent in common-sense figures.

Learning is always cultivated first for power, and often never for anything but power. In order to make human culture worthy of some men's celestial notice they must fancy they are cultivating themselves for eternity. W— imagines that he is preparing the youth of an entire city for examination at the council-table of the Trinity. Now most men of sense and even genius have found that, after much labor, they had made but slim preparation for this life; so you see that our worthy friend has no mean idea of his abilities

and responsibilities. Men are *that* in their general opinions that they are in their particular, and, so long as the possession of boundless wealth or power is reckoned by a world as the ideal of earthly happiness, they will leave themselves nothing to wish for in their universal doctrine of life,—that is, in their religion.

But extravagant hope is fatal to happiness, for where it does not make every beautiful reality worthless, as in the eyes of an ascetic, it will be certain to occasion a feeling of hollowness or vacancy, the effect of over-tension. Thus we are never done hearing religious people talk about the vanity of this world, as if there were for us here, while we live at least, anything but this world. They talk of life as a ragpicker might of a fragment of Raphael's canvas ; it is the paint that spoils it for all his uses.

I find no theory that can exile sorrow from the realms of life, or imperfection from any kind of existence. We call laws perfect. This means *certain*, for any other complete character cannot be given them. We are born with tears and lamentations as the first proofs of our life, and yet, some men have the madness to dream of millenniums. Life is on the whole very endurable, to me a greater source of wonder and delight than the still years of heaven. When it becomes oppressive I can leave it without pain, and so I have no grounds of complaint. While in it I find daily something to better, something to regret which I cannot better.

I am as fortunate in my studies as I could expect, and hope now to be able to give my attention in a short time to the *nobler* studies. One more year will release me from the shackles of grammar, at least of the classical languages, and I can then combine my Oriental studies with others in such a manner as to make the

drudgery scarcely felt. I am gradually extending my acquaintance with German literature, and find here many a glorious thing.

This beautiful weather, it is so hard to study. I rise early and do not leave my room in the forenoon, for I could not get courage to come back if I did. For the sake of company at dinner with whom I can converse and improve my hour's walk after meals, I am obliged to leave my eating-house, which is, in truth, frequented by a very ignorant set of clerks. At a better place my dinners will cost me eight kreutzers more, but still that is cheap, and conversation is indispensable to progress in German.

## XII.

*A family removal; changes of age; theory of politics and art; efforts at composition of poetry; Elizabethan dramatists for old age.*

HEIDELBERG, 25th April, 1869.

Perhaps I should have written home on receipt of the exchange that mother negotiated during your absence, but I have waited for the recurrence of my wonted time. Your own letter with its strange and important news\* is now before me. Whatever be the event of the contemplated change it cannot but be important. Both the future of the children and the fortune of yourself and mother will in no small degree be influenced by one more remove to the singular and active life in the far West, which some years ago had not altogether disappeared from Illinois. My first wish is that it may confirm your health and contribute somewhat to enliven your spirits, which, with great concern, I have

\* The impending removal of the family to Kansas.

watched apparently sinking under the fatigue of your wearisome business into a settled melancholy. When I come home I shall do my best to make life for you more genial than it has ever been. You may make less money in the West, but that is not so vital a matter as we are apt to think. It is much more important that now, near the change of life, you should enter with good omens on a cheerful old age.

After a man's youth there is no period so critical and impressible as the ten years from forty to fifty. It is for other reasons recognized as such in one sex, but is scarcely less important in the other. I desire that you be not all too careful of me and my wants. A year or so less in Europe than the rhythm of my plans seems to demand, will not be unwillingly sacrificed to the welfare of an affectionate parent, for I have gained too deep a sense of the infinite beauty and blessedness of filial love to let the splendid, but in a great part hollow, accomplishments of the schools stand between me and mine. "The world is too much with us," says Wordsworth, and for no class of men is it of more importance to remember this than for scholars.

You do right and beautifully to cherish your dreams of western life, and all that is necessary to realize them is the might of an unblinded soul. How immense the difference between an enthusiast and a visionary! How enviable the man who can keep alive the heart in the head! Only the finest natures preserve into old age that glorious day-spring of sentiment in the breast, that makes, for even the most earthly, a sweet vision of youth. It is with inexpressible sadness that, at moments, I become aware that the magic roselight of youth is fast fading around me,—that I feel the faint last pulsations which were once the source of over-

powering ecstasies or delicious sorrow. I am conscious that not only those feelings, but the capacity to experience them are in the past, and I look forward to the fair, hard light of common day with eagerness to see what sort of recompense it has in keeping. Could I become ambitious? avaricious? or enthusiastic as an advanced agitator?

Alas! high passions of whatever kind are but species of intoxication from which we have a dreadful waking. Many men are wrecked from the sea of youth on the shore of manhood; many are drifted sluggishly on to the land; some enter from a prosperous voyage with high hopes and full hearts to do courageous battle. No one will ever know the violence of the logical struggles that have absolved my intellectual nature up to this time. I have carried off the victory, but is it not pitiful that it should have cost me such desperate effort to emancipate myself from the villainous and obvious humbug and superstition which passes for the science of civil relation and moral duty? I cannot some way draw any comfort from the reflection that many others are still in the dark.

Professor T——'s masterly lecture on civil government would have been to me a year ago an absolute revelation, but only after I have satisfied my own reason, can I have the contentment of seeing that what I, as a child, had won from iron meditation, is the mature conviction of an old man. His distinctions are drawn with scientific precision from uncontrovertible grounds of fundamental rights. His lecture is the first bit of rational politics I have heard of in America. Only in his classification of the arts proper with the powers of social forms did he wholly mistake his ground. Art proper is, in so far as art goes, a spontaneous, pure



product, having, considered in its origin, no object to fulfil, but is the simple natural expression of every life whose burden is hope defeated by desire. Wherever it can be produced there it is right and necessary that it should have way. The agitation of women's rights in America is to my mind the most gratifying phenomenon of the times, but my grounds for thinking this are too tedious to be given here.

I am much obliged to Mr. M—for saving one of the best turns in those verses, which appeared by his correct reading of my manuscript. On a reperusal of them I am satisfied that I failed in the expression of my idea in them, and that they give the conception in a sort of green or raw form without the softer mellow light of a perfect artistic treatment. The language too is what might be expected of my first attempt in the English dactyl. Poetry is not my forte, and my cultivation of it is a matter of the most disinterested love. Occasional efforts at its composition give us a closer and more instructed eye in reading.

I would recommend to mother's attention, as a practicable object of study, the old English dramatists and their modern critics; Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Marlow, with the fine critical literature their works have called out. Any one could spend years in this delightful field of human genius, where so much conspires for the entertainment of the imagination and occupation of the reason. It would be provident in my opinion to cultivate such a resource for old age.

If you go West soon this will perhaps be the last letter that you will read from me in our common home. Take good care of mother, brother, sister, and yourself, and do not fail to write that long-promised letter.

## XIII.

*Teleology or plan in nature considered ; natural religion ;  
dialectics the grammar of thought ; civil liberty.*

HEIDELBERG, 27th May, 1869.

How can I refrain from a perhaps premature answer to the challenge blared out in your review of my syllogism, which was contained in your long letter of the 10th, received this morning? No, I must maintain so honest a syllogism, as a true knight of logic, against all comers. I have to object to your objections, that they are contradictory, inadequate, and founded on misconceptions.

But here now we come to close quarters and all swinging of banners is out of place. I intend to rout you, foot and dragoon, and I insist consequently that whoever is found first to maintain an unintelligible position, capitulates at once.

We use two words in the discussion that are vital to it, and I see that you understand them in at least two different ways. They are *plan* and *planner*. There is one definition of *plan* which may be thought the most strictly correct: namely, that it is a purposed result of reflection. I admit that this definition makes the first premise an axiom and would enable the second alone to establish the point at issue. Observe closely what I say: this is the definition you have assumed, and so your thunder has been blown into thin air.

I do not wonder at your eulogies of Aristotle and logic in general;—you certainly thought you were doing me a service in referring me to my dialectics. But now we will take the only reasonable definition of *plan* for the minor premise, which is simply, without refer-

ence to its origin (the point in dispute), *an existing adaptation of certain means to certain ends*. This fitness is the most remarkable thing in nature, and it is to be observed in all things. Now the point is simply this, —to prove that all such adaptations in the first place are the product of a reflecting intelligence, and in the second place, of an uncaused intelligence or God.

To do the first of these the word *planner* in the major premise must mean intelligent cause; to prove the second and establish the divinity it must mean uncaused intelligent cause. I do not mean that by giving to this word these meanings, the major premise really establishes these things, but that these are the definitions the word must have if it is to establish anything. It is my part to show that it is not true, with these definitions for the word *planner*, (that creation has such a cause).

An intelligent cause, so far as we know anything about such a thing, is not necessarily anything but an adaptation (itself), or pure product of nature herself, and differs in no way from an ordinary proximate cause but in being aware of the processes. To this point I desire your closest attention. We agree, I believe, that before the birth of Raphael all the causes existed that finally painted his Madonna. Where then is the necessity of every adaptation in nature having such an origin, viz., in the intellect of a being whose intellect and its results are determined by causes again equally unconscious and unintelligent as those which we see do directly bring about these adaptations themselves? But even were it so, which is extremely absurd, this cause would still not be a God, for it is not a final cause. We must now be prepared to do the last great feat of absurd conceptions, viz., that of an intelligence

without a cause. The human intelligence, as we have seen, is the product of unintelligent or unconscious causes. Intelligences can only differ in degree, but are alike in kind. How then do we have any greater ease in conceiving of an uncaused intelligence than of any other uncaused phenomena, say the adaptations in nature? We cannot, for every intelligence presupposes in itself the most wondrous adaptation, and besides this the wonderful faculty of being aware of the processes by which it works.

For my part, I believe that everything has its cause, namely the phenomena that preceded it, and it is no misconception to suppose a retrogression of causes *ad infinitum*, for at no point of the golden chain can we conceive ourselves nearer the end than at another.

This is a sufficient disproof of teleology, but there are other very vulnerable approaches. For instance, wisdom is nothing more than a knowledge of the adaptations in nature, and perfect wisdom is only a knowledge of all of them. But a thing cannot be known that does not exist, at least potentially in sufficient causes; consequently we can conceive of no wisdom anywhere existing before nature. Again, if at any time God alone existed, He was the sole factor in the creation, but a creation of which any one thing is the sole factor is simply a metamorphosis, and the original ceases to have existence save in its effects.

Again, so far from a lawgiver being necessary for a law, we cannot conceive of any law which we thoroughly understand, being given. For instance, the entire science of mathematics, which is at the bottom of every combination in nature, is independent of gods. Mechanics partake of the necessity of numbers, and its laws determine all celestial phenomena, the shape of

the earth, its surface irregularities, the volume, course, etc., of winds, rivers, seas, etc., *ad infinitum*. The correlation of functions in organic bodies, of which we know so little, is without doubt subject to mechanical, or, in other words, mathematical laws. Chemistry is called by its best masters a science of numbers. Again laws of logic, laws of right and justice, could not be anything but what they are, if forty gods willed otherwise. In fact a law cannot be given, but simply is because it must be. Theism always takes her refuges in our ignorance of the laws.

You say very correctly that a plan cannot plan itself, but, pray, how can a planner plan himself? As you state your willingness to show that wherever there is a plan, there is somewhere an ultimate origin of its wisdom, be so good as to say who sat in council over the nice arrangements of the divine mind. You are bound to admit some place an adaptation which has not been the subject of conscious reflection, and it is very unscientific to so involve the problem needlessly, by the introduction of an unintelligible something.

The entire force of my argument hinges on the fact, which I have seen nowhere else mentioned, that intelligence introduces no new ordering force into nature, but is a simple consciousness of processes positively determined by causes existing prior to intelligence, and efficient for the consciousness as well as the plans or wisdom of the mind.

Nature is to me not an accident but a necessity. Why it exists or is, will be shown when it is shown how it could cease to be, or that there was a time in which it was not, or how it possibly could not be. Why it is as it is, will also be capable of demonstration when we see how it could possibly be otherwise. Till

then such questions belong on the table. Our business is simply to learn *how* it is.

I have faith that by an obedience to the laws of life it will go best with me. I hope the conditions of my organism will allow me to observe them, with charity for all who under other conditions and laws perish and perish. I love a good man because he is good, not because he could as well be bad and is not, like those who believe in a free-will. I love especially all who love me because I can't help it. I would be honest, merciful, brave, and wise because I do not think life worth anything at all on any other conditions. Whoever needs more reasons than these to make or keep him upright is incapable of understanding virtue and its own loveliness.

Death does not concern me, for when it comes I have no existence. Other evils leave me to lament them, but a man never knows when he dies. I had rather live than die so long as I am young and in health, but when life ceases to please me I had rather quit. Superstition, or in other words religion, is intended to increase the fear of death. Nature has implanted a certain dread of death in the bosom of everything that lives. To this they owe their preservation. No doctrine can or ought to be taught to destroy this.

Do you understand what you mean when you say "pay homage to God"? Is it a gratifying recognition of His superiority, or is not that a question to dispute? Do you love Him tenderly, so that your heart leaps with a sweet low joy at thought of Him as it does at the thought of other dear ones? Do you admire Him for inventing truth? Or is not all this talk about adoration simply a childish accounting for the involuntary delight we feel in life, and wonder at the great mysteries we

do not understand? How do you represent God to your mind when you desire to worship ;—as He is in the pictures, or perhaps in His real infinitude? You will not be astonished when I say in conclusion, that I look on your letter rather as an ingenious effort to puzzle me than as an expression of your views.

You speak of the study of logic with some enthusiasm. Pure dialectics are the grammar of thought, and although no more necessary to a correct thinker than grammar to a correct speaker, are yet of great service in habituating the mind to methods of exact deduction. The highest problems of logic result in problems of metaphysics, as for instance Pyrrho's argument against the efficiency of causes cannot be contradicted by logic. Some of the finest masters of dialectics are to be found among the nominalist and realist schoolmen of the 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries. A thorough course of speculative philosophy will embrace the peculiar views of the great thinkers of logic. It will be my forte, as the science is almost purely mathematical.

Originality in truth is a very rare plant, and you frighten me by expressing your expectations of my studies. Till you admit my theory of government I can have little encouragement to expect to find much that is new for you. If you really are in earnest in your objections to my syllogism, I beg that you will thoroughly study the idea involved in the word *planner*, under the light which is thrown upon it by the reflection that a planner, as far as we know, is simply a plan himself.

To be an apostle of liberty demands such a sublime faith in nature that no religionist can be expected to be one. We must consider too the rights of our fellow-men to self-government in so sacred a light, that theists

have been proverbially on the side of strong governments from constitutional incapacity to understand any sanctities. Sometimes I feel my heart swell toward a battle with the superstition and despotism of American ideas. Perhaps I could swing a battle-axe and make it ring on the mail of ignorance and policy that are choking us to death. I do not court a life of storm and battle, but it appears now to be the duty of every man who can make his arm tell.

I would like to write a great deal more in this letter, but it has already run in on my time too heavily. Mother must not be anxious about my vacation tramp, which in all likelihood will be through Switzerland. E—— will go along, but next winter he goes to Vienna and I to Berlin. I understand to a T a stranger's life in Europe. A man's only danger here is in his profligacy, and consequently I feel pretty safe.

This letter, considering its subject, has been in too great haste.

#### XIV.

*Inherited features ; imitation of Wordsworth ; the philosophic not higher than the poetic intellect ; latitude of Goethe ; the desire to live after death.*

HEIDELBERG, 6th June, 1869.

Your letter of the 13th of May, containing father's picture, hit the mark several days ago. I shall not pass any compliments on father's face, for that would be almost a sort of egotism. I was startled the other day, when a side glance toward my glass revealed to me a likeness of which I had no idea. My whiskers and eyes are not to be mistaken, and peculiar moods



heighten the likeness wonderfully. I do not mean to say that on the whole I could pass for as handsome a man, but there is something strange in a resemblance which often loses little by an enormous caricature. Father's features would indicate a soul whose element was ideal action,—a turn for which modern life presents few openings. The explorer, the military hero, the social reformer represent it with us. Dreaming will satisfy me better than it will him.

You are mistaken in regard to the poet whom I endeavored to imitate in those irregular verses, and Mrs. C—— is correct. Allow me to return her my humblest thanks for her flattering judgment. I am only restrained from being more enthusiastic in the demonstration of my feeling from the reflection above made, that a horrible caricature may still possess resemblance. My effort was to give the simple dignity of man as Wordsworth understood it, not in so far as he differs from his fellows, but in that which is common to the race. In this sense my lines are hardly original. How you happened on Swinburne, whose sensuous imagery and harmony are altogether wanting to the verses, or Browning whose cool intellectuality is equally distant, or Arnold who talks in great lucid Grecian ways, it is difficult to understand. Yet Wordsworth has been the master of all these men, who are younger poets. They have studied Greek and studied Byron and studied Dante, but they have seen farthest into the darkness of nature through Wordsworth's glasses.

Your chemico-logical figure, the affinity of the truth for the understanding, has its justification. Only great ignorance and an entire want of sense and feeling for *law* could ever allow the claims of an institution to be part of the order of things and equally noble in its ori-

gin with the primal harmonies of nature. It is without a logical content (you would say "has no affinity for our understanding," as for instance the efficacy of baptism), and alone can give a thinker no clue to its nature or purport, but like nude pictures must carry its explanation labelled in its mouth.

One of your remarks to the effect that the speculative intellect was of a higher order than the creative, or in other words the philosophic than the poetic, does not meet my approval. They are of equal rank, and together divide the empire of life with the actor and investigator. It is no matter whether a man strikes, observes, muses, or sings; if he does his work well he is the peer of every other. A Columbus, a Newton, a Bacon, a Shakespeare, are equally noble. The one enlarges life, the other secures what has been gained and makes progress possible, the third orders and harmonizes it, the last lays open its highest meaning and secures the essential being of the different ages. It is the highest end of culture to so illuminate the mind that no shadow obscures any part, that we lose the professional spirit in the philosophic. I owe an infinite debt to Goethe for opening my eyes to the fatality of the narrowness which ranks the great departments of human knowledge and action, the one above the other, according to the cast of our tastes. How the poets are deified if we are in love or chronically sentimental? How overshadowing the proportions of the great actors to men whose sun is hidden by a dollar! But Goethe could spin metaphysics with his Hegelian friends, bicker and squabble over a theory of light with the Newtonians, write love-songs like a spooney, fierce novels like a would-be suicide, grand life dramas, a *Faust*, like a philosophic Shakespeare, social theories like a Rous-

seau ; in fine he could drink beer in a *kneipe* with *bauers*, dance with peasant girls, seduce princesses, puzzle physicists, correct philosophers, and stand it all without loss of vigor for eighty-three years. He was an epitome of his time, with the good and bad all summed up in himself. No man can or ought to imitate him in his errors, but one such life, viewed as a whole, teaches us the folly of a one-sided enthusiasm, or of a niceness of manners that consists in decencies forever. Breadth of feeling is too apt, if it comes at all, to come when long experience and wearied age have lowered the temperament to a neutral point.

It is no use for us to believe more than we can understand, and the cold unvarnished truth, if manfully met, will brace the mind and heart better than glorious conjectures. When we die we cease to be, and consequently the dead are not lost to themselves, which would be misery, but only to us who have the sacred pleasure of keeping their memory while we live. A man who has lived as a man ought to live to an old age and done his duty in every way it becomes a man to do it, no more desires to live after death than he does to have lived before his birth. He has labored until he is weary of labor and has thought through his circle of mind. He has loved forms which have long ago been dust, and it would be painful to begin to love again. He feels kindly towards everything that lives and is glad to know that their delight will not be stopped by his death. He has gradually been losing his hold on life, till now without pain it is almost gone. How still and bright must the ocean of his life appear, so full of distant islands where he has been delighted, and far shores where his young feet have trod, now lit by the setting sun ! If we die young

it is noblest to die cheerfully and courageously, but it is nonsense to imagine that we are just taking a flight to paradise. As I have but one life to live I shall live it as nobly as I can. Nature has existed one eternity without me; she can and will exist another without me. The fables about heaven and hell are inventions evidently gotten up to help us through this world. They exist only for this world and hang to it as mere appendages.

I shall close with this page, so I can say some things I wished to. Could n't you send something over \$100 by the next draft, as I would like to travel a little? It shall not cost much, but then I shall have to go to Berlin to spend the winter there.

## XV.

*Sensibility to fear and love; Swinburne's view; dualism of Christianity; the new school of poetry; obscurity accompanying the religious idea.*

HEIDELBERG, 27 June, 1869.

I can hardly tell you why, but a remark in your last letter caused me a deal of rather melancholy uneasiness. What a strange, weird note of fear runs in the blood of some families! You sometimes almost wish yourself dead for fear of knowing what may become of your children. I laughed at this much more heartily than another would because I understood it. Of such persons we cannot say, as of Tennyson's "Margaret,"

"Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,  
Keeps real sorrow far away."

Although the ground-works of our feelings are sufficiently alike for a mutual understanding, yet you are by far the most intense realist. Feelings with me have an almost irresistible tendency to become ideal memories, to pass from actual life while a sob and ache and groan to the motionless heights of soul where passion is none and love but a perfect yearning. It is an effort of nature to protect herself. Some persons are but scarcely agitated by the grandest, sweetest passions of our nature, some are exalted by them into a fuller, larger life and they would overwhelm them if met and embraced in all their stormy, magnificent mood.

I tremble like a maiden before the awful mystery of love. One hurried, stolen glimpse fills my life with song, throws "splendor on the grass and glory on the flower." Call it overwrought sensibility and in one sense you are right; in another it is in me an anticipation of the love of a grander time than ours. Now for almost the best men love has a hideous double; nature is a sphinx with the fair front of a virgin and but the body of a beast. They grope in miserable darkness, just seeing somewhat of heavenly light and love but feeling themselves still deep in the slough of sensuality. These men do well to be yet one-sided, to cling fast to their distinctions between flesh and spirit, so long as they share what these call the flesh with the dumb brute.

But such people should persuade themselves that what they mean by sensuality, which performs although a degraded yet so important a part in their lives, is unknown to Swinburne. I readily admit that he especially treats that phase of feeling which corresponds to sensuality in their lives and the lives of animals; but it is no more sensuality in their sense

than is Christianity fetichism because they both take the place of religion for different people.

L Swinburne's point of view is too high to see anything as in itself unholy or shameful which is a part of the natural order of things. Don't understand me to say that shame is not a necessary element in the lives of such people, for it is, and will remain so till it is developed into something better which will take its place, as the cold, high self-respect and sense of right in the philosopher takes the place of brutal ferocity in the savage as generators of courage. You may ask how T it is possible for such a difference to exist? Christianity, as every other active religion, has been throughout its entire history an *analysis* of human nature. It has sought to separate it into parts and give relative values or worth to them. It is in the first place a dualism of soul and body, from the first of which all that is noble springs, but from the last not quite all that is bad, for the soul itself is capable of many vices, such as disobedience and pride.

But man is an organism and not made up of separate and imperfectly connected parts, which truth some have never been capable of comprehending. The result of their dissection is therefore this, that man is altogether or totally depraved and that all the virtues, the existence of which they could not deny, are from the free grace of God. With those uncertain, half-way infidel Christians who deny these positions logically considered, but yet unconsciously act upon them in their life-philosophy, I have nothing to say. But a newer school of men at \* whose head perhaps, æsthetically considered, Swinburne stands, has entered upon the synthesis of human nature, that is, is finding the beauty and goodness in the results of the organism of which life itself is but the

flower. Here then it becomes the duty of the poet to take every normal human passion, deepen, unfold, and intensify it, to develop its close organic connection with all the other aspirations that burn in our frame. This end is not to be attained by bleeding a passion, or choking it, or putting other people's clothes on it, but by developing it. You will perhaps see what I mean, but if you see of how far-reaching a system of reformations this is only a single part, you will comprehend much better the inanity of the ordinary objections to Swinburne. If one wishes to read real obscenity one must hunt its literature in periods when the religious idea was much stronger than it is now.

## XVI.

*In our politics, life for a man of brains ; Italian anticipations ; learning in Germany is wealth in America ; American students in Germany.*

HEIDELBERG, July 11, 1869.

Two weeks don't seem to develop any, even the most trifling, crisis in my history, and yet I am required to think as if they did. You are, however, making history at home fast enough. I received father's letter dated at Humboldt in which he gave expression to very high hopes indeed. I am certain that in Kansas his herds and acres will be made to have a political weight. I am very well pleased that it should be so, for where but in politics is there sufficient intellectual life for a man of brains who is not especially a scholar? What you are about to do will be at least of great advantage to Billy, who should not be allowed to grow a year older without some certain business direction. He

ought by all means to be a farmer, and in a few years he will want an establishment. There are so many fools afloat that real industry, directed by common sense and made respectable by common honesty, cannot fail of success.

If you come to Europe had you not better wait till I go to Italy? Berlin is a poor place for visiting and it would pay better to "do" Germany, as the tourists say, and reside in Italy than spend a year in a great business city like the capital of Prussia. What days we could spend in Florence, or Rome, or Venice! If you wish to come in a year, I shall take Italian lessons next winter in Berlin and pay less attention to French. Nothing could equal the delight I should feel in having you with me in such a land but that of having you all. There I should study the history of the Middle Ages, the Catholic Church, School-philosophy, the sweet, half-effeminate period of the Renaissance, the art wonders of the world, while the awe-inspiring associations of the country would be a schooling in themselves.

Germany is the grandest land for work for an intellectual American, since learning is pursued for the sake of the chase as wealth is at home. E—— wishes to go to Vienna because the most famous school for homœopathy in the world is there. Of almost fifty Americans with whom I have come in contact here or heard of, not one but myself is seeking general culture. At the most they are studying Latin and Greek with a view to teaching the languages, or else they are theologians who add for form's sake a little philosophy to their regular cram on David and his concubines. By far the majority are studying chemistry, medicine, or law. Of these the medical students are the only workers.



Learning proper, that is a knowledge of what and how the world has ever thought and thinks at present, is below par in America. In fact even here, although there is a great deal of study, there are not many who study out of a profession. I have the honor of the acquaintance of the only real student of philosophy in Heidelberg. All others inscribed as such are either physicists or triflers, who take a Doctor's degree after a few months of dabbling in logic and in the history of philosophy. The degree is worth nothing in Germany, it is bought. A professorship on the other hand, which is a state's examination prize, is rigorous in the extreme. Well I shall not fiddle away with nothing to say any longer.

This is the meanest letter I ever wrote since I used to begin with "I am well ; how are you ?"

## XVII.

*Liberality towards a son ; faith in immortality and a soul reconciled to death ; Darwin's theory ; philosophy of Feuerbach.*

HEIDELBERG, July 20, 1869.

Your letter of the 2d inst. was received just one week ago to-day. It came in with my breakfast and took precedence, so that the meal was quite cold when I finished the second reading. I then laid the letter on the table to be called up for a third reading at leisure. These rich, abundant letters of yours, so freighted with your very self, are the real incidents of my life here : such affecting appeals to embrace certain ideas, such frantic explosions of a mother's fear and a woman's superstition as to overwhelm a person without bringing

any conviction, and make a not very ardent mind afraid of or indifferent to the truth !

I shall never be able to repay the debt of gratitude I owe to the wise liberality of your own and father's treatment of me. I was never constrained nor sought to be constrained in a speculative opinion, and yet I always found in you both the liveliest interest in my boyish fancies and ideas.

This morning I am alone with a magnificent bouquet of roses in a tumbler of water on the table, while the "sluggish air is shattered by the bells"—the bells of a Sunday morning, a still, beautiful, pious morning with the golden calm of summer in the sky.

I feel a deep distaste at struggling to produce and defend by the processes of logic the ideas, or rather modes of thought, which represent the achievements of my soul in finding depth and clearness and light in life. I speak the sentiments of truth when I say that I feel the necessity of death as a beneficent and perfect conclusion, giving sublimity, depth, and pathos to life. This I feel to be a perfect mood of mind, but how am I to communicate this sentiment to others who are destitute of the sensibilities pre-requisite to it? To look the same way at death we must have the same conception of life.

I am not so unwise as to think or wish to make a fool's festival of existence where there is to be nothing but a reign of unbroken gaiety. I know how impossible this is for any theory to accomplish, however well adapted to that end. The faith in an immortality takes away neither the terror of death, natural to all men whose lives are but half-lives, nor has it at all deepened and purified life, but quite the reverse. It has been gradually lost as we have emerged into a more real and

intense existence, and now, in every country of high culture, is held chiefly by the poor and the women whose mental and moral development is yet very rudimentary. It is so foolish to say that if I live hereafter I don't care to live here, and it is the sign of a most worthless, profligate nature when one says, If this life is all I would live it in sin. Such a person means to say that lust is in itself better than love, and that an abundance of luxury is sweeter than the affection of our fellows and the consciousness of having made others better, stronger, and happy. According to my philosophy it is through love alone that any soul can become reconciled to death. The first condition of love is moral purity, the second is wisdom. To love is to live in another, to have taken one's interest out of one's self and entrusted it to others. For every individual there are many forms of love, each peculiar and beautiful in its kind, and not the least of these is a love for the aged,—an affection so full of deep and calm pathos that it is perhaps among the very highest and therefore felt but by few.

Are you not ashamed to have written "It never pays to keep old people," and to have asked me if that shallow-hearted and if possible shallower-headed girl did not act in accordance with reason in banishing her old grandfather? What sense has she of life—of its beauty or height or breadth? We must rise through the starry steps of love to that divine peace of soul which cannot be disturbed by our own end, since the course of nature is a constant and jubilant triumph, and since death, which is inevitable and which closes our existence as birth began it, is a desirable conclusion when the circle of life has been lived out and the dear forms of our youth are either gone or worn as ourselves, and while the ever

young world, the passion and beauty of youth, the prattle of children make old hearts glad for the life around them, although no man would live his over again. I do not ask you to follow me in this faith. It is, as in all things, possible that I am mistaken. I only refuse to believe that for which I have no evidence. If you feel it impossible to reconcile life and death, abolish death and live. It is not every one who can walk beneath the sweet stars and with cheerful courage think there will come a time when I shall greet them neither amidst the mountains nor by the sea. Many souls, with Tennyson, "cannot think the thing farewell."

The irresistible advance of modern science, propelled by that terrible theory of Darwin's which finds in Europe almost universal acceptance among the learned, is fast pushing the old stays and props of the world over. It is becoming impossible to believe. The first result of this change will be a fearful disintegration of society, a loosening of old foundations and a period of moral anarchy, till a new reconciliation of our reason and our aspirations is found in a new ethical system. How long must we wait for this! Who will be the great teacher of another faith to the world? I cry to these theologians, like John in the wilderness, "Make straight the ways of the Lord." Well, enough of this!

My progress has really exceeded my expectations, not exactly in the work done, which is always less, but in the actual mastery acquired over the languages. My genial work begins next winter.

Metaphysics are at present below par in Germany. Scientific realism has almost swept them from the field. There is a new school, however, which has undertaken to adapt the principles of speculative philosophy to the

new scientific conditions. Feuerbach is at the head of this movement. It is probable that I shall find a hold here. At all events, as things now stand, I shall be obliged to think for myself.

I cannot help wishing myself with you on the grand, free prairie. I could enjoy it so much better than I once did. You will renew the old Mason days in riding over the flowery grass under a soft blue western sky. I keep the eyes of my longing on the stretches of the western world, but Kansas is too far inland. I had rather be on the sounding sea beach.

If you come to me we will go to Italy and spend a year in Rome and Naples. Then perhaps father will be able to come the last year of my stay, and come home with us by the way of China. Am I not a genuine Smith to cherish such dreams? Money makes all things possible.

## XVIII.

*Systematic studies of art; solitariness in travel; deepening life; American activities; America of 1900; the American who reforms into superstition.*

HEIDELBERG, Aug. 8, 1869.

My year's work has come to a close which it is natural I should hail with the pleasure every worker takes in rest. I have abandoned my idea of making a trip in Switzerland during vacation because it would, if made at all agreeably, draw too heavily on my purse. My intention now, which I hope you will find wise, is to take advantage of my route to Berlin to spend some time in the most interesting cities of western Germany, München, Prague, Dresden, Leipzig. I shall spend the time, two coming months, till the beginning of

lectures in the Fall in a systematic study of art, for which purpose I shall visit the superb collections in the above named cities. Being all alone with a few works on the subject before me, I can put up at a very modest inn for a few days in each place, read my critics in the morning, visit the galleries and museums in the afternoon, stroll through the streets in the evening, come to my room and write down my impressions at night. This is the way to really learn or rather imbibe the greatest things Travel offers to its devotee. Solitude makes the heart a thousand times more susceptible than it can possibly be when teased by constant company. To be alone offers more opportunities of meeting with striking, affecting, or instructing incidents than most travellers seem to know. It is also the shortest way of gaining that perfect self-reliance and consummate knowledge of human nature, at least on one side, which distinguish the travelled man.

It is true that one does not have much to do with anybody but porters, coachmen, hotel clerks, and railroad officials, but it is surprising how few persons ever thoroughly come to understand how to maintain their simplest rights against the shameless impudence in this class. The best method is to do as much as possible for yourself, be instructed in the prices before coming to a place, and then threaten all obstreperous characters with the police, who generally settle things here in favor of the traveller. One must have no compassion on the multitude of serving men, who are in everything so anxious to be of use.

Life grows deeper, sweeter, and sadder for me year by year. I come gradually to an understanding of what surrounds me in what has been and in what is, but my intellect seems to master the situation with

greater certainty and force than my heart. I know what and how strongly I should believe, better than I know what and how strongly I dare love. I must confess to an utter want of interest in the greater number of things for which men think it worth while to live. I do not believe that greater intercourse with the active world would be able to create in me a taste for these things, for, their worthlessness once seen, it is impossible to revive the delusion. The question often occurs to me with saddening force, What should I do or desire to do, were I now at home, with all the learning and accomplishments with which, without vanity, I can suppose six years of study and travel will enrich me? I would of course have novel opinions, perhaps worth propagation, but why should I care to try and persuade an unripe multitude to accept ideas in which they would think they saw their greatest misfortune? How could I find any sufficient life for myself in contending with the vagaries of some mesmeric spiritualism adapted to the credulity of a stupid mass of superstitious people? While we live, life is what we want, more life ; when we die we want nothing.

The American people appear to me, as the German nation did to Heine, as if they had swallowed the stick with which they were once flogged. They have purchased their liberty at the expense of their ability to move. I shall be laughed at for saying that the American people do not move, but it is the truth. To move is to gain new ideas, to grow from one form of thought to another ; but in America every vital idea was brought over in the "Mayflower," and what we witness to-day is an enormous acceleration of *their* motion.

It is quite possible to predict the future of such a

people. Just imagine more of everything and you will have the America of 1900. Now to my mind—which demands a growth, not magnification, a harmony of discordant elements through the comprehension of higher principles, not a constant shifting of the same difficulty,—public life at home is sadly unsuited.

I hear coming through the grass a party of boozy young Americans making night hideous with the chorus "Oh, ho, oh, ho, I'll never get drunk any more." Judge how I can feel, in that vulgar rant and childish noise, an insensibility to every generous effort one could make for them, and the miserable, swaggering self-assertion on which learning and reason alike would be lost. Such men only can reform into superstition. The religionist represents the complementary hemisphere which, with this vicious levity, makes up the impassive circle of American development. But I must close with this sheet. I will write you when on the road. I send you a picture taken day before yesterday. My health is excellent; do I look as if I could take care of myself?

#### XIX.

*A sequence of studies; "The Nation"; American women.*

*(Fragments.)*

I shall be free next winter to begin at Berlin a comprehensive study of the history of philosophy in its sources. I shall then be able to read Plato, Aristotle, Theophrast, Philo, Plotinus, Jamblicus, Aurelius, etc., together with the fragments of the Stoics, Epicureans, and Roman philosophers, and with the magnificent critical literature in the German language at the same



time. I shall also take chemistry or geology, the French language, which I read already with tolerable ease, German literature, and continue my studies, although not so exclusively, in the classical languages. At present I am laboring at Greek and Latin in order to make all this possible. Two years in classic and mediæval philosophy will be a fine preparation for the study of modern thought since Bacon. I shall discharge one of the natural sciences a year, in which time I can get from them all they offer to the simple scholar who does not pretend to specialty. The order will likely be chemistry, natural history, geology, physics, mathematics, and astronomy. Thus I shall always have on hand some positive science.

I received the *Every Saturdays* the other day all in a lump. They were all the numbers since January. The editor of *The Nation* is wide-awake. He hardly knows what he wants, but he sees very well what he does not want. I must go now and eat my Sunday dinner, take a walk up the Neckar, and then I shall come back and finish this page.

Ten o'clock P.M. I have just spent a very pleasant evening at Miss E——'s, where I met besides herself two very entertaining and pretty young ladies. We talked as well as I was able on many things, principally the character of the modern English and American woman. I found it hard in the presence of so much intelligent and delightful womanhood to be very ardent in the defense of the somewhat mannish character of my country-women, but after some time I got them to see that in its noblest exponents, for instance as they were acquainted with it in literature in the persons of Jane Eyre, etc., it is after all a great sort of womanhood.

You acted very hastily in showing my remarks to Prof. T——. Had I known what you would have done I should have used language more becoming our relative ages and merits. It is difficult for one who thinks for himself to be sufficiently modest, yet no one knows better the necessity. It strikes a quarter of eleven. Good-night.

## XX.

*To Berlin ; enthusiasm for art ; first semester ; cost of living ; mastery of learning.*

BERLIN, 22 Aug., 1869.

The date of my last letter has almost escaped my mind in the confusion of the last two weeks. If I do not forget I informed you from Heidelberg of my intention to come directly to Berlin, omitting the trip in Switzerland that I had previously contemplated. Several reasons influenced me to this, the chief of which was the fear of expenses. I should have been obliged to come to Berlin at any rate, and the united cost of the two journeys, though very reasonable, frightened me ; in fact it would have exceeded my purse. For another matter, I should have been alone unless I had chosen the company of some gentlemen there, of whose ability and disposition to spend I was too ignorant to take the risk. But, in order not altogether to lose the advantage of my time and money, I went something out of my way in coming to Berlin and visited Munich, Prague, and Dresden.

My intention was to stop longer in these places but the inevitable extra expense, upon which one never knows how to calculate, forced me to come on to my destination after two or three days' rest in each of the

above places. My time, however, afforded me a view of much that was worthy of the trouble, especially in Munich, where the works of art are so extraordinary and where at the time there was an international art exposition. I enjoyed the most pleasant and profitable three days imaginable. I despair of giving you any idea of the art wonders of the galleries. It begat in me such an enthusiasm for the subject that I have already laid out for the winter a course of reading on art, which will embrace all the best critics, English, French, and German.

My most burning ambition just now is to become a connoisseur, and nothing shall hinder me from appreciating as well the real excellences of Titian, Veronese, Angelo, etc., as I flatter myself I can now appreciate the divine soul of Dante or Calderon. You will appreciate my openness to you to whom I tell everything just as I think it. You must not be alarmed for my more formal studies which, I assure you, will not be oppressed, but rather relieved and made easier by this child of delicate blood and passionate breath, my enthusiasm for art.

Now I am in Berlin, the city of Bismarck, of Frederick the Great, and of Hegel. I have already selected in the catalogue for the coming semester or half-year my course, on physics, on æsthetics, on Greek philosophy, on Demosthenes (the lectures in Latin), on Old German poesy and literature of the Middle Ages. These are so distributed through the week as to give me on an average four a day, and the industrious student allows himself six, but I shall have in the prosecution of my Latin and Greek exercises, which I cannot yet give up, and of French, together with my reading, sufficient to employ my hours.

The term does not open until the middle of October, until which time I shall recreate as best I may, and read light books. Some acquaintance with the greatest writers of fiction is not only beneficial, but in the present state of learned society imperatively demanded of every scholar. Hawthorne, Thackeray, Irving, Auerbach, Hugo, etc., must be read. You will be anxious to learn how I am fixed here and what my expenses are likely to be. By reference to my book I had just one year ago to a day about a hundred dollars in money and was just arrived in Heidelberg. Now I have forty dollars, so the difference, sixty dollars, added to the four hundred and thirty dollars which I have received, makes four hundred and ninety dollars for my year's expenses, including a considerable number of books that I have yet, and my travelling.

The coming year promises to cost me a trifle more, not for books, clothes, or tuition, for the first and last of these will hardly be so much, but I must now bear all of the expenses of my room and fuel, and boarding is higher. My resolution is, if possible, to live alone, for although it would be hard to find a more agreeable room-mate than C—— in respect to taciturnity and inoffensive habits, yet I feel a thousand times more at ease when alone. Interruptions from visitors are to a certain extent unavoidable, and when there are two in a room the nuisance is doubled. Then two persons find so many ways of frittering away one another's time that, whether they will or no, entire hours glide by during a friendly little argument or an oration. The time which you really set apart for recreation is drawn out in a hundred ways, often by the presence of a friend who is not so anxious to work.

Another thing, I should run a great risk in taking

in a stranger, for we rent here by the half-year, and I could not get rid of him if he was ever so low and disagreeable a fellow. My room, which is very pleasant, will cost with service included fifty-four thalers for a half-year. A thaler here is worth very nearly as much as a dollar greenback. It is impossible for me to say yet for how little I shall be able to live. I am certain, however, that it will not be much above my expenses at Heidelberg. Fire, light, and washing are, as every where, extras. My matriculation and lecture fees will all have to be paid at once, and the greater part of the necessary books purchased at the same time, 15th of October. You will see that I shall stand in need of money soon. All the books I read I get from a large circulating library, which costs me 75 cents a month.

Do not fear that you would have to meet a sour-faced and ungrateful son should circumstances compel you to take me home. I would return with but one desire in the world, to make with you and for you a cheerful fight against fortune. No one could well be a more enthusiastic lover of learning than I, but I am at the same time above learning and could manage to think many a fair and bold thing without it. You will not understand me as abating one jot of zeal in my work, but as only growing up out of and around it, as one really should. He is no master of learning who is mastered by it. A man who cannot drive cattle the more cheerfully for having studied Kant or Anacreon has not studied them rightly. I do not say more contentedly and happily than he could do something else, but more contentedly than a man who never had read the philosophers and poets.

Not one scholar in a thousand can do this, but not

one man in ten thousand lives either reasonably or contentedly, and as for

“The wreath of air,  
That flake of rainbow flying in the highest  
Foam of men’s deeds,”

you have long known the estimation in which I hold it.

My landlady is a character. I will describe her to you some time when I know her better and have more time. Swinburne says that the “peace of the devil passeth all understanding,” which I have reason to believe true. My love to all the family and your new neighbors.

## XXI.

*Bohemian peasantry ; Munich ; Italian masters ; Dresden ; Prague ; fiction reading ; an intelligent and beautiful woman ; studies ; North German characteristics.*

BERLIN, Aug. 30th, 1869.

Dear Joe\* :—The confusion of the last three weeks has been so great that I can no longer recollect whether or not I finished and mailed a letter to you which I certainly began. It seems to me that, on leaving Heidelberg, I tore it up with other papers of unfinished compositions and broken melodies of verse, and condemned it to the stove. Nothing will be the worse, at all events, if I write again, and now that I have just made an interesting trip,† it will be easier to say something new.

\* A fellow-student in days at the college in Jacksonville, Illinois.

† From Heidelberg to Berlin.

I was almost two weeks on the way, as I spent several days in the principal places through which I passed—Stuttgart, Munich, Prague, Dresden. The intervening country, save the Bohemian mountains between Prague and Dresden, might have passed for any of the broken western states had it not been for the squalid wretchedness of the poor country people. Such battered, tormented, brutalized looking creatures I don't expect to see again. If a man's fears did n't force him to believe some things against his reason, such undeserved inequality in our human lot might shake certain creeds, but we call that justice, even love in the highest, which in the low would be cruelty. I believe Tacitus makes some such remark concerning the interpretation of the conduct of Tiberius, but my memory may be false.

At Munich, the art-centre of Germany, I spent most of my time in the galleries and at the international art exhibition held there at the time. This city was the residence of Schwanthaler, Cornelius, Rauch, Klenze, and others who take rank with Thorwaldsen and Canova as restorers of taste. Louis I. of Bavaria, their great patron, the Mæcenæ of modern art, has adorned his capital as no other city of its size in the world. Only the inspiration of the sister muse of song could do justice to the sublimities of these works. Some of the faces in the Italian gallery by Titian, Veronese, Dolce, Tintoretto, and Raphael will never fade from the tablets of my memory while the sweetness of this outer world beats through to my brain. Could I only tell you how I spent two long days in that little Italian kingdom of color, till the subtle soul of the masters seemed to look at me through the eyes of their creatures! It was a glorious delight to feel that one had

mounted up through the forms of change, till one could catch the unity of mastership in a reeling faun and beatific holy Virgin, a monk, and a Venus. I felt the chrysalis of a great faculty breaking within me; then the play of wonderful wings. I could have made an artist, a better one than I shall ever be at anything else, but time is gone. There is yet the delight of appreciation left, and I am determined to be a connoisseur if zeal will help me to it.

This winter I have mapped out a course of reading which will embrace all the best art critics, German, English, and French. The galleries here are very fine and I shall have my time to study them; while I shall hear a course of lectures by the great Hotho on æsthetics. At Dresden, where the galleries are very fine, perhaps as good as at Munich, I had less time, but I may go there during the holidays on purpose to study them. Prague is a city preserved as it were from the thirteenth century. Its wonderful old streets and churches and strange hostelries, where the social old knights used to drink, are just as they were before America was thought of. Its old wall makes the finest promenade in the world, shaded by great trees and made merry with dancing on all the old towers or bastions, where the wall is widened.

I attended service in two cathedrals and walked piously across the famous bridge on which there stands a statue of Bohemia's patron saint,\* who in old times worked some astonishing miracles with the river Moldau to the discomfiture of Bohemia's enemies and the great glory of God. Every spring an

\* St. Nepomuc, who was thrown into the Moldau for refusing to disclose the confessional secrets of the Empress, upon which the river grew præternaturally luminous.



incredible pilgrimage of the faithful is made to his shrine on the bridge, where an inscription almost old enough to be Ciceronian tells us, *vas, qui transite per viam, colete numen loci ! \**

Now I am comfortably quartered in Berlin for the fall and winter at least, most likely for the year. Till the 15th of October, when the University opens, I shall recreate myself in light literature, a branch somewhat behind with me. I read a novel a day and hope against the aforementioned time to have finished the best works of Thackeray, Hawthorne, George Eliot, Fielding, Smollett, Auerbach, Freiligrath, Andersen, and Gutzkow. It is absolutely necessary for me to know more about the best works of modern fiction, but that will come gradually.

You will be sure to congratulate me on my good fortune when I tell you that I am engaged with a young lady of eighteen, of great beauty and amiability, mistress of four languages and a brilliant wit, not to do the one foolish thing in the world, but to read together, or rather make an exhaustive study of modern and English poetry since Tennyson. She is an American, and her family were and are very violent rebels. Their home is in the neighborhood of New Orleans, but her mother, sister, and herself prefer to live in Europe, where they have been, excepting a visit or two home, ever since the war. Notwithstanding their political principles both the mother and daughters were very friendly with Mr. C. and me ; perhaps because we were so fresh in the expression of our opinions. The mother especially loves pluck with all the extravagance of what she calls her chivalric Southern blood.

\* Respect, oh wanderer by this road, the divinity of this place.

If I were so unfortunate as to be a lover, I might succeed in a description of this charming little creature, but nothing less than the sapphire fire would color my words. Just to give you a rude idea, you must imagine a face with dark brunette complexion, and very delicate in all its outlines, rather intellectual than Venus-like. The chin and mouth are of peculiar delicacy, even for the other features; the lips finely turned and elastic. Her eyes are not brilliant but soft and clear with an inexpressible and transient light of melancholy. They are a deep hazel. Her hair, which is very dark, is luxuriant but straight, while that of her blonde sister falls in the finest curls I ever saw. But her form is a study for Gautier.\* Her slipper is just the length of my hand and I can span it without noticeable pressure at the instep. The hand is a miracle of flexible, delicate form and perfect color. Now such extremities are generally found to go with a very poorly moulded body and limbs, but it is just here that Gautier's pen is needed to convey an idea of the most perfect fulness woven into infinitely delicate forms. On the streets she arrested the gaze of every one, but especially the students, although always veiled.

Now the plain truth is, that were I capable of ever loving any woman, I should have gone mad about this creature, but on the honor of a friend I assure you that it did not cost me a sigh to take leave of her, although there is scarcely a probability of my ever seeing her again. I feel myself after this test perfectly proof for life. We read Tennyson together, but as we are apart now, she in Heidelberg, we must carry on our studies by correspondence, for which we have her mother's

\*Jacques Gautier-Dagoty, a French anatomist and engraver of the 18th century.

consent and approval. I am nominally master in these lessons but I find it difficult not to learn more than I teach. You may believe that I eagerly snatched at this connection as an escape from masculine barbarism and metaphysical beer, which threatened to engulf me. The relation is for me a very pleasant one, almost tender, and I confess that I look to its end which, in the nature of things earthly, must come soon, with some sadness. But they all go, these delicate little flowers of life, even our great loves, which fill the soul with awful light and storm, go too. Go where?

“ Qui sait où s'en vont les roses ?  
 Qui sait où s'en va le vent ?  
 En songeant à telles choses,  
 J'ai pleuré souvent.”

My lectures for the winter half-year or semester will comprise a course on Greek philosophy, which will be my chief study, on physics, on æsthetics, on the *Iliad*, on the orations of Demosthenes, a Latin lecture, and on German Literature of the Middle Ages. I may hear some slim lectures on history beside these. My reading will be the art critics above mentioned, and modern English poetry, with the works of about a dozen great scientific materialists, Diderot, Holbach, Büchner, Vogt, Moleschott, Feuerbach, Lange, Czolbe, etc. My Latin compositions must be continued and I expect to read this year the body of Latin poetry up to the Brazen age. I read with perfect ease and can do it without trouble. This work is all genial and I am happy. From six to twelve I shall study, from two to six hear lectures, and from then until bed-time, eleven o'clock, either read or spend in German society. Two nights in the week for talk will be sufficient. On

Sundays I shall write my letters. With five minutes for dumb-bells between my morning hours, two hours' rest at noon, and time for a long walk between six and supper, I shall grow strong. If I can manage to eat dinner with Frenchmen, as is probable, I shall improve my speaking knowledge of their tongue. Now I have written all, or very nearly all, about myself, and beg leave to ask of you something like the same particularity in your next.

This place is very much like an American city on account of its great business relations. The people of North Germany are cool-headed, industrious men of the world with pretty much all that recommends and blemishes such characters. The city has a bad reputation for morals, but, unless one seeks corruption, it is not put under his nose, as it is in the streets of New York at night. In an evening stroll in that city from my hotel, I had eight separate invitations to "walk in, Mr. Fly." Such a thing has never happened me here. My expenses here for a year will be about six hundred dollars. They were less than five hundred in Heidelberg. It is possible to live on considerably less in both places, but I had rather stay a shorter time, if that were necessary, than be annoyed by hunting expedients to shift through on less. One really loses time by it.

This letter is a sad mix of irrelevant matters, and will never do as a model of correspondence, but I had only an hour and three-quarters to write it in, and you know I require time if I wish to compose.

If you like, I will send you some lines written in meter the next time, but most of my verses are fatally colored with atheistical sentiments, which will make them disagreeable to you. In fact there is so much to

modify in my feelings, so much to be harmonized, that it is the merest accident if I ever strike a mood all-golden enough for song. I send you a picture taken three weeks ago, and will confidently expect yours in return. Don't delay an answer for I am very lonely here.

## XXII.

*Desire of accustomed labor ; character analysis ; pretence of artificial purity ; Swinburne ; synthesis of affection and desire ; Goldwin Smith on the philosophy of history ; how to form right opinions.*

BERLIN, Sept. 5, 1869.

My situation here is a very novel one but not unpleasant. I could scarcely be more alone on Crusoe's island than I am now in the heart of the Prussian capital. I desire to be perfectly undisturbed till the University opens, for I find that absolute quiet is more propitious to the process of intellectual digestion than I had supposed. My severe studies are conscientiously laid aside and I begin already to feel that most violent of all appetites, the desire of accustomed labor. Before I omitted work I was quite weary and glad to rest ; now I should be the most wretched man on earth were I condemned to idle forever. A system bent to toil does not straighten without pain.

I read light literature, Thackeray, Eliot, Disraeli, Hawthorne, Fielding, Auerbach, Gutzkow, Freiligrath, etc. ; make verses ; take long walks in the immense zoölogical garden where there are no animals but Berliners taking the air with their dogs and daughters ; take long after-dinner dozes on the sofa ; and when I can't do any of these things I stand at the window and

wish I were home. Your letters come like a full-freighted argosy to an anxious merchant. They appear eloquent, profound, poetical, everything,—I will not say because they are your letters, but the circumstances certainly lend them a favorable light.

You practise satirical chemistry on your friends. The analysis of character is an operation in which I take great interest and profess some skill. I am not a keen observer of men, or very accurate in my estimates of what certain persons will do under certain complicated conditions. This is the talent of a leader of men. But when a character is once fairly observed and its peculiarities known, I think I have some insight into the inner adjustment of its parts. It is one thing to know a fast horse by certain jockey signs, and another to point out anatomically the causes of his speed.

In the practical faculty I think you are by nature far my superior, but I doubt as much when it comes to the philosophical classification and explanation of peculiar characters. I find your observation that M— represents a high form of a low type to be perfectly correct. The rank of types is determined by the greater or less unification of intellect, imagination, and propensity; the rank of form by the separate strength of these faculties. In M—they are all strong, but each would singly lead him to a different result in almost every case. This produces confusion in the intellect, diffuseness in the imagination and impotence in the passions. With his mind, which in a small way may be called encyclopædic, he will never arrive at a clear notion. With all his imagination he has no ideal, and in spite of his extraordinary social nature he never has been nor ever will be in love, nor will he make any connections stronger than those of ordinary friendship.

If his intellect could force his imagination to idealize, his imagination would then mold the great mass of his kindly nature into some grand and beautiful affections, but in him intellect, imagination, and feeling are disconnected,—all very powerful limbs but not jointed. Where the whole organization is finally knit and in perfect harmony we have a higher type. If in such case the parts are small the form is low. The Greek character presented few low types and few high forms. The reverse may be said of the Teutonic mind. A character in which a certain unification is reached by the extravagant preponderance of one or two of the faculties must not be reckoned as belonging to a high type. Great men, however, are more often of this class than any other. They are not great characters, but in some direction they are powerful. In a great actor the intellect and sensibilities predominate; in a great poet the imagination and sensibilities; in a great philosopher the intellect and imagination; in a great man they are all strong and closely harmonized.

But let us drop this subject and come to Swinburne. 7  
If the object of those insipid friends of yours is to avoid sensuality, not through the purification of things held sensual by shedding into the kingdom of the blood the needed light and wind and waters of the soul, but by utterly ignoring it, then I can understand, if not approve, their objections to meddling with such things even in the grand sacred way of Swinburne.

It is plain as the sun in the heavens that these people neither do, nor can, nor wish to ignore and choke out the sensuality of their natures. They prefer to keep it in the dark where it only stinks, and make pretense to the silly world that they don't know anything about it. This sort of artificial purity is like the housewifely

cleanliness Grandmother Henry could not endure. The great task of the moral reformer is to overcome the opposition between any two parts of our nature by fairly developing each to its utmost capacity, when they will fall together. ] As an example, with too many the good man is he who severely subordinates his self-love to his love of others. Very good ! As long as a man's self-love finds its gratification in extravagant possessions, or in all too great authority, or in the luxuries of life, the best thing for him to do is to subordinate this love to some other ; but when the man's knowledge of himself and the world is so far advanced that he sees the vanity of those things which he once sought for, and he begins to find pleasure in wisdom and acts of sympathy and in the affections of ordinary life, his self-love and his humanity suddenly become identical, and it no longer has any meaning to say to him that he must not follow the lusts of his heart.

So it is with appetite and love. Most men have difficulty in subordinating one to the other, and these remain for many good men to the end of their days in a hostile or uncongenial relation. This is so universal that I risk my reputation for sense with most people in saying that the most perfectly developed and powerful appetite would never find itself in conflict with the unity of the affections. They who are accustomed to feel what they call a passion in common with that of the brute will have no more conception of what I mean than a New Zealander would of the blessedness of "mercy, which droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven." It is nevertheless a fact that the passion of a perfect man is no more like a brute's than is his intellect.

Now this synthesis of affection and desire can only

Point = must  
be synthesis of  
affection & desire  
H.K.  
✓  
\*



be brought about in the way Swinburne indicates. Passion must be heightened and purified by the element of sorrow so prominent in his works, and enriched by an infusion of the very blood of beauty, as art only can do it. The animal substratum in this way soon ceases to be animal and fuses gradually with the star-fire of pure divine love. The result is something greater, sweeter, more manifold than either, just as the perfect and genial humanity of a great kindly soul is more than the charity of an ascetic which has cost him terrible struggles with himself.

Whether Swinburne expects such a result or not I do not know. He may write with only the artistic instinct to express what he feels and despise the remonstrances of critics because he does not care for the result, but it is more probable that he is thoroughly aware of his philosophical justification.

You ask me what I think of his "Hesperia." That and his "Hymn to Proserpina" are the finest specimens of versification representative of the Greek language. They are poems in sound and rhythm as well as sense. One can enjoy them without understanding them. I read them many times over with delight before I had their sense clearly before me.

While at home I read Goldwin Smith's lectures on the philosophy of history and at that time read them to approve. Much of their detail has escaped my memory in two years, but I remember that they turn upon the possibility of a science of history, which he denies. The reason that he advances, namely, the freedom of the will, would make a philosophy equally impossible—in fact, would make all calculations based on peculiarities of character or institutions worthless. Smith belongs to that more numerous than admirable

school of thinkers who hold the unknown for the impossible. It does not matter that every year sees them lose ground ; there is always the infinite region of the unknown into which they can retreat and again bid defiance to the enterprising, investigating intellect. He is great by reason of the multitude of lesser men who think as he does. Such men are always powerful through the ignorance of the world, never through its intelligence. Comte was an egotist ; so was Calvin ; which had the greatest right to think well of himself is no matter. If M. Comte thought that he could invent a science of society and then arrange society according to it, he simply forgot that sciences are not first invented and nature afterwards scientifically arranged, but that we are at first to leave nature alone and then win from her arrangement their method. Every grade of impudence and ignorance, from the days of Moses and Minos down to the last constitutional convention, has tried its ability in fixing civil relations which, if let alone, would be already most beautifully arranged on a basis of perfect liberty and economy. Some political economist feels himself responsible for the over-population of his country, another for the scarcity of food. It is possible that some political economists have much to do with these evils, and their conscience urges them to propose so many ways of relief. But we can count their willingness to serve us to their credit without taking their advice.

I cannot imagine what the result of my studies in speculative philosophy will be. To begin with I am a materialist and must understand all their talk about soul as somehow a misconception or mistaking a function for an organ. Trendelenburg is a very great man,

and I am to hear him on the history of philosophy, but I can hardly conjecture what my opinion of the whole thing will be when the winter is through. It is at all events worth while to be acquainted with the various doctrines, all of which cannot be right and none of which very probably correct. They are full of suggestive ideas and fragments of great truths and beautiful theories, from which much may be gained. If I were a genius I would have a magnificent *difference* in my opinions of most things in the world to build a new system upon of philosophy, morals, and politics as well as art. My desire is to see the man who will give the world a helping hand and raise me on to solid ground. He will be sure to come, but when?—a saviour of the world, as the first one was of his time, who will show us how we may live perfectly, who will overcome death, not explain it away. The world, as the individual, has a great deal of sad reality to learn after the dream of youth, but it is only sad at first, after awhile it goes well enough. Heaven is a pretty dream to resign, so is a young love, or a child's vision of glory and power, but we all have to give them up. Those who lose most in these splendid passions of youth will be able to meet the further losses of mature life, and even existence itself is not so very dear to one who has ever lost what he loved most. Courage and a cool, clear vision will square us with the truth if we accustom ourselves early to look it fairly in the face and follow after no dreams.

But to be able to do this we must be as pure of heart as fire, strenuous in exertion of all our faculties, careless of the reward in gold or applause, and full of love for all the world. I say that such a brave, free life,

which is utterly without fear because pure and wise, is possible without the bribe of an immortality. Can I live such a life, is the question of the hour with me. Shame and remorse must never come near and then fear will stand off.

I have absolutely no habits which occasion me expense. I neither smoke, drink, dance, play, fight (as a student duelist), nor frequent expensive society, and there are few students here who do not do all these things. If you think yourself able to keep me here and can yourself come over in a year I should be the happiest boy on earth. Give my love to Abby and Billy and tell dear father that this letter is as much his as yours. I love very much for father to write. Two sorts of letters make it far more like home than yours.

### XXIII.

*The blind forces of life ; a hunger of the soul ; the student's sacrifice ; Euphrone ; verses on "In Memoriam" ; In Excelsis.*

BERLIN, Sept. 18, 1869.

The mild autumn days wax bright and warm, working the wonders of morn and evening on earth and sky, while through my soul they seem to flow with a low murmur of minutes, neither bringing to nor taking anything from its peace. Sometimes I almost think the quick may taste the blessed Nirvana of Buddhist hope, the consciousness of perfect rest, neither joy nor fear nor expectation, only calm. But it is not so ; even in the embers of life there is a restless thought which can always brighten into a conflagration. To-day I do not feel my life, or in other words it does not

seem to me that one thing more than another could stir my pulses, and yet my heart would be a wild sea of tempestuous joy in an instant could I, looking out of my window, behold your faces on the street. Such strange creatures are we that we can dream on with passions, unfelt and unthought of, locked in our hearts that have power to make us miserable or happy beyond words.

What is wisdom but a knowledge of how these blind forces may be utilized? And what is a life in which they never awaken? Is that society healthy in which the student's life is an envied privilege, when we are glad to be allowed to pass the glorious years of youth and early manhood in the study of languages and laws, at the best, of poetry, and dream of action? Of what emotions is my heart not capable at twenty? Music that shoots as a fire through the soul or blows as a wind, touches not the extremest bounds of its desire. Poetry—it once taught me to feel new and strange passions undreamt of by the child—is now only a common comforter, a necessary solace, a gentle but often insufficient substitute for the reality of which it is but a shadow. It eases the heart of an oppression which is not always one of pain, but a higher something between or above pain and joy, just a perfect emotion for tears.

When this nameless hunger of the soul grows too dreadful, a note of poetical, interpreting music touches the spirit and the whole burden is swept out in a resistless flood. Then a sweet and cheerful tranquillity, as safe as an infant's slumbers, enters in, and oh! the delight to look upon the sun, the woods and waters of the earth. That this sensibility is not morbid, I am convinced by the calm still under it,—the feeling of the indomitable strength and courage of a healthy nature.

The student's sacrifice is a sacrifice of youth and hence these inward conflicts. A few years will see them blown over when in maturity and old age I can find play for all the impulses within. Courage! I say to myself, and turn my eyes from dreams that are dangerous to my labor which is safe. There is a sort of grand desperation in such work that makes everything seem possible. Let a man conquer his youth and fear will be to him an idle name. If in no other, at least in this way we may gain

“That lofty mind  
By philosophic discipline prepared  
For calm subjection to acknowledged law,  
Pleased to have been, contented not to be.”

Time which changes all things will take the pain from these days and leave me only the beautiful and softened recollection, the shine and sound of a storm long passed.

What few verses I write are forged in the very fire of my soul. They are not great, for they lack that supreme breadth and height which poetry must owe to a great as well as to an intense nature. Take those I send you as some of the best that I have lately composed. That with the Greek title, which is the euphemistic appellation for night, used on solemn occasions by the devout when they feared to violate her dread sanctity, and which signifies the Gracious One, is a recollection of a night at sea. You will understand the double allusion in the first strophe to the fabled harp of Amphion, to the music of which the walls of Thebes arose, and the geological genesis of strata in which the sea waves have been the first great agent.

If you can, think yourself into the scene and try to feel that spirit of infinite rest and sameness of night and the sea, with the contrast of the endless variety of the earth and the day partially suppressed. The emotion is indescribable and in my verses I could only hope to awaken it for one who had already felt it.

## EUPHRONE.

In the kingdom of the night and still desire,  
Sweet with starlight and cool sea air breathing low  
That same chant upon the waters' silver lyre  
Under which the builded world rose long ago,  
We forget the kingdomed day of songs and flowers,  
We forget the changing colors of the year,  
While the peace of night is shed through tranquil hours  
In our heart of hearts, that knows not change nor fear.

Two of the other pieces are recollections still older, mere gleams of a light which was always too grand and pure for me fully to comprehend. That on finishing Tennyson's "In Memoriam" cannot well be intelligible to one who has not read that grand monody of his on the death of a friend. It was written in the castle garden at Heidelberg just before leaving. You may criticise the sentiments, language, thoughts, everything with the greatest liberty; for what does it matter? We cannot all feel the same thing in the same way.

Mine eyes are vacant on this scene;  
My heart is sounding with thy great love,  
Above whose face the low winds move  
Of grief and song. I list between.

O poet heart, giv'st thou God praise  
That thou hast loved another so?  
Or only find'st thou poesied woe,  
A sound to charm our idle days?

Or is't indeed thy song's intent  
 That soddened paths may still be sweet,  
 Which grief and hope with sister feet  
 Ascend toward some "far off event?"

How seldom we reach that imperial mood of real  
 poesy, which I have tried to compare to the natural  
 heavens with their clouds and winds in the following  
 verses that I take from a little poem of mine on man  
 and nature, a parallel.

IN EXCELSIS.

O nightly frame of soundless skies,  
 Whose waste of violet, clear and deep,  
 Above the stars in golden sleep  
 And everlasting beauty lies!

How many men with hearts at ease,  
 Who take no second look at fate,  
 Who follow only love and hate,  
 Hear gods above thy silent seas?

Or think they hear? since gods must be,  
 Else fate cannot be reasoned with,  
 It matters not before what myth  
 They bend the idle, suppliant knee.

XXIV.

*Calls on professors; Physical strength; credulity and  
 common-sense; translation of Lenau's "Primula  
 Veris."*

BERLIN, Oct. 24, 1869.

You are expecting in this letter to hear that I am at  
 last under way; but the school opened on the 15th only  
 for the admission of students. The lectures begin to-  
 morrow. Yesterday I made the tour of my professors, as  
 is customary, calling upon each in his house. There are



nine on my ticket and I was an exhausted mortal when I reached my room. It would rejoice your eyes to see such genuine gentlemen ; so much simplicity, kindness, and dignity. The greatest living Greek historian, or rather the greatest of all that ever lived, Curtius, and the rival of Rosencrantz in speculative philosophy, Trendelenburg, and Lepsius, the reviver and interpreter of Egyptian learning who first read the puzzling hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs, do not embarrass a young man.

You complain of my appearance in the photograph with justice, for it is an extremely bad likeness, according to the judgment of all my friends. You are mistaken, however, in seeing thinness and care on the face, at least more than usual, for I never weighed so much as now, nor was I ever physically in better trim. The other day at a fair where a crowd of men were striking on a Turk's head, a machine for measuring the force of blows with the fist, after the biggest man had beat everybody ten pounds I beat him twenty-three. He was almost double my weight. The whole crowd must come up and feel my arm. I shall always feel safe among those fellows.

C—— ought to have more discrimination than to credit the absurd story of the decline of the University at Heidelberg on account of rationalism. Why in the country of rationalists should that hurt the school? Or does he think that it is part of a rationalist's creed not to study? The learned Campbellite church has not quite monopolized science. At Heidelberg there are between 500 and 600 students; here there will be this year over 3000. Some men are famous for neglecting their common-sense and believing everything they hear, at least on one side. E—— thought he had read some-

where that the city of Mexico in the days of the Montezumas had 8,000,000 inhabitants. Rome when mistress of three continents, at the very wildest computation, never had over 5,000,000. Pekin, the capital of one-third of the human race, has not that many. The emporium of modern commerce, London, cannot support but between three and four millions, and yet a small country like Mexico, and but one-quarter civilized, was to find resources to supply a capital almost twice as large as Rome. When we come to look at the books, Mexico, according to the conqueror's own account, was as large as Seville or Cordova in Spain, perhaps with 300,000. It is n't wonderful that such people believe in miracles. The world has more heroism, more charity, more imagination, more truth, more of every good quality than it has of common-sense.

I enclose a translation I made a few days ago from Lenau's famous piece set to music by Mendelssohn, *Primula Veris*, or in English, the "Firstling of Spring." I love the verses very much for a tender melancholy which, in most of the other poems of Lenau, degenerates into pitiful misery. The poor fellow died insane. In this poem he compares the trusting affection of his own heart, which was blasted, to the earliest flower of Spring, that leaps into the sunlight on the first sweet troubling of the earth, but only to be killed by later frost.

PRIMULA VERIS.

I.

Beautiful flower,  
Art thou again so  
Early return'd?  
Welcome, I greet thee,  
Primula Veris.

Lighter than all that  
Bloom in the meadow,  
Sweet hast thou slumbered,  
Beautiful flower,  
Primula Veris.

Heard by thee only,  
Called the first whisper  
Soft, of awakening ;  
Beautiful springtime,  
Primula Veris.

Ah ! in my heart too  
Blossomed but lately,  
Fairer than all the  
Flowers that Love bears,  
Primula Veris.

2.

Beautiful flower,  
Primula Veris,  
Fair one, I call thee  
Faith's flower symbol.

Trustful, hast'neth  
Forward to meet thee  
Heaven's first greeting,  
Giv'st him thy bosom.

Springtime is here now,  
Even if frosts and  
Darkening clouds should  
Cover him over.

Flower, thou b'lievest  
The long wished for  
Heavenly Spring at  
Last is returnèd.

Giv'st him thy bosom ;  
 But the keen frosts, that  
 Watched thee from ambush,  
 Press in thy bright heart.

Ah, it may wither ;  
 Never was lost yet  
 Soul of a flower  
 Trustful as thou art.

## XXV.

*Genuine ignorance superior to school ignorance ; little  
 devotion to truth ; Hübner's lectures ; Haupt's wit ;  
 cheapness in Germany traditional.*

BERLIN, 7th Nov., 1869.

It is full time to protest against more notes and letters six inches long. What could be a more painful disappointment than to open a letter from home, which I always do with barbaric gestures and exclamations of delight, and then to find a beggarly account of commonplaces which I rush over in thirty seconds? You can write a letter brimful of wit and sentiment and most curiously suggestive ideas. Is n't father afraid that I shall remember him only as my faithful commissary?

B——'s letter is a literary curiosity. An ignorant man cannot do his common-sense justice on paper. When he takes up a pen he feels foolish and like a child. The poor fellow has an ambition to become a professional man and asked my advice. It would be a cruel wrong to encourage him in such an idea and distract him from his trade. It is foolish even to encourage him to make an effort for common culture. Too many preparatory difficulties lie in his way, all

of which would have to be mastered before he could gain any benefit from his labor. Genuine and cheap ignorance is a thousand times preferable to that expensive sort acquired at our schools. In my letter to him I have to be guarded in the expression of the disagreeable truth.

What a strange faculty father has of drawing after him in his peregrinations about the world smaller natures! If he had lived in ancient times he would have been a great chief and wandered over the country with a pack of as devoted savages behind him as ever followed Gengiskhan. It is his political nature, a certain natural bent to public life. I have n't a bit of it.

Unless M—— means to open a private cemetery for his defunct opinions I cannot conceive what he intends doing with four acres of ground near the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Has he grown disgusted at the miserable order preserved in the Lord's family, as he was fond of calling the race? It is certainly a very inefficiently managed household. M—— felt this himself, and had determined to devote his life to reforming the dreadful muddle into which the Lord, very likely on account of the extent of the concern, had let everything fall. Some of us do not look like full brothers, while we white children suppose, from the peculiar favor shown us, that we are the legitimate men of this world and entitled to kick out the black and yellow bastards. It is a pity that such silly and illogical ideas, just because they seem to offer a shibboleth of reform, should master a man's understanding. How precious little devotion there is in the world to truth because of the truth, and not for the crumbs!

I take my notes on lectures at the University in Ger-

man. It is the best imaginable exercise in the language. Here the lecture-rooms are crowded, many often having to stand. I secured a seat in every one by being prompt in announcing myself to the professors. There is one of the nicest professors here. He looks for the world like father, only not quite so stern and military, who lectures on Latin grammar. His name is Hübner. It does me good to see and hear him in his chair. He will talk to the students about the etymological value of an Etruscan inscription as if he were telling a youngster a Mother Hubbard's tale. One old fellow, Haupt, who lectures on the *Iliad*, is the very contrary of Hübner. Almost half his time is consumed in making fun of and blackguarding certain Homeric commentators. He will get red in the face when he thinks of Payne Knight's theory of the Digamma. His wit is as keen as his temper is sour, and his enmity towards theologians is to me a constant source of amusement. But the old man suffers a great deal from ill health, which I think is the cause of all his bad humor.

I am glad to hear of Billy's industry and pushing habits. There is more than one way of being a man, and the great West needs actors more than thinkers. Americans here who attend the theatres and eat in the second-class restaurants tell me that they cannot make out for less than a thousand dollars a year. Living is as high here, I believe, as in New York. The cheap days of Germany are pretty much a tradition. Traveling in England, according to accounts, costs about twice as much as it does in the United States. You must pay every man you see.

Can't you begin again by answering my letters when you receive them? They will come regularly two weeks apart. Good-by.

## XXVI.

*Death still terrible ; life real ; the divine emotion ; better  
educated if less learned.*

BERLIN, Nov. 24th, 1869.

Death has been in the midst of our friends and saddened our own hearth, but has spared us. How infinitely nearer to us is that little circle of names, father, mother, brother, and sister, than all the great world beside ! We can hardly weep for others while the soul shudders with helpless fear before the thought of losing one of those golden links.

I cannot contemplate my own death with fear, think as I will, but Death has still his terrors for me and no philosophy is consolation. Religion is a vanity before this great reality, the indestructible pathos of life. Grief is not for the dead but for ourselves.

“The end and the beginning are one thing to them who are past the end.”

“There lies not any troublous thing before,  
Nor sight nor sound to war against them more,  
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,  
All waters as the shore.”

The expectation of a future life looks to me so far-fetched, so unreal, so out of joint with everything I feel, that, were it not utterly improbable, I should find little or no comfort in it. Life, far from being a vanity because limited, is only so much more real, and every pulse of pain or pleasure gathers from the thought a lyric intensity. An ineffable sweetness and grandeur broods over our days. Hearts cling closer for love, for love is life in the highest.

At times in the presence of Nature's most solemn aspects, as amidst dry leaves of a Fall forest when the strange savor of dying things is in the air, and the white sky stretches out cloudless and limitless as it seems forever, I have felt in my inmost soul the broken wail and rush of a great music. Oh, earth! Oh, life! And these were all the words I could utter. Above joy and pain there is a perfect emotion born of both; we may call it divine. In it life and death are harmonious. If my nature were mightier and did not shudder and lose all thought under these floods of feeling, then I too might be a poet. As it is, I envy those wonderful, crowned heads, not their laurel and their light, but the power with them to feel these things and not to weep but sing.

Mother's criticism of my letter to Grandfather was not unexpected or unjust, but she forgets the character to whom I write and the artificial occasion of writing, when she asks me to strike a deeper and more musical chord. The highest sentiment of which an old man like Grandfather is generally capable, is a feeling for moral earnestness. With him it is peculiarly true and everything else appears frivolity. Then I am fettered in my use of words and images to suit his taste which, although not really prosaic, yet finds its genuine nourishment in the contemplation of the nude truth, grandly limbed and thewed like a god, but which, like the art of Greece, admits no ornament.

I am working for an education not a profession. I shall strictly avoid spending time on anything which is not culture, and by that means I hope to be better educated, if less learned, than some whose names are high among scholars. This age of specialties makes such a course exceedingly laborious, and I find that in



many respects these great German schools are ill-suited to my purposes. They are the best, it is true, of any, but still I must listen to many things that can only have an interest for the professional philologist, scientific man, metaphysician, historian, artist, etc. I am obliged to read a great deal for the information I desire. My course of study is indulged in here by the very wealthy and the aristocracy.

My health is excellent and spirits cheerful with work. We have had the wettest Fall I have ever seen. I thank Billy for his little note and wish it were longer. Kiss Abby for me if the rogue is at home.

## XXVII.

*Pre-Socratic speculation in Greece ; verse, one's inmost life ; genesis of Hebraic ideas of immortality ; nothing in the world worthy of hate.*

BERLIN, 6th Dec., 1869.

When in my last letter I spoke of having a longer communication on hand, or rather under consideration, I meant to send you a review of pre-Socratic speculation in Greece. This chapter opens the narrative of thought and is, for such as take an interest in the genesis of ideas, of incomparable importance. It is but the vestibule to the temple of Greek speculation, a structure of the chastest and severest beauty, but now, alas ! a ruin. Time has spared many a more worthless edifice than the systems of Herakleitos and Parmenides. On this period I have heard Trendelenburg, Bonitz, and Gruppe ; read all the fragments of the old philosophers themselves which are extant in Greek, and about 3000 pages of Latin commentary. But this introduction is superfluous, as nothing of the kind is to follow. The

subject may lie over till I am needing matter for a letter.

This time I have ransacked my journal and all the loose leaves on my desk for verses to send you as a Christmas gift. I always felt a little delicacy, or rather sensitiveness, about turning such things to public gaze, for they are copies more or less exact of one's most inmost life. But I lose my scruples as I grow older. I am ashamed now that I have so often and fatally checked my nature when it should have had the sunlight of sympathy.

The unhealthy tone of some of these verses by no means escapes me, but many of them were written in a transition period, one of depression and pain. One can see in them what the German student would call the claws of *katzenjammer*, that is, the headache, etc., after a drunk. I had believed too much; the world still believes too much, and an awakening to the reality of things was dreadful. With time one comes to look with fresher, clearer eyes at life, with sympathies deepened and again in tune.

In your letter before the last you asked me if Plato got his ideas of immortality from the Hebrews. The reverse is by far the more probable, for the Bible Old Testament does not teach the immortality of man, while in Homer, who lived nine hundred years before Christ, we read of Elysian fields and the assemblies of the dead. Plato, five hundred years after Homer, and after many philosophers who had taught immortality, endeavored to prove the undying nature of the spirit by arguments which embrace everything of value that had been adduced on the point. The Jews and Christians, when, long after this, they came to believe in it, did so without proof, as they did all things;—mira-

cles, revelations, dreams, prophecies, etc. The man is an ass who says that Plato borrowed from the Hebrews ; such an assertion is parallel to that which would have us owe our sense of right and wrong to Moses and his ten laws.

My society here is slim, but perhaps I have as much of its kind as is wholesome. Sometimes I have a dispute with a countryman who insists on being either redeemed or elect, or who favors a tariff, or with a German who prefers Horace to Catullus. For the most part my opinions grow rusty for want of wear.

I expend some of my superabundance of logic in my letters home. I must n't forget to tell you that the use of the word "kingdom" and "kingdomed" in my verses "Euphrone" is original and, as I think, of great beauty. "The kingdom of the night" means the whole realm of night abstracted and thought of for itself, independent of all other times, as a kingdom is something in politics or nature independent and perfect in itself.

Your advice to study history is rather superfluous. All I want is time, time and money, and I'll study history. It is wrong of you to hate so heartily as you do. There is nothing worthy of hate in the world. The sage knows only two passions, love and pity. But I am persuaded your hate is a mild form and rather indignation. I would be a sage if I could, and expect to be one at your age, but for the present I cannot well help thinking "damn" at some people.

Father's health concerns me very much and it is no encouragement to hear that he is every now and then shaking with the ague. I wish I knew what you could do. What do you say to my lessons on the flute? I believe I could learn to play.

## XXVIII.

*A temple of Venus ; women in universities ; Goethe's lyrics ; lofty purpose.*

BERLIN, 24th Dec., 1869.

This letter has been due some time, but I was occupied with some reading which I wished to finish before the University Library was closed for the holidays. I am now free for two weeks. The recreation is scarcely necessary and I shall only idle three or four days of it.

The city is full of preparation for the celebration of the holidays. On every corner are stands of toys or small groves of pine saplings for Christmas trees. Germany is going to please her babies. The demonstrative fondness of this people for their children is a spectacle for a stranger. The men seem to be rather the worse. They do not think half so much of their wives as of their little ones.

Last night I went for the first (and last) time to the famous Orpheum. It is one of the sights of the place and down in the guide-books, as the tourists say. A modern temple of Venus, more splendid than the cathedral, with music and lights and inmates something like those of Mahomet's heaven. The place is the first dance-house in the city, and a rendezvous for all the *élite* of the *demi-monde*. Shamelessness is carried to the perfection of an art. If you are very delicate you can pay a thaler and sit up in the gallery loges where you will not come in contact with any of these wretched girls. If you have less money and more stomach you can stand it out below for ten groschen. I did the latter. I can't describe what I saw, but the effect would certainly have been a salutary

one if I had needed disgust. The *ladies* were dressed in robes of satin and gauze with trails and without trails, and in performing the dance, which they did alone, nothing was left undone that the vilest brute alive could have desired to see. Some of the girls had interesting faces, only at a distance however, for, when close by, their eyes were robbed of the celestial fire of innocence, and expressed only a sensual leer. If a man wants to make his life vanity, take all the passion out of it, throw mud in the spring of all poesy and love, he can do it right there. To talk about such things as a temptation is to confess to a vile heart. I never knew before how far I was above such influences.

The richest thing was that I found my pious friend from Carlisle there and in tow of one of the nymphs. He had been there before and advised me to go once if I wanted to see the effect of German speculation. He had been there, he said, out of curiosity and had been sickened. Why a man should go the second time out of curiosity and to get sickened again I could not see. It was amusing to observe the sudden efforts he made to shake off his companion when he caught sight of R—— and me. The lady could not comprehend what had so suddenly changed his humor. We prepared to go home and went together immediately. On the way I asked him if he thought he could get a clear idea of Fichte's *Ichlehre* or doctrine of the absolute ego at the Orpheum. He will not be likely to say anything more about dance-houses in connection with German speculation.

The weather is wretched in the extreme but not severe. The climate of Berlin would be improved by any sort of change you could make.

When you write to C—— send her my regards and

tell her if she could comprehend for once the real relation between the sexes in Germany, she would not hope to see her reform in the universities during the present generation,—I think not for several. In the medical schools it may go after some time, but people do not feel here as they do at home about the propriety of such a thing. For my part I must yet see a demand among women for the thorough learning of the universities. For the life of me I cannot help but think that women on an average are intellectually immeasurably below the male standard. The men slaves of Greece and Rome, who certainly did not have one-tenth the motive and opportunity to study that the women of our modern times possess, were often very profound scholars for their age. Many persons agree with me in thinking that history makes out a plain case against the intellectual equality of the sexes, while I think that a certain depth and purity of feeling compensate for the inferiority. Be that as it may, no amount of fine feeling will help a person through an obscure fragment of Parmenides. But I sympathize thoroughly with the aimers of these efforts, so far as they aim at an independent intellectual culture for women. We may think what we choose of people's capacity, but we have no right to limit their opportunities. To my mind intellect and culture make a goddess of a woman, who with only the other advantages of person and character must be insipid and vulgar.

I will pay anybody for telling me what need we have of Goethe's lyrics. With a half-dozen exceptions they had better either not have been written or else done in prose, for poetry they have none, as his genius, although a master of dramatic pathos, and having clearness of

vision in everything concerning human character, is still highly unpoetic. So I dare maintain. Goethe seems to me to have had everything but that "faculty and vision" which Wordsworth had and allows the poet. What I say is literary heresy, I know, but we must all think as we cannot help thinking. I owe a great deal to Goethe in the way of general insight into things and breadth of view, but I never could see that he made me master of a profounder sensibility towards any object of human love, nor can I recall any passage in his works which seems splendid with new light,—a thought such as there is no end to in Shakespeare.

I do a great deal of work but it gets sour enough sometimes, and I think it would then puzzle me to give a reason for my existence and the hope that is for the moment *not* in me. But I must work now to live; it is a second nature. Generally I feel full of purpose, and lofty theories of life beckon me on to some high achievement. I would fain live like a god and feel nothing but pure pathos; then I see it is dinner time and am hungry. I lose inclination to quarrel with my fellow-men about their ideas, and I have my doubts as to the possibility of ever living up to my own. This was the birthnight of man's greatest friend, Jesus of Nazareth. This means more to me than to him who calls him God.

Good-night and a Happy New Year!

XXIX.

*Influences in childhood; a student's freedom; concerning marriage; domestic sorrows.*

BERLIN, Jan. 8, 1870.

DEAR AUNT LETTIE :—You were certainly kind not to upbraid me in your letter for negligence. I expected

nothing less than a regular lecture. Indeed, I felt that it was deserved. For once an abundance of matter stood in the way, I could not think what to write unless I began (and what's begun, must be ended) a set narrative long enough to get a copyright on. Between mother and me we spin all manner of speculative cobwebs; poetry, criticism, nonsense, will fill a sheet when nothing else will. She is even more sublimated than myself, and sometimes I think could almost take hold of an abstraction with her teeth. She is a strange soul to come out of Island Creek. For my part I am unable to breathe without interruption so rarefied an atmosphere. Perhaps this is the reason why I have always felt so lively an inclination for dear Uncle Henry and yourself, who both live so genially in a genial world. No child of sensibility could grow up to insignificance under mother's influence: if there is an element of strength in one it must come out.

But this is not matter for a letter. You would like to know all about my surroundings, the sort of people I live among, the sights I see, etc. If so, I can only refer you to some reliable history of the German people, and then an account of their universities. The story is a long one. I have a room in the city, eat at a restaurant, attend lectures in the academic building, read during the afternoon in the Royal Library (which contains 600,000 volumes), and study at night in my own quarters. My life is magnificent, simply because I have to make no appearance, can go and stand and stay when and where I please.

My kingdom is the library. The grand erudition of these laborious scholars has created for the earnest student a second world, one over and above that where we live! One learns to laugh at and pity the muddled



notions of the mass of men from these clear intellectual heights. Thought ceases to be only a means to some lower end and becomes an object for itself. We live to think. It is true, that here, where men's lives are devoted to the most laborious and profoundest study, those things which you hold sacred are called dreams. But who's to judge? and whose opinion would carry before the unprejudiced the most weight,—a German professor's, or an orthodox preacher's?

But beyond this grand battle-ground of science and superstition, of positive knowledge and mere faith, is the eternal realm of song, the poetry of all times and tongues, where a world of beautiful and tragic forms, of pathetic and songful figures, is opened to the heart and imagination. I care not if I have but one change of shirts and the food necessary to life, so I may only learn, and every day think clearer and feel more profoundly the infinite beauty of life and the loveliness of things. I can appreciate the comforts of existence as well as others, but the *comforts alone*, what are they? Roast meats and preserved fruits.

A question of yours (you will remember it) is both delicate and difficult in the extreme. Difficult because it will not admit of a categorical *yes* or *no*, and delicate because the real reason is likely to be misunderstood. The fact is, that it is very unlikely that I shall ever marry.

I know that a life without love is like a flower without its color, and feel this as painfully as another can, but such a life may at least be genuine and high. Then my idea of what a woman must be whom I could love is, I suppose, absurd and impracticable in the extreme. I can see plenty of quiet and kindly creatures whose lives are pure and persons pleasing, even some who are

interesting, sweet creatures, but somehow I can't help dreaming of a great soul of passion and intellect that seeks for the profoundest truth,—a woman whose nature is intenser, grander, clearer than that of the girl of the period, whose life is an insipid observance of conventionalities forever. A scholar's life can never be so objectless as that of an old bachelor generally is, so you need not fear my petrification.

Our family has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of dear Aunt Ellen. How sweet a nature shone through her very eyes! This hard world had grown too rough and confused for her; so I thought long before her death. If I could say a word of comfort for poor Cousin Mary and John, how gladly would I do it! But I know that a grief like theirs must be simply borne.

Let us withdraw a weary heart and saddened  
From Time's thronged highway and from Life's derision,  
Where we have striven, but were never gladdened,  
And seek repose within the core of vision.

I shudder to think of the possibilities of sorrow that hang over my head. Could reason, could life itself, sustain them? Who is it that cares more for himself than others? It must be a monster who does not love some one better than life. I was glad your letter was so full of family news. Mother does not write me much about such things. Greet all the friends for me and give my love to Grandmother and Aunt Mary in particular. I want you to write often and longer letters than your last. Your affectionate nephew.

## XXX.

*A scheme of culture ; scholarship and specialization ; a lover self-sufficient ; " polterabend " ; Methodist students in Berlin.*

BERLIN, Jan. 19, 1870.

Some avenging fatality has punished me certainly for letting you wait some weeks ago full seven days longer for a reply than was fair ; I have not heard from home for four weeks. It must be that one letter has fallen through the mail, or you would scarcely make so extraordinary an exception to your usual time. Perhaps my verses have determined you either to drop such a poetaster altogether or to send for me with the design of submitting my case to the physician.

I intended in this letter to tell you about my studies, what can be told, and ask your advice on some points. You know I had no other object in coming to Europe than culture in its widest sense, and the time which I had set to do the work in is amply sufficient to give me one of the finest educations in the world ; that is, such an education as you might imagine an intellectual English lord would covet, who desired it for social purposes ; a real familiarity with the two classic languages and a genial knowledge of the entire literature contained in them ; an almost equal acquaintance with the German, French, Italian, Spanish, and English literatures ; and a knowledge of the German and French of the Middle Ages—the languages of the Troubadours and Minnesingers ; add to these the Persian or Arabic, or both, and modern Greek as a simple philological side of an education ; the speculation of all ages, as I shall have it here, from Thales to Herbart, and this by an actual

study of the philosophers in the original languages, together with the splendid commentaries of German scholars ; a parallel study of political and social history and science as the practical side ; and, to round all, a course in natural science and mathematics with such a study of art as my enthusiastic nature will make easy.

You must not get pale at the mention of all these things, for it has been done and can be done again. A scholar's work grows easier in a geometrical ratio as he advances. It is not always the drudgery of page by page which it is at first. For instance, I shall be able to read, as vacation work, the *corpus*, or entire body, of Latin classic poets ; Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, Juvenal, Persius, and I have already read most of them, but I shall re-read all. Once I could not do so much, but the question is this ; between such an education and what is called in any one branch profound scholarship, there is a great difference. In America, however, there is, I dare say, scarcely one professor of the classics who would have a better acquaintance with his specialty than I should have, but that says nothing. Here a Greek scholar for excellence, or a philosopher by profession, or any sort of specialist, goes into the dry details of his branch which have no earthly value as culture. He will know about the Greek what Shakespeare did not of English. Such investigations are necessary to widen our general knowledge and the results of such a life may throw a ray of light on some point which the general scholar can utilize in ten minutes ; but the extra light is a permanent addition to learning. Many men have spent their lives in such minute labor and been able to do nothing. Others have only confused the state of the subject. A few gradually clear it up.

Now I feel tempted, at the expense of some considerable part of the above splendid catalogue of matter, to give extra attention to the Greek language and speculative philosophy ; not exactly with the hope of making a name among the philologists or school philosophers, but perhaps of being better able to encourage in America a genial study of these much neglected subjects. I expect to be able to do that anyhow, but a more special preparation than I should care to make for my own culture might be of importance. Then if I should desire to teach (and who can tell what may be necessary ?) it would always be a recommendation to be a trained specialist. The fact is, if I were a born genius I should pursue my original plan and seek only such information as would be valuable to my mind in speculative thought or art creation, but I am becoming seriously persuaded that it would only cripple my usefulness to follow such a course. It would certainly better accord with my tastes, and if I had a fortune I do not know but I should let the useful take care of itself and study only for my own accomplishment. What do you advise? I feel that, if I were willing to sacrifice all my dreams, I might be sure of a position among scholars which would be honorable even to my Alma Mater, Berlin, but it looks cold and repulsive beside the ideal fields of light where I may roam instead of *plow*.

E—— writes me that he is flourishing on Austrian air. He sends his regards to you and the family ; says that poor M—— is madly in love and condoles with me on his case after his own fashion. Miss L—— O—— is the lady of M——'s heart. She is confined to her bed with consumption and he watches by her the greater part of his time. He wants to marry her that

he may have a right to nurse her, but she refuses him because he has left the creed of his fathers. It is very sad and not a little astonishing that he has turned out, after his long life of social dissipation, capable of such an affection. A soul in love is sacred and terrible. It is hard to prevent a life uninformed by any great plastic passion from sinking under its own insignificance. Every man must have a reason for respecting himself. It is all one whether he seeks it in the artificial light of social place, or the borrowed light of wealth or learning. The lover only, like a divinity, is self-sufficient. There is one thing the human heart sets far above pomp of place or pride of right, years of rest or endless heaven sleep with visions bright.

But all the world does not feel alike. For instance, last night we had *polterabend*, or my landlady held a sort of wake over her *dying* maidenhood on the eve of her *third* marriage! To-morrow the proper ceremonies transpire. Last night was a sort of festivity which precedes the marriage three days, called *polterabend*. The woman insisted on my coming in to see the young ladies and honor her nuptials, which I did to the best of my ability, if acting the fool with a jolly company of Germans and drinking beer can be so called. The bridegroom called me "Baron" or rather "Herr Baron" all the evening. He either thought to flatter me or else mistook my real name, "Byron," for the title of nobility often worn in Germany by persons less pretentious than myself. The poor nobility cling to their titles as to their lives. The girls told me I looked like a *geistlicher*, or divine, and insisted on turning me into an artist by parting my hair in the middle. Then they said I looked like a painter. You would have died laughing to see the figure I cut. I was obliged to

take a dancing lesson with every one in succession till I could scarcely breathe. It was the liveliest company ever I was in and I took pains it did n't get duller on my account. It was something new for me.

The pair are well-to-do and belong to the upper-lower class, that is, the top of the class just below the professional and wealthy members of society, who make the middle class. Company here is so much less restrained than at home that an American is almost frightened to find himself so unceremoniously treated. I can enjoy their sport almost as well as they, perhaps better, and yet we have not an idea or taste in common.

It appears a sort of punishment for my hostility to religion that I should everywhere be taken for a student of theology. I shall get my hair clipped *à la* Heenan, and try to look as savage as possible, if people don't stop making the mistake.

To-day the weather is cold and windy. I long for the vine-clad hills of the Neckar and the summer shades of the murmurous old castle. You have no conception of the charm a mere place can exert on the mind till you see something like Heidelberg. When I am once well away from Berlin I shall not much care to return.

My money is due about this time, and I expect it every day. In sending that you must be punctual, as it stands between me and the world. I have a friend or two who in a pinch would lend me something, but I had much rather not ask for it. This letter is three days late. I have deferred it in hopes of hearing from you. Your affectionate son and pensioner.

P. S.—Jan. 29th : Your letter without a date, containing the check, I received just an hour ago. I have delayed sending the enclosed letter one full week over

time, for every day I thought, well, to-morrow it must come. In directing it you wrote "27" instead of "47," and the police had to hunt me up. You should have these letters all registered. The post-office officials here told me that no letter was safe without that precaution. Since New Year I have done, for me, an amazing amount of work. I am engaged in one sort of intellectual labor or other fourteen hours a day. I wish I could study myself tired once. I am delighted that my verses please you. But how can I write poetry who never have occasion for a poetic emotion, save what comes second-hand through books !

Berlin is the chief city of prose. Poetry only comes here to be criticised. Nothing rhymes ; it's all reason. The god of logic, Trendelenberg, is sick, and announced that he would begin his lectures on Philosophy again next Monday. It sounds as if he knew his recovery by syllogism. A fellow who has the inclination can go crazy here with the greatest ease, but I have no mind to. I might get dangerously serious but for my American acquaintances. Fish in an exhausted receiver are more at home than these Methodists. They are confounded, muddled, outraged, astonished, and of course finally disgusted. They can comprehend neither head nor tail of German learning and ideas. They run their nose in the ground in every direction. Nothing is orthodox and nothing seems to care whether there is such a thing as orthodox Christianity on earth or not. In a thousand years from now the German professors will take up the subject as one of the phases of vulgar superstition in a barbarous age. My money came *in time*, for I change my room next month and take a mate with me, a German law-student. I shall write again soon.



## XXXI.

*Thought ceaseless ; self-mastery ; depth of Wordsworth ; studies in philosophy.*

BERLIN, Feb, 6 1870.

A change of quarters or a new hat or any deviation from an old habit is always painful, at least for me who am fonder of intense impressions than of variety. I have been almost a week in *our* new room, and begin to feel myself at home after a season of disagreeable adaptations. My mate is a genuine German, a fellow who holds the most astounding opinions without being conscious of their outrageousness, but he has an excellent temper and we agree as well as the majority of persons who stand in as close relations. To-day I have neither poetry nor philosophy for your amusement or confusion. The weather is bitter cold and our fires none the best, which may account for the absence of the usual superabundant vitality discharged in my letters.

I heard the other day from M——, and received his very welcome picture. He complains that I have not kept him posted in the obituary and police reports, etc., of Berlin, or in his own words that I do not seem to know anything about my neighbors. Abby wants to hear gossip too. There is no such thing but in social life, and for me society is only a tradition, or, more properly, a speculation. One day is the exact pattern of every other, save in the internal world of thought, which is an ever-rolling panorama. I shall not be able to avoid the influences, in this highly impressible period of life, of silent study for years. I feel it becoming a necessity. The maelstrom of endless thought grows

swifter and louder ; the rest of the world must recede. Will you be ready to welcome home a being whose nature must ever yearn for the peace of a silent and exhaustless library ? What if I turn monk and take orders in the Catholic Church ! Real belief is not required, at least not expected, and oaths are only forms.

Don't get frightened, I am only in sport ; but the surroundings are all-powerful to mould my habits. I am utterly deserted on the side of social or domestic life, have as good as no nourishment for that part of my nature, while duty, opportunity, and inclination conspire to bury me in a life of reflection. What great souls have been condemned to live upon themselves ! I am however to be pitied the more as I am the less able to find in myself sufficient nourishment for every want. Spinoza ground glasses for a living in Antwerp in a little room all alone, and his soul brooded on the eternal depths, a universe of pure contemplation as the night-azure, strewn with golden thoughts like stars. The great winds of moving but invisible passions, no doubt, swept through its silent regions on the track of "limitless desire." The cruel period of depression is over with me. At last I feel dawning a sense of calm mastery over life, a power in myself to forbear and endure. I am happy, happy even if I were to know that all things for me were soon to pass. Before and after are *one*. The success of life is dependent on ourselves, and we are dependent on the circumstances which make us.

Your last letter was like an anthology from Wordsworth. My admiration of the man grows with my acquaintance, although the interpretations which we give to the blank misgivings of the soul are a whole heaven apart. He felt life stir in profounder depths of the soul

than any man of the century. It is natural that he should not have understood what he first experienced. But after all, immortality is rather a form of reflection into which he endeavored to mould a great world-emotion (pardon the German), than an actual presence in his poems. I feel to-day a minimum of critical vigor, therefore I shall not spread myself further on Wordsworth.

I have begun the study of Plato and shall probably spend about three or four months on his dialogues and the commentaries of Aristotle, Hermann, Schleiermacher, Munk, and then comes the actual study of Aristotle's works, 1450 folio pages of Greek and of the literature which illustrates his system. One cannot understand Aristotle critically with less than five months' labor, and then one must have a facile command of the Greek and a head for philosophy. The rest of ancient philosophy will require perhaps six months more. In the meantime I shall pursue my literary studies, the poets, and general authors of belles-lettres, and also take occasion to gradually read myself into a familiarity with German speculation preparatory to a systematic study of it. The most extensive school now in Europe is perhaps Comte's Positivism. Hegel has already taken his place in the ranks of things which were. But history, and above all the history of thought, is, as Hegel himself said, penetrated by one great self-controlling idea, and every system is but a "moment in the eternal being." The object of study in youth must be to find the keys to all the splendid temples of thought and feeling in which we shall wonder and worship till the snows of winter bow our weary heads. Persons who read only surface books or who find in reading only an amusement, have no idea of what the great work of

books is. The pleasure of the student is altogether different in kind from that of the mere man of information or of taste.

It will be spring when you receive these lines and the delicious life of the new year will be stirring in the earth. Perhaps I shall then make some new songs—if I feel the prompting, that is. This winter I have not made one rhyme. The coaches on the street make their stupefying rattle without ceasing to-day. The citizens ride out to the skating park where fashion indulges in a slide, but no excitement can empty the comfortable beer-houses of Berlin. If possible don't let me wait longer than the 25th of March for my next instalment. I have contracted a little extra expense this winter, the object of which I hope to reveal to you with pleasure by and by ; I fear you would laugh at me now. I have delayed this almost a week in expectation of a letter from you.

### XXXII.

*Filial sympathy ; denial of self ; the combat of scientific realism ; government in harmony with scientific tendencies.*

BERLIN, Feb. 20, 1870.

DEAR FATHER :—Did I think that you really meant all you say in your last letter, I should be soundly unhappy. I know we sometimes complain as children that no one cares for us only to get a mother's reassuring caress, but it was cruel in you to even pretend to think me so insensible to the love of a kind parent as would appear from what you have written. You know that when you relate to me your plans or recall the

struggles and deprivations of your youth and manhood, you could have no more sympathetic auditor. Men neglect the gods whom they believe in; such is our weakness. Why then reckon it to a busy student as indifference or want of filial piety when he neglects the *difficult* task of expressing the sympathy he feels with a beloved parent? I cannot think of a divided interest, but you it seems will not understand how singly my heart is set on home,—on a home with you and mother where my whole life shall be devotion. My nature needs love far more than light, but you will scarcely believe me, for you have been used to think of my wants as summed up in a book-case and school-teacher. You have spared nothing to give me these, I think, and this must be love.

To-day I have re-read your letter of Oct. 24th. It breathes the sadness of unfulfilled desire, of life which has failed in many high things, of a heart which has never been enough beloved. It seems to you as if learning could soothe these pains, as though we find anything else in books than the measureless pathos of time. It is the scholar's privilege to turn from the actual world whose passion and mystery overpower us, to beautiful early Hellas. There is nothing in the lives of Homer's young heroes, so radiant and bold, which we cannot understand; no bitter kernel of mystery. The soft woven light and music of Ionian numbers are spread as a veil about the forms of youthful gods and men, as Swinburne says, "while both alike were Greek, alike were free."

But what is history? Less than four hundred years after these songs were first heard among the Ægean isles, Heraclit the Dark looked with tears upon the fire-born Cosmos and endeavored with profound reflect-

ion to grasp the single thought which is alone wise, which goes as a great wind, a spirit of order, through the All. Wisdom, not knowledge, is the guide to content—wisdom which is love, which leads us through life with the freshness of childhood always on our brow and infinite peace in our heart. To have an ambition for ourselves is cursed. Egoism is hell. What is place or pomp or all the sorry trumpery of honor! He who will find his life must lose it. Self! was there ever a more wretched thing! It is sorrow, a black spring whose fount is in Tartarus, that has no right to bubble its hell-water up to the pure air, into the azure light of heaven which fills the flowers of earth. Religion is a consecration of the iniquity of self, teaching the soul that it is deathless, opening infinity to its greed of life. You must not despair; you can yet reach that sublime calm, the consummation of soul, which proceeds from a wise estimate of things and their worth, and a great joy in the divinity of the whole. You will try with me. Let us together, father and son, make the resolution to live down fear and all misery, not as poor ascetics, but as men, the sublime beings capable of truth and love, life in the lives of others. My pen is weak to express what fires my heart, it is the flame of a new era. I write to you without reserve. I cannot endure to see a dear life sink into a tedious, miserable hopelessness. We must have courage. I have had a bitter struggle, and still have, to smother the impulses of youth in a heart only too sensitive, to let it hunger itself dead. I do not know if it is wise, but it has been undertaken and *must* be accomplished.

Perhaps you will be interested to know what I am reading at present. I have given myself three months (two hours a day) to make myself familiar with the

state of the great intellectual combat now raging in Europe. The form of scientific realism, called by its enemies materialism, threatens to extinguish speculative philosophy entirely and theosophy too—so far, namely, as this is subject to a logical handling. The writings of Büchner, Moleschott, Vogt, Du Bois-Reymond (our Rector), Lange, etc., are the forces on one side. The opposition is best characterized as a “mob of gentlemen who write with ease.” The contest is a sharp one; even the theologians are not altogether contemptible adversaries, so far as erudition and a trained dialectic can avail anything.

I have studied very thoroughly the first development of the doctrine of the Epicureans and Atomists of Greece, Hobbes, Gassendi, De la Mettrie, Diderot, Holbach, etc. Kant's *Critique of the Reason* is the point about which the battle rages hottest at present. I must reserve a study of national economy and statistics for another time, although the principles of these sciences are vital to the question. The theory of law, or rather theories, will find their places in my course of philosophy, which will also embrace the principles of political science from Thucydides through Grotius, Machiavelli, and their numerous successors up to Mill, Buckle, and Carey the American. The great Library furnishes me with every manner of book save contemporary belles-lettres. A studiosus has no excuse for not knowing everything, save that time refuses to stretch. You will probably have more interest in my sociological studies than in those that are directed toward such matters as the Attic dramatists, Spanish ballad poetry, Arabian speculation, or the modern German lyric. In time I shall get my nose above water in these matters.

It is to be supposed that you have political irons in the fire as usual. Once I was inclined to think them foolish, but that was a boy's one-sided view. Intellectual activity is a prime necessity of all persons who have brains, and for one who is not a scholar, politics offer the most interesting and honorable field for their exercise. There is no reason why, with your past, you may not succeed to your own wishes in the new state. I know little of the *modus operandi* by which men grow to greatness on the milk of popular favor, but I am confident that you do. I shall endeavor to help physic the American people if the opportunity ever occurs. If I can take any part in politics, it will be as agitator for a form of state in harmony with the scientific tendencies of the age. The function of government is a simple, not a complicated one. Just as philosophy in its historical development has successively thrown off the sciences of medicine, politics, mathematics, physics, æsthetics, till we have it now as pure speculation on the first principles of being, so has the state, which at first regulated all the relations of the citizen in succession, excluded from its jurisdiction religion, the control of the individual's business or profession, the censorship of morals and opinions, the regulation of commerce, etc. The state has not exactly done this, but this is the tendency in her development to a purer form. But I have no need to instruct you in the real philosophical meaning of the great modern struggles for more individuality, or, in other words, liberty. You have, however, to do with actual politics, the best application of existing forms. The talents of a statesman and agitator are very different.

I shall have to bring this letter to a close after so weighty a remark. Mother has not sent me of late a



real good specimen of her letter style. I have several which I defy any woman to beat for what the Germans call "*geist*." My Teutonic room-mate is asleep on the other side of the table. Too much beer or too much Rhine wine seems to be the cause of his slumbers. He is a Schopenhauerianer and believes that life is a dream of pain. So he says, and makes fun of all manner of enthusiasm as absurd. After all, he seems to take it very easy. The sky is warm and blue this morning. One of my professors, Trendelenberg, has been obliged by ill-health to give over his lectures. I am very sorry, for he is a splendid thinker and had not yet come to the most interesting part of his course. What do Billy and Abby do for a school? Can't you get Abby to reading novels? Anything to excite a little intellectual activity.

Love to all.

### XXXIII.

*Argument concerning a personal Creator; defense of views of civil government; unity of the human race; the empirical psychology of Bastian.*

BERLIN, Feb. 27, 1870.

Your letter, I mean the critical one of Jan. 30th, has given me matter for various reflections. Of course my first impulse was to undertake a systematic refutation of your strictures, but maturer examination of the whole argument convinces me that if we are ever to approximate an understanding it must be by first settling the method, and the ground from which we can agree to start, the *loci communes*, in other words, between us. I hope in the course of this letter to make

plain the great difference between the ways on which we endeavor to approach the truth. In order that there may be no misapprehension of my position, I will remark that the views which I shall advance, with the exception of those I shall claim as my own, are shared by the overwhelming majority of scientific men on the continent and in England ; by such thinkers as Lyell, Huxley, Darwin, and others.

What I wish to call your attention to chiefly, is the great revolution the last few years have seen transpire in the *way* or *method* of dealing with great cosmical questions. The change dates in a manner certainly from Kant, but it is very lately that the importance of his ideas for the positive sciences has been acknowledged. This influence heretofore has been almost exclusively felt in the various systems of speculative philosophy.

Matter is an abstraction, a metaphysical conception, and all conclusions drawn from its supposed attributes of passivity, inertia, insensibility, etc., are unwarranted. There is however a *somewhat* that appears to our senses under the form of matter and force. These are inseparable, and most probably one in their real being. We may call that *which is*, dynamic matter, or material force. Beyond the existence of this we have no evidence that anything is or has been. That this something is, we have the immediate evidence of consciousness.

Next, what is law? Here it seems to me is to be found the root of the theological error. Is a law of nature something which, like a civil law, depends for its force on enactment, or is it necessary and eternal? Law is relation and all relation is mathematical. The mechanic, the physicist, the moralist, in so far as they

comprehend the laws of their sciences, see in them only the mathematical necessary relations of forces, intensities, magnitudes, etc. Where our insight grows weak or fails, there it seems that the relations might be otherwise than they are. It is absurd to think of the laws of Algebra, or Geometry, or Logic, or Right, or Mechanics being enacted. And what are the laws of Psychology but mathematical? Chemistry has of late been reduced to a mathematical science, the formulæ all made algebraic and the substances distinguished by the weight of their atoms. There is nothing but mathematical relation, and when we talk about a law-giver for nature, we simply mean some being who enacted that two and two equal four. And when we talk about a Creator we mean a Being who made something out of nothing some years ago.

No particle of force is lost. Science has demonstrated this beyond a doubt. Heat, electricity, magnetism, the force of gravitation, mechanical force, chemical force, are all the same force, and can be transmuted the one into the other. I add to these without hesitation, vital force and intellectual force. Thus the universe is a *perpetuum mobile*; it costs nothing to run it. Vital force is sustained by the chemical force of food, and fails or increases with this. Consciousness is a manifestation of vital force, and, indeed, one of the most easily disturbed. It is heightened, diminished, removed, restored by purely physical means. It originates with the organism, and is present in the lower organisms in a lower form. To say that matter cannot think is a pure contradiction of our daily experience, and a simple assertion. Every time an egg is hatched the contrary is demonstrated.

Now what is wisdom,—intelligence? Evidently only

a consciousness of things, or more properly of the relations (laws) between things. How absurd then to make intelligence a *prius* to these laws, in the knowledge of which it consists ! I pray you give close attention to this thought. Right here is the circle in which the unscientific mind constantly turns. Knowledge, wisdom, must necessarily come after there is something to know. But listen to the way in which you *square* this circle. "The Author, Planner, Creator of the Universe exercises not intelligence as man exercises intelligence. (The question is not about the *exercise*, but the *nature* of intelligence.) He was under no necessity to think, to elaborate, to experiment, but was and is the embodiment of all wisdom, the very essence of all intelligence, from whom eternally spiritual life *emanates*, and from whose existence the laws of nature are derived."

Is this scientific thought? How do you know the astonishing things here so dogmatically stated? And what distinct sense do you attach to the "embodiment of wisdom," the "essence of intelligence," the "derivation of law from the existence" of a being which, in order that itself may not be a *plan*, must sustain no internal relations, and to the "emanation of spiritual life"? You see the difference between our methods of investigating truth. You speak of my assumptions, and I endeavor to bind myself rigidly to the empirical facts, while you allow yourself such speculation as the above.

You promise me to account for the existence of God, if I promise to account for the existence of the universe. It is not the task of thought to account for being, but do you show that God *is*, and I will not ask you to account for his existence. It is not a dilemma.

Again, you ask why the great law of selection and preservation of the best, to which we owe the order or adaptations of nature, might not be a part of the original plan, or, in other words, you ask if it was not planned that the strong should overcome the weak, for to this natural necessity the whole law must be and is reduced. In this question you can see how unclear your distinction between plan and necessity is. You are astonished that order should come out of disorder, or the lack of order. Is the contrary thinkable? *You* must refer all disorder to the "essence of all intelligence." I recognize the law by which the intellects of a Shakespeare and Aristotle were developed from the obscure brains of primitive men, whose language did not distinguish between nouns and verbs; by which the beauty and order of civilization have risen out of the chaos of barbarism, the present world of flowers and plants out of the even ruder forms of the geological periods. Even you express a hope and faith in the ultimate perfectibility of the race—that is, order out of disorder.

I do not believe in perfectibility of any kind, because the conditions of life are in a constant state of change, and the adaptation consequently can never be complete. But it is not perfection we want, only improvement, growth. You suggest that if Nature goes on with her process long enough, the result will be a God her *Creature*, not her Creator. I object that the universal condition of beginning is ending, that life is bound to the fate of matter, and that the changes in the universe can never cease so long as force exists, and force is indestructible. Systems of suns are rolled together, then burn away. There is no chance, moreover, for monotheism, as the condition of growth is

competition, and he is only a God who is supreme over law. How can the creature of law be this?

I am sorry to have occupied so much of my letter with this abstract argumentation. It seems to me a wrong you do your acute and logical mind in remaining longer on the old standpoint of personification. The scientific men of our day have left these popular errors to the masses, and such scholars as, like the members of the Roman Curia, have an interest in utilizing them.

You remark with justice that I must not consider the assent of Mill and Buckle to my political ideas, or rather my agreement with them, as final proof of their truth. I could not cease to consider a system as ignominious and unworthy the dignity of human nature which makes liberty a creature of convention, and identifies the right with the interest, imaginary or real, of the majority. It is enough for me that the whole process of the development of civil government, I mean of course historically, has been, and is yet, an unconscious approximation of my ideal. I do not hesitate to designate it as an ideal, because it is a purely rational conception. For this reason it is not necessarily impractical,—rather in the highest degree practical.

Buckle and Mill are thought to be visionaries by some. The first logician of his day and the first philosopher of history can certainly afford, if any one can, to be so considered. The scientific thinkers of our day feel the power of their method. They know that others are wrong because they are not scientific. It would be as remunerative a task to endeavor to persuade a modern astronomer of the truth of the Ptolemaic system, as Mill, for instance, of the propriety of a protective tariff, or Buckle of its justice.

The law by which all organisms advance is the same, one great and simple principle, so that we have in the fauna and flora of Australia a practical example of the effects of the system. That country's insular position has given to its plants and beasts a monopoly, so to say, of the soil, by cutting off the competition of the continents. The result is, that Australia is a geological epoch behind, and that the artificially introduced plants and animals of Europe and India rapidly exterminate the natives. Competition has refined and strengthened their organizations. I know you will object to the analogy, but it will be because you refuse to recognize in man and in society the same inevitable laws which govern the rest of the organic world.

You mention that you had prepared a paper on the question of "The Origin of the Races." I do not know what grounds you can take other than that difference of race seems so very great that you cannot believe in their previous unity, which is certainly not science. The Darwinist has no more difficulty in accounting for the races, than the comparative philologist for the dozen or so distinct Indo-Germanic tongues, which are all from one mother-language. The process of differentiation has been *identical*.

We have the greatest living anthropologist in our university, Dr. Bastian. I hope to hear him next semester. His plans and ideas are stupendous. He has undertaken to revolutionize the science of psychology, carry it out of the region of dreams and subjective experience, and make it empirical. Accurate and comparative observation of the genesis of ideas in the primitive races of men, as they are still to be found on the earth, and of the relation of sensibility and the feelings to the understanding in the process of growth, is

the means by which he hopes to arrive at an insight into the real nature of our intelligence.

Mother's letter was very fine and gave me great pleasure. Perhaps its rather more friendly tone contrasted with the sharpness of your critique. But do not think that I would have you handle my ideas with gloves. They can get no hurt, if they are sound, from a little rough treatment. Only we must try to get on the same standpoint of the exact sciences and the empiric method. I cannot manage such ideas as the "embodiment of all wisdom," "essence of intelligence," "emanation of spiritual life," etc. An argument becomes instantly *words*, when we deceive ourselves with such phrases.

Perhaps my reply has been too sharply or passionately written. I beg you will excuse the too-apparent self-consciousness of my manner, as one of the unripenesses of youth. I hope now that I shall hear often from you, as you will certainly have leisure in your office business. I must beg pardon for the appearance of this letter. My pen is so wretched and it is Sunday morning, so I cannot get a better one.

#### XXXIV.

*Spring influences ; the mood of student life in Germany ;  
special work in Greek ; creed of Du Bois-Reymond ;  
death-bed love ; Swinburne's artist sense.*

BERLIN, March 17, 1870.

This evening I refuse a free ticket to a first-class concert in order to write home while in the mood. When we wait for one another's letters before writing, the interval between them grows constantly greater.



Every small delay in that case becomes an addition to the whole time intervening. Hereafter I shall observe the fixed time of two weeks, as you also promise to do.

Your letter (Feb. 21st) is full of interesting thoughts, not without that flavor of speculation characteristic of you. There is a streak of the grimmest realism in your idealism. Its source I think is a sound instinct for *law*, something that astonishingly few people possess. Most persons *construct* the universe and life completely to suit their own tastes. It's a vain labor, this of reforming the facts.

On the approach of spring weather I wish myself away from Berlin. All one sees in a great city is a softer fog and a sort of patronizing sunshine, which brings the little naked children out of the cold, wet, basement dwellings on to the warm sidewalks. What I felt at Heidelberg has awakened in me a desire to go off with my books to some quaint little place with an idyllic stream and hills of vine and woods about it, and there work and dream the summer away. A lonely little room with the bright light curtained out and stillness and cool shut in, with Euripides and Spinoza and all the rest of the immortals on their shelves and on my table, where I would sit and work so quietly through the bright morning hours! Oh, this is earthly Paradise! Then in the evenings a long, pensive stroll under the delicious sky among the hills, or an hour or so in the country beer-garden, where one can sit in the open air at a clean, white pine table with a mug of brown beer and watch the village folk—youths and maidens, old men and children—resting after work, smoking, chatting, or dancing to the schoolmaster's violin. If one feels melancholy, it only makes the memory of such days dearer.

If life seems gliding from under our feet, and all its dreams dissolving in the ever shortening future, are we not daring with greater heart than others to stand and watch the "sweet days die?" This is the only way to feel student life in Germany. The country, the people, everything, is so wonderfully suited to foster that mood in which the soul, as it were, opens infinitely downward, till it is as still and deep as the shadow-hearted water of the sea. I shall remain here, however, the summer term, on account of seven very important lectures, and my present opportunities of speaking the language.

During vacation I wish to go with a friend through the Hartz Forest on foot, then spend some time in either Düsseldorf or Dresden. There is not the remotest danger in such a tramp. Every one here who can walk at all takes it sometime in life.

I shall take father's and your advice and make it my business to acquire such a knowledge of Greek as will enable me to edit a classic. I need not do this much to the detriment of my other studies. If I see occasion to make use of it at home, a few years there of special study will give me a place as a thorough Greek philologist.

I expect my life, if it is spared, to be one of severe labor. Toil is the greatest panacea, healer of heart-aches, sweetener of existence. Our Rector, the famous Dr. Du Bois-Reymond, closed a course of lectures on the results of modern science in which he had declared himself atheist and materialist, with the remark that his view of things was not pleasant for some, even disheartening, but that it was the scientific man's *creed*, whose *salvation* was *work*. Goethe on his death-bed, and other great men, have declared that the hours of

steady labor were the only really happy moments of their lives. The older we grow, it seems to me, the more we must feel this. There is indeed a higher place of soul and sense, and one of superior contemplation, of conquest over self through insight and love, but, how hard to reach, and impossible to maintain! It is the religion of the future. Perhaps my own nature will grow larger and riper with years, and capable of more than I now think.

Your account is a variation on the theme of E——'s story. In my opinion neither M—— nor Miss L—— more than fancy an attachment. A sick girl at death's door, of Miss L——'s age and character, can only imagine herself in love. The idea of having lived a "loveless life," as Morris says, now she is near her end, frightens her into a last desperate effort to cling to something. The sort of moral necessity of getting in love will persuade M—— that he really is. In my opinion he is too old, that is, too experienced. The soul must still be malleable and full of the forces of growth, if a great passion is to seize it and mould it to a supreme harmony. Two spirits may then be welded together, afterward they may only be tacked or riveted as cold irons.

I am proud of your clear, fair insight into Swinburne's poetry. Licentiousness is trifling, as in Byron or Heine, and is dangerous because false. It paints and powders certain things and gives them an outside which they do not have. Truth as it is in Swinburne is never dangerous. Whether it is always poetical or not, is another question. In my opinion, Swinburne's artist sense has seldom misled him in his materials. Where it has we can only say the impression is not *æsthetic*, never that it is *bad*.

My lectures close this week for the winter term. During the spring vacation I shall study the galleries and the history of art. My money will last me till the first of May, then I shall have my lecture fees for the next semester to settle. My eyes are sound as ever.

What came of the "wild-cat" Billy was after? Tell sister to write to me. Remember me to Uncle J—— and family. He owes me a letter. Will Linnie come home alone? How are Grandfather and Grandmother doing? Make your letters longer than this one is.

XXXV.

*Easter vacation ; sense of Christian art inborn, of Greek art gained by culture ; need of solitariness.*

BERLIN, April 10, 1870.

Our Easter vacation of six weeks is already half over. I have been trying to recreate in all the known and approved ways of seeing sights, doing nothing, and finally, when sick of such occupation, working desperately for amusement. Military reviews, Parliament, the aquarium, gardens, concerts, Spinoza, Hobbes, the Museum, newspapers, letters, etc., seem variety enough, but I must make out of all these things *work*, which I started out to avoid. I have seen the royal family a number of times in the pomp and circumstance of parade, and must say that I saw nothing but the absurdity of so much shimmer and show. The whole court looks like a troop of spangled circus actors. The difference is that here what shines is gold, not tinsel. Even this fact we must take on credit. The king is a sour old Dutchman, whose chief pleasure is in his army and actresses.

My pleasantest hours are spent in the art galleries and statuaría. Homer has awakened in me a sense for the creations of Greek plastic art. Without this fine instinct for form, this real epic "delight in things," as Professor Haupt calls it, we are left cold by these really divine works. When a man not familiar with Greek literature pretends to appreciate the marbles of Polyclitus or Praxiteles, Phidias or Lysippus, set him down as a humbug. We are born with a sense for Christian art, the creations of a Raphael or Veronese. The soul in these speaks to our soul, but we must acquire by culture a sense for the antique. It is true that for me this was no great difficulty. Yet still it cost me time and labor, besides studies of history of art and artists, which I hope to verify practically in nearly all the great collections of Europe. I study the philosophical theories of the great speculators. The æsthetics of Hegel, Herbart, etc., although very uncertain sciences, are still very suggestive systems. It is my custom to write down for future use and present practice short criticisms of the most important works of art which I have time to examine. Perhaps you will think it odd that I should go day after day for weeks to the museum to see a single statue, but so I have. A real work of genius does not begin to make its due impression under less than a dozen visits.

In a previous letter, I believe I told you how much I longed to breathe the delicious country air, to saturate my spirit through and through with

"The quiet that is in the starry sky  
And sleep that is among the lonely hills."

The growth of soul requires the soft vicissitudes of loneliness, of quickening joy and deepening grief, as a

flower the recurrence of light and rain and darkness. It is only the unblown blossom that thrives onward. The spirit that has been watered by all the rains of heaven and blown upon by all the winds, that has saturated its every leaf in the tender air and sunlight, has *lived*. It feels no longer trouble in its inward gloom, the motions of growth, the fear of an unfinished end.

Culture is valuable to me just as virtue,—not for what I may do with it, but for what I may be with it.

The verses which you sent me by G— are not by any means the worst that I have ever read, although the language is conventional, and the sentiment is a sort of Sunday-school sadness. They have, however, the truth of pain. The images too are confused,—every verse bringing a new one; first the *load*, then the *cross*, then the *oar*, then the disappointment. Moreover, it is not just clear what the *shadow* is, although the last line seems definite enough. This obscurity is not occasioned by any involved passion of pain which the eye scarcely pierces, but is simply want of discipline in the writer's thought. Such verses must, however, be taken as evidence of uncommon sensibility, although poetry is made of more than this.

I am glad to say that E— manfully stood by his resolution to leave off tobacco, at least in Heidelberg. What he has done since, I do not know.

Perhaps you will already have seen an account of the killing of Colonel Charles Jones and his eldest son in Louisiana by a party of lynchers for shooting General Lidell. It occurred some time in February, I think. These were the father and brother of my acquaintances at Heidelberg. I pity those poor people very much. This letter is overdue and, as I have written myself out, I shall close. My room-mate and I continue to

agree. I moved in order to have the better opportunity of speaking German. Tell Billy I have not had a ride in Germany. Spring has scarcely begun with us.

## XXXVI.

*Matter of talk among students ; the ignorant deal with generalities ; formulated thought ; our words will not waken in others the sense we feel ; Phidian marbles and delight in plastic beauty ; Tennyson's "The Mystic" ; a symphony in verse.*

BERLIN, April 25, 1870.

Two or three of my last communications have been so slight and hastily written, that if you care at all for the contents, and not only for the writer of my letters, they will have disappointed you. Subjects of interest are not so easily found as one might suppose, at least in Berlin and by a student of speculative philosophy and Greek philology, especially too when one's correspondent is in Kansas. Books make matter of talk between students, but as regards the world, and even the thinking part of it, they are in one's way. It is not so much a lack of sense for bookish questions as a want of that minute and quick interest which only familiarity with a subject can give, that hinders a scholar in his intercourse with Philistiadom.

Life is made up of trifles ; not less the world of learning. How long, for instance, would a great savant like Hermann toil over the signification of one corrupt passage in a classic, when, after all, the sense may have no value as a thought? The ignorant deal with the great generalities exclusively. It is refreshing, too, to see how far they penetrate into the shadowy region

of the unknowable. Any *bauer* in Kansas can explain to you the genesis of the world, its purpose, the ultimate fate of all life, the composition of the Godhead, etc.,—and such knowledge has cost him less time and trouble than the skill he has acquired in breaking calves. There is really something *naïve* and beautiful in such simplicity. It has an epic breath scarcely less invigorating than the unconscious, child-like faith of Homer. One thing is worse; the modern thinks he has proof for his notions, whereas it never occurred to the ancient that proof had anything to do with the beautiful legends of the gods. They were true by force of their beauty.

We are never fairly outside an intellectual circle until we can appreciate it. I am learning to stand toward Christianity as toward Paganism, or Buddhism, viz: friendly. It is no use to expect the world to move faster than it does, it is best as it is. In one sense no system of thought is more than relatively the right. In another sense all are absolutely justified. Formulated thought at the best expresses very vaguely the real, inner soul of us. There is an internal as well as transcendental truth; ordinary truth is somewhere between. Only we must guard against interpreting one in the language of the other. Such are to a great extent the dogmas of religion, expressions of the soul in terms of the senses. What is immortality? Does not Tennyson say of the Mystic, "He hath felt the vanities of after and before"? It is the race stammering with childish tongue the great truth that love, the highest function of spirit, knows not time, that is, knows not self, for it is the individual that makes time, by measuring eternity.

So we must learn to appreciate all ideas. Where



they are not any more valuable to us as an enlargement of our intellectual belief, they still are revelations of the great life, modes of being, shapes of soul,—somehow with their inner flower of love or pain,—and all life is beautiful, one more than another, but the whole is more beautiful even, for this reason. Words are serviceable, it is true, but they will not, as many seem to think, awaken in others the sense or feeling we may have.

I never felt this so strongly as a few days ago on visiting the Museum with an American acquaintance,—an odd sort of fellow, who published a metaphysical treatise with a no less pretension than that of reconciling philosophy and revelation and then came to Germany to study the subject. If he had done this first his book might either never have appeared, or at least have been improved. Well, we came together at dinner and after some general talk the conversation was turned on Greek philosophy, and from that to Greek art. He seemed astonished that I, who had just appeared so interested in the speculation of Parmenides, should express a no less enthusiastic admiration for the marbles of Phidias. He appeared to think that only those affected a taste for such things who were incapable of anything in departments of *real* intellectual competition. I was foolish enough to think I might make him see what I did in at least some of the figures from the gable of the Parthenon, so I invited him to come with me when we were through dinner to the Museum where these works are represented in excellent plaster copies. We stood before a group from Phidias's own hand, the daughters of Cecrops, forms in which the un-earthly, unapproachable majesty and beauty of the

gods are incarnate. The flesh seems to wave with the force of inner life. The proportions seem, and yet are not, greater than human. One lies at full length on the lap of her sister and the thin, masterly-handled drapery seems to flow with the rhythm of limb. I was in raptures, almost devotion. The "divinely tall" forms of Sophocles seemed to live before my soul. I endeavored with such words as were at my command to make him see what I did, but without any result. He said it would always remain a mystery to him why *any* artist could not make such statues. The wonder to me is that any man ever could make such things of stone. The question which first suggested itself to his psychological mind was how I could see any soul in the mere forms, for the heads are lost and the torsos themselves injured. The fact is, the form is scarcely less an index of the character than the face, and a poetic eye can read its lines. But it is not what we *learn* that delights us in the contemplation of that most beautiful of all things, the human form, more than in a passage of fine music. How can you explain into a man the beauty of Mozart's Requiem? But of all things good which are wanting to our time, one of the chiefest is an appreciation of plastic beauty, a sense which was born with the Greek. A sense for form, so un-Celtic, is not only manifested in art, but the politics and speculation of a people betray its presence or its want.

In your last letter you sent me two copies of verses, one of Tennyson's and one of Mrs. Bailey's.\* The latter is worthless, a mere bundle of played out and flat poetisms, a shallow reproduction of the film-like coating of

\* Mrs. Margaret L. Bailey, a Virginia lady who wrote verses.

poesy which varnishes American Sunday-school life. In Tennyson's verses I should have thought I saw the work of a talented but unformed imitator of that poet's style. He will write himself out of a reputation if he keeps on. The field of "metaphysical poetry," to borrow a phrase from Johnson, is moreover no field for him. His mind as evidently lacks in that abyssmal, spiritual depth of which we get glimpses in Wordsworth, as it is endowed with a golden lucidity of vision, and tearful pathos. This piece, *The Mystic*, has, however, single lines worthy of the Laureate at his best. The "dim shadows four-faced to four corners of the sky" are, so to say, the ideas or Platonic types of things which alone have real being, what we see being only phenomena : these are "without form" because they are only intelligible essences ; space is created by them by their facing the four corners of the sky. He means to say that the mystic is lifted above space, and by what follows, also above time. The three shadows are past, present, and future. I send you the verses to read again.

Some lines of my own will perhaps not be unwelcome. Their connection with one another is not in the sense, but in the feeling, a rhythm of the soul that rises from grief to joy and from joy to adoration, as a symphony in its three parts. The management of such a piece requires the master's hand, and I am but a bungler. Sometimes I feel like a Tantalus when after I have let the chalice of the heart drip full of some golden thought, I am sure to spill it :

O soulful life!

Forth from dawn's cosmic, blossom-freshening winds,  
And with them dreams of far-world-wandering,  
Blow me-ward from strange lands, where opal seas

sight, calm. Two years are gone and the process goes on. My feelings born with me are far too great, or else my ballast too small. Now that I have reefed a sail or two, I navigate much better.

It's a dreadful thing,—this amputation of the heart, but sometimes it is necessary. The affections which are left me grow the healthier for it, and these I can sum up in two words, home and books. Home means a great deal you may think, and so it does; but it is one love in which the parts are each equal to the whole, a mathematical impossibility, but still true. A mother with three children does not love them more than a mother who has only one, and yet she does not love each of her three less than the other, her single child.

I think the struggle with myself, which made me come to Europe where I could fight it out alone, and where I should have the aid of an absorbing industry, helps me overcome home-sickness. I do not think I could leave home again to stay away so long, were I once back. Books are my employment. I know no other use to put them to than to study them. To make an education a stepping-stone to fame would be like a child climbing into a tree-top on a candy ladder. The ladder is meant to be eaten. This comparison limps, but you will understand me. Of course we seek useful activity as a necessity of a vigorous and kindly nature, but this is not seldom off the highway of honor.

I meant to go into an examination of your letter as a piece of polemic literature, but your expressed desire to close the question, as well as the hopelessness of making anything clear in one letter, restrains me. How could I expect to affect your opinion of

my views when, after all I have written, you can conceive that I could be an apologist of suicide? Is not suicide the desperation of selfishness? Is it not a bankruptcy of love? Then you call an opinion "monstrous" which is not original with me, or at least not first mine. Buddha, Spinoza, and Christ held it long ago. It has been the inspiring thought of every great moral rejuvenation of the race, the motive of every Thermopylæ.

I want to learn to feel with you, as is much fairer than to insist on your feeling with me. While our own character is building we have no sympathy for others. How could we? The mind must throw itself all upon one point till we have a personal fastening, a character. So it has been with me, and I am conscious of having wanted ability to feel for any ideas but my own. It is far otherwise with me now, and yet I have this advantage of you, that I am younger, and consequently more pliant.

I received a letter from R—— not long ago. He seems to have grown infinitely flatter since I knew him, or else I have changed my taste. He is married, has a son, and still talks about his life being a failure. What has failed but his peacock vanity? If he loved learning for its own sake, he could not so complain; how much less with a wife of his *own choice* and a child to love!

My walk in the Hartz Mountains will only last a few days and is as safe as going to bed. I will tell you what I see. To-day I witnessed the funeral of Prussia's greatest liberal statesman, Waldeck. Forty thousand grateful citizens followed the old man to his last home. His life was one long labor for the humble classes of "Fatherland." I have learned to love Ger-

many nearly as well as my happier and prouder native Republic. I hate these tyrants and their soulless meddling slaves,—such intellectual prostitutes as Bismarck. Every morning I am awakened by a regiment of soldiers with music marching by. They move from one barrack to another before five in the morning. The music is often fine.

Your guess, as is usual with what concerns my secrets, was very good. The expense which I promised to reveal was for a flute and lessons. My instrument cost me thirty-five thalers, and my lessons four thalers per month. I have pinched everything to be able to do this since the first of last December, when I began. My teacher, who is a member of the royal opera, says I am the best scholar he ever had, and he has taught fifteen years. I shall not take many more lessons and am glad now that I began. Abby and I will play together after a while. I hope you will be pleased with my outlay. My instrument is very good. Remember me to Grandmother with all love.

## XXXVIII.

*The character of a German student mess ; three friends, a philosopher, an unideal thinker, an artist ; companion of a walk through the Hartz ; joy of the country.*

BERLIN, May 28th, 1870.

SWEET SISTER :—I know mother bade you write and give me a rating for my delay, else I had not been honored by a *whole* letter from you. If you were not so evidently in the right I should *jaw* back. As it is I cry *peccavi*. Perhaps you will not understand this *peccavi* ; if not, father's Latin will reach so far. You

know you told that Frenchy young officer that you were no linguist; but we studiosi are fond of polylingual slang; it sounds better than the dialect of the *plebes* who call everything by its right name.

It would puzzle a Philistine to understand much of what goes on at one of our messes. A half-dozen whiskered and spectacled and otherwise metaphysically ornamented faces gather about a round table in the restaurant to consume soup, beer, mutton, kraut, etc., on which occasion the conversation is everything but light,—often more indigestible than that euphonious and democratic dish called *klops*. These are meat-balls in which every manner of flesh has equal rights,—that is the liberty to smell as peculiarly as is in the nature of the fish, fowl, frog, or what not. There is really no language spoken here but a supremely entertaining *wirrwarr*, with German for a sort of background. But it would be difficult to find a sharper set of thinkers or more extensively informed men at their ages.

I have three friends whose characters afford me the most exhaustless fund of observation. The eldest is a man of almost thirty years. He has been a student for ten years in all parts of Germany and France, although he hears few or no lectures now. A small fortune gives him independence, and his life is dedicated to his books. An ungainly form and excessive bashfulness make him unfit for society. His learning too would impede his efforts to be entertaining in a drawing-room, while for me it makes him extremely interesting. He wears the brownest of old coats, a rusty stove-pipe, and low shoes. A face that has acquired the abstraction of Hegel's Absolute, is but half visible behind a tawny fleece of beard. A pair of the most mysterious eyes glimmer behind his spectacles.

They have all the uncertain light of metaphysics in them. To this day I do not know their color. He has a fine, massive brow, Roman nose, and is slightly bald. I love to listen to his deep, musical voice as sometimes for an hour together he follows some profound thought through all the heights and depths of history, unfolding the most astonishing wealth of still reflection and information. He is my philosopher. I visit him sometimes for advice in my studies or to read a philosopheme of Plato's or Spinoza's in company with him. He is generally at home in his long gown, with his student's pipe resting on the floor and his head enveloped in a cloud of smoke. He has the blues at times, when I do my best to cheer him up, and generally succeed. I love him for his childlike simplicity of heart and maiden-like purity of life. He has almost thought himself out of the world, and now feels alone, without a relation living or a friend nearer to him, or so near as I. Sometimes he questions me about life in America and seems to wonder at the restless activity of our people.

My second friend is made of different stuff; is scarcely less learned than the first. His mind has altogether a different direction. Politics, history, manners, are his field. His exterior is more sharply cut, his turn as practical as is compatible with a scholar's nature. It is his custom to drop in at my room at almost any hour of the day or night and immediately strike up an argument. We love to disagree. He has all manner of loose, bad habits, and, what astonishes me most, he is able to combine these with a tremendous industry; the most unideal thinker I ever knew. He says that it is a pleasure for him to hear me theorize because I am consistent.



The youngest is my pet. If I could describe him as he is, you would fall in love with him I know. I never saw so handsome a youth, nor knew so beautiful a spirit. The softest of great brown curls hang over a marble brow that is a perfect wonder for its soft curves and clear heights. But I can't describe him. I can't even imagine such wonderful great violet eyes as his. Every feature is perfect and full of the highest poetry. His head looks like one of Raphael's angel-heads taken out of its frame. This is my artist and poet. Of course he is no great scholar, but for his age he has no superior at the University. We go together to the Museum and praise the wonderful works of art, or take walks through the beautiful park. My greatest pleasure is to read with him from one book,—either some English poetry or Greek. One cannot tell all his sweet, innocent ways. There are no such boys in America.

Well, you will have heard enough of my friends. To-morrow I start on my walk through the Hartz. An American acquaintance will accompany me, "one of the finest fellows out," as we say. True he is neither a scholar nor handsome nor very refined, but he has a whole, honest nature, and I am partial to him for his real manhood. I shall be back when you receive these lines and already a week or more at work. We take a couple of shirts, handkerchiefs, stockings, slippers, comb, etc., with a few medicines for sore feet, colic, or the like, an opera-glass, guide-book, and umbrella. We shall be gone not over ten days.

I need the recreation very much, as I have not been out of Berlin for almost a year. All the spirit in a fellow threatens to go out under the gray, monotonous drizzle of city life and hard work. I don't expect any

better fate than that of my old friend whom I described to you, but I am not quite so far yet. He takes no more delight, as the Greek poet says, in the "crocus curls of the dancing maidens." I want to breathe the wet hill-air and see the green mountains towering into a soft June sky, hear the birds and falling water. Berlin is as dry as the Sahara is arid. Even the park, which is out of town, is beautiful rather by contrast than in reality.

E—— is still in Vienna. He proposed to me a trip to Constantinople for vacation, but that would cost me too much and disturb my plans. He is already near there. My love to all.

## XXXIX.

*A Yankee fellow-traveller ; the cathedral of Magdeburg ; Hartz tourists ; loveliness of the scene ; an elementary stage of susceptibility ; the "epic joy of things" ; sunset on the Brocken ; the descent.*

BERLIN, June 8th, 1870.

The above engraving\* will tell you that I have seen the Hartz, and further, that I am again home without mishap of any kind. It was an original tramp. Nothing was wanting,—neither scenery, company, nor incident,—to keep me, between laughing and dreaming, splendidly amused. We footed it over one hundred and twenty-five miles, almost every step of which road presented a landscape worthy the pencil of a Lorraine.

But first, I must give you an idea of my chum. I told you I believe that he was a Yankee, and the most honest one that I ever knew. The fellow has no cult-

\* An illustration of Hartz scenery at the head of his letter-sheet.

ure of any kind and nothing beside his character and comical ways to recommend him, save a pair of great watery blue eyes. He was scarcely less original than the mountains. Indeed they had experienced far the most trimming. Monday morning we took an early train for Magdeburg. We were strapped and buckled like grenadiers of the line.

In Magdeburg we stopped to see the famous cathedral, the oldest piece of Gothic architecture in Germany. It had the greatest interest for me, and marked an epoch in my study of art. This was almost the only structure spared in the 'Thirty Years' War. The demon, Tilly, sacked the city after a desperate siege, and massacred women and children in their flaming homes. His wild Croats revelled in the murder of the helpless and innocent who had taken asylum here. I thought to what an organ blast of horror these great vaulted spaces must have reverberated. The good burghers of the city have forgotten that night, nor do they dream of its possible recurrence. The world has grown infidel, and the glory of God, which once demanded such zeal, is left to take care of itself.

The Hartz is a mountainous region about sixty miles south of Magdeburg, in the midst of the sandy plain which the unparalleled industry and skill of the North-German *bauer* has turned into fruitfulness. Every summer sees it filled with tourists from the great cities, seeking health and recreation. Sallow business men, who seem lost before the infinite idleness of nature and who associate the shadow-hearted mountain water with the hum of greasy wheels, wander vacantly about the green ways. A more cheerful sight is the corpulent, well-to-do burgher with his family, generally a wonderfully agreeable German matron and a mild, blue-eyed

daughter. A fellow can easily imagine the girl one of the fairy princesses, a glimpse of whose gold hair and lily hands was wont, according to the legends of the Hartz, to reward the daring knight, who with high thoughts of love and glory penetrated these mountain forests when they were full of dragons and enchantment, and before a Prussian commissioner of ways had macadamized promenades in every direction.

But the most appropriate staffage for these landscapes is the light-footed student. He has an eye and a heart for everything. Scholars are everywhere friends. I cannot say how I exulted and revelled and dreamed, after a year of imprisonment and labor, in the greenery, the odor of pine forests, the mystical loveliness of sweet wood-blossoms, the stupendous grandeur of granite cliffs, and the purling and rushing of splendid, shadowy, limpid water. How does the immaterial soul have a joy in these things? What shape of matter is beautiful, what grand, if matter is death? Oh, blindness of little souls not seeing that there is but one God, one Incomprehensible! It is here that the great thought of Spinoza has irresistible force.

But you will wonder how I enjoyed all these things with that compendium of Yankeedom at my elbow. It was seldom he left off abusing the dishonest innkeepers who managed every day to swindle us out of a few groschen. It was provoking enough, but I could not afford to let it sour my whole trip. He is one of those souls that are always complaining in a serio-comic way, and on the occasion of each new cheat, relates over and over again every similar misfortune he can recall in his entire history. His admiration of the scenery amounted only to astonishment at the singularities. This is the first and elementary stage of susceptibility,

at which most persons stop for life. For the great and ever-recurring types of nature they have no sense.

The only natural men in a civilized era are the cultivated. The ignorant are deformed, unlike the simple children of nature in the Homeric age of the world. Then that was born with men which now is only to be acquired by the finest and deepest culture, viz: "That epic joy in things," as I translate a favorite phrase of my old professor, Haupt. Homer never mentions an object in nature but he gives it a beautiful and characteristic epithet. Of course we have many sensibilities which Homer had not, but the epic sense, so to speak, is a lost sense to all but the learned. We spent a night on the Brocken, the highest point in the Hartz, and the famous assembling place of the witches who, according to the popular superstition, on Walpurgis's night, come here on broomsticks through the air to hold an orgy with the devil. One of the wildest scenes in Goethe's forest is laid here at a similar meeting. The horizon from this point embraces an area of sixteen thousand square miles, that is, the entire Hartz and many distant cities. We enjoyed what is here a very singular good fortune, a clear sunset. The impression was unearthly. The silence of the place and unusual temperature made me feel alone. I seemed on a mightier planet with almost spiritual sight. The sky, which appeared nearer and less concave, was girt high with strata of motionless clouds of dark, ruddy, and golden hue. Only overhead the clear ether burned a dark azure. The sun fell, scattering a broken and unearthly illumination over the glooming masses of mountain below and beyond us, till gradually the whole scene was darkened, and a loud piping wind set up through the hollow night.

I returned, without speaking, to my room in the mountain-house. I thought of my own life, what has been and *is* not, and the emotion was too holy to allow a thought of what *might* have been, that thought which employs one so much. The morning came on and we descended the mountain in a cold, dense mist, which blew about the great boulders and hurried over the wet grass and little white chill flowers which alone grow here. Soon we were below the cloud in the sweet, wild Ilse valley with azure and silver spanning the green heights. This stream is lyrical. I thought of the verses Heine made on the Princess Ilse when a student at Göttingen forty years ago. He came over the Hartz too in a vacation. The enclosed photograph is a point of the stream which is almost one continual fall. If our life is to be as fresh and cheerful as the water, we must start as high.

After seven days' marching, in which time our limbs grew sore, we had made the grand tour of the Selkau valley, Bodenthal-Ilse, Ecker valley, the Brocken, etc. We returned on the railroad to Berlin royally pleased with what we had seen, and I hungry for my books. Your letter of May 10th was awaiting me. It was the culmination of my satisfaction because it was full of you and good news of father's health. You cannot think of Jacksonville, my little porch, and the long, rose-scented summer days with more emotion than I. The images of everything I love or have loved come to me then.

I am glad to hear so splendid an account of Billy. Our long summer vacation begins before the first of August a few days. In my next letter, if I think of it, I will try and explain to you why Greek plastic art is valuable to us of this day who are not Greeks.

## XL.

*A student's room ; character of German students ; the student philosopher, "Emanuel" ; the Pomeranian singer ; on irrational materialism ; the soul a dynamic manifestation of matter ; solution of the riddle of life.*

BERLIN, June 23, 1870.

DEAR JOE :—It was some time ago that I received your last letter, but it was even then, I thought, very late. You will have good reason to complain of me because when you expect to hear something of my life in Germany, I always put you off with a miserable decoction of poor philosophy or flat verses. This time I mean to write of trifles to your heart's content. Perhaps the desire to theorize will take me toward the end of the chapter, when you will be obliged to bear with it.

If you were to call on me just now you would, after ascending four flights of stairs, be shown into a room that serves all the purposes domestic of two studios, that looks out on the busiest street of the city and is furnished not with any unseemly pomp, but adequate in its appointments to all moderate wants. You need not be astonished at its height for this is the literary story in Berlin. After enquiring of the door-maid if *Herr* Smith is at home you would be shown into the aforesaid room ; but I forget, you were already in. I know you would be glad to see me looking so perfectly at home in a strange land and luxuriating in all my favorite disorder, that is, a chaos of books, papers, etc.

Just let me see what is on this table : *A History of Art* by Lübke, Otfried Müller's *Dorians* (I translate the titles), a volume of Curtius's *Greek History*, Schu-

bert's *Views from the Night-side of Natural Science*, Plato's *Laws*, Suetonius's *Cæsars*, Spinoza's *Opera Posthuma*, Wiener's *System of Nature*, two pieces of music for my flute, the flute itself, a salt box for my chum's tobacco ashes (I wish he would keep it on his own stand), a dozen tickets for books at the Royal Library, a letter from home, a letter from a friend in Paris, a guide through the Hartz, a catalogue of the Museum, a lexicon, a book of manuscript notes and studies on the sculpture in the Museum, inkstand, and—nothing else,—yes, here under the music the first volume of Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*. Bless me, who would have thought that all these books had wandered here since morning, when they were all in their places! You have a conscientious catalogue of what is on my study table at this moment, ten minutes of four P.M.

Out of doors it is raining; the windows are open; I am in my shirt sleeves. My chum is at the Academical reading-rooms.

But all this nonsense will not interest any mortal. Perhaps you would rather hear about some of my friends. To start with, I can say that in general you would not be likely to find them much to your mind. You would think, and with much justice too, that you saw in them the want of nearly everything which you are accustomed to consider the beneficial influences of a severe religious and moral conviction. They are as a rule governed by no principles which look to the good of the world as the highest norm of action, nor do they have much hope or care for the elevation of the race. Such, you will exclaim, are my friends! German scholars! I must admit the fact with a reservation in favor of but two.



But how can I endure such fellows? Well, I have learned that there are almost, if not quite as great virtues of a different kind from those noticed above as missing. For instance, my room-mate denies that there is such a thing as human rights or unselfish affection, makes no secret of unchaste conduct, and has what he considers the good humor to tell me of this, and says if I want a chance to blow my *puritanism*, I can take a text whenever I choose. Now this fellow is a thorough-going, consistent, industrious, remarkably acute, and well-informed young man, and one who respects himself highly. He says that a man must live naturally and rationally, and he charges me with being only a *half-head* because, as he says, I have freed myself from the form of religion, but am as pious as if I were a Carmelite. He says he could love a beautiful and spiritual girl if he knew one, but that in the meantime he doesn't propose to be a martyr to a theory. I only repeat his notions because they are excellent representatives of what by far the majority of people in this country think on this subject. He is absolutely, I believe, not conscious of doing anything low when associating with the *demi-monde*. He says a man must live in harmony with himself. What redeems these Germans, to a degree at least, is the almost Homeric *naïveté* with which they seem just what they are. He calls the Americans fanatical hypocrites, although he thinks it, in an ethnological aspect, possible that in America things are different. I have found it of no use and only insulting to talk to him of the degrading influence of such habits.

But what is there attractive about such people? Well, they have all the intellectual virtues, as the Americans have all the social virtues between them. I

don't exactly see that those are less than these. Of course it appears to each side as though what they lack is of no worth, but for one who, like me, stands impartially between, they have on neither side much advantage. I know that there is a side of the American character and American life infinitely better. I think of the sweet circle of the American home where purity and enthusiastic tenderness lend maiden and matron a real sanctity. On the other hand, I know there is a nobler side to German character and life. I think of that wide, intellectual zeal which glows in Germany's schools, of the bold, all-grasping energy of thought prompted by the desire to know, for which the universe is an eternal wonder, but a wonder of law. But I don't mean to say that there are not, in both countries, men combining the excellences of both. I know that there are such.

I spoke of two exceptions to this normal character among my friends. The elder is an extremely interesting character. He is a student by profession, and it seems for life. He has resided at nearly all the famous universities of Europe from Salamanca to Prague, and has a treasure of information and uncommon learning which is for me an endless source of delightful instruction. More even than his accomplishments are the charms of his great, tender nature. As you might suppose, he is pretty well advanced in years for a student, something over thirty. His person is tall and awkward, and a negligent dress adds nothing to its effect, but his soul is in his face, and the *soul* of his soul in his deep, tearful, blue eyes. Sometime I shall hear, I hope, the story of his youth, which I imagine to be that of disappointed affection, for could anything else make a man so tender and pure? I visit him often in

the evening in his room where, before lamplight, he generally sits with his long pipe or sometimes with his flute, lost in what must be a sad musing, for he has often greeted me with a broken voice while saying that he was so glad I came because he felt lonesome. I have him talk to me, which he does with almost a paternal affectionateness of manner, anxious to let me have the advantage of his long experience in the bewildering ways of philosophy. It is not always the same mood which is swaying him. At times he rises to an emotion which I can only liken to that of pure religious fervor, but at that moment of devotion when the soul forgets itself and thinks only God. I shall not soon forget what he said to me the other evening, while walking together by opening starlight beneath the softly agitated trees in the city park. "There were heroes once," he said, "so glad of being Romans that it did not seem hard to them to die if Rome could live, and shall not we who know that we are moments in the Eternal Being, be content? or are we perhaps not heroes?" He reminds me so strongly of one of Jean Paul's favorite characters, that I have in play called him "Emanuel," upon which I must hear a criticism of the genius of Richter so deep and clear, so full of strange and beautiful thoughts, that I could imagine myself listening to a passage from the *Hesperus* itself. I only need to tap him with a remark to draw the finest floods of sentiment and learning and thought. Don't grow annoyed by my detailed account of one whom I really love. It is a great pleasure for me to enumerate all his excellences and even such weaknesses as give good men their individuality. Were it not for these they would all seem like models cut out of one piece of pure goodness and not be distinguishable.

My other friend is very different from the first. Scarcely one year at the university, he has retained all the freshness of the school-boy ; indeed he is not yet nineteen and appears even much younger. I think him the handsomest youth among three thousand students, perhaps with undue partiality ; but whose judgment is in such matters unbiased by moral and intellectual qualities ? He has a soul like a song, as pure and resonant as the lyre. It is grand to see him throw back his long, sunny curls and with beaming blue eyes, sing to his own composition a passage from the *Nibelungenlied*, or declaim the great golden hexameters of Homer. He is every inch an idealist, an artist, and it is mostly in company with him I visit the Museum. The question is whether so joyous a nature, one so full of pulsating life, will keep his skirts free in this stronghold of moral dissipation. His home is far from here, in Pomerania, and can exercise no restraining or purifying influence on the boy. He has never, as I suspect of my older friend, been disappointed in his dearest wish, has not even been in love, but it is not hard for me to detect in his guileless and frank nature the symptoms of awakening hunger for something to love and have and hold and caress,—that hunger which drives some mad and some to death and many to the devil,—not a few, especially the best natures, to lives of desperate labor and fruitless, joyless endeavor to fill in some worthy way an aching, insatiable void. I don't know which of all these to wish for him, if it comes to the worst.

So much of my friends. Perhaps they will seem too much idealized. This is possibly true, for an unskilful hand at character-drawing only knows how to delineate types ; but they have not won anything through my

inability to give you the men more as they are. I love to tell them of you, and indeed they admire you more than you will them, I fear, but I never succeed in giving a real portrait of you. They see always more the missionary than the man.

I have written, not an answer to your letter, but a mass of stuff it seems, just because I could ; but would it pay for me to try and show you how I am not a materialist in the sense that your conception of matter really represents the ground of all various being, the divine substance, uncreated and self-existing? I believe in none of all this. This is equally irrational with that form of superstition which gives the Divinity the limits of a personality, the affections of human nature, and an existence measured if not limited by time, and distinct from the world.

Metaphysics is hard and very uncertain, in the particulars at least ; yet it is no vain curiosity but an internal necessity which compels man to seek the Ground of the Intelligible in an Unintelligible. But to predicate again of this intelligible reality, back of all phenomenal being, the most complicated attribute of the phenomenal world known to us, viz., consciousness, is to forget that it was just as a ground for these manifestations that we first suppose a self-existent somewhat. The world of things as the world of souls is a temporal world, that is, one in which there is no permanence. These things have no *real*, only a *modal* existence, as a house is only a condition of bricks, a brick a *condition* of chemical elements, and these again what we may call atomic combinations. But what is an atom? Why, it has as many parts as the universe, and we find that there is not in matter the *ground* of its own being. Nor is there in soul, for what is soul

but a dynamic manifestation of matter, just as gravitation is, and equally incomprehensible, but, just as gravitation or heat, convertible into the other forces and daily made out of the chemical properties of food through the organism of the sexes.

What you say of a "thousand inward senses" by which you perceive the fact of immortality, is to me as talk of colors to the blind. These "senses" (?) are neither reason nor love, for the one tells us that as we are born so we die, and the other that not *our* life, but the infinite life of the whole, which is immortal, is the divine good. As to faith, we have that in all things which we believe and of course very often without ground. I never heard of its being a sense by whose immediate aid we become definitely certain, of course not of a fact, it being a sense, but of an appearance, and this moreover on our inside. It seems to me that our frightened eye comes to the reason and begs her fortune, offering, like a timid princess to a brown gypsy girl, wonderful things, if it be only according to her wish. Nobody but the princess could be in doubt as to the answer. But you speak of a "thousand senses" and of course my philosophy, as well as my arithmetic, would be unable to make out what or where these could be. I think very often, when reflecting on the possible grounds which can support men in their religious notions, of the words of my friend, "But, perhaps, are we not heroes?"

But who can find fault with another for solving the riddle of life as he will, seeing that every way it is so hard? If we follow a cool, unbiased reason, she points out to us, as the only reconciliation with our fate possible, a dedication of ourselves to the whole in love, which, perhaps, the Christ has attained, but

scarcely another. "He who loses his own soul shall find it," is the sense of his life. If we do not trouble ourselves about facts so much, we can have as pleasant a prospect as we wish, because it has no other origin than the wish. But it is hard to constantly oversee facts.

At the next writing, if you answer this letter promptly, I shall most likely be in Dresden, where I design to study the art gallery for a month, or such a matter, of my vacation. From there I shall write you about my art studies and some of the masterpieces of Berlin and Dresden. My verses don't seem to have pleased you so much as I expected when I selected and copied them for you, but then I reckoned more on you than on the verses. You must read them with care, because they are not finished artistic performances, but feeble efforts to express emotions by which I am rather mastered than of which I am master. Till you tell me more about yourself, how can I ask you the questions I know I should wish to? You promised me some personal experience, for which I am extremely anxious. I am almost ready to burn this letter. If my time allowed I certainly should write it over.

## XLI.

*Domestic anxieties ; range of solid reading ; the infinite beauty of the universe ; style of living ; of dress and food ; the story of " Electra " ; a poem.*

BERLIN, July 3d, 1870.

Your letter of June 10th has just been read. Father's health seems still critical. This is the first

thing I look for up and down your letters' pages. If you cannot have health in that wretched country, *leave it* for heaven's sake and my sake. If you cannot make money anywhere else, you can *live* at least. What would it be for me to return with all the learning of Europe to a desolate hearth! When I think of such a thing, then I want to die first. A human heart is but a vessel full of fears and brightened hopes and insatiable wants and pained joys. How hard it is to make our love wide enough to embrace the world, and calm as the universe, that knows no time!

I hope that you will be able to stay a year with me, the year that I am in Italy. If father cannot come then, why, we will, after some time, come together to Europe, for I shall wish to come back, and perhaps I shall make it a business trip. This would please him better than to sit down with me a year in Rome or Florence. What if I had a commission to purchase works of art for an American museum, or some such object to lend special interest to a visit to all the great centres of Europe? Let father get well with this anticipation. We shall certainly do something like it.

Since my return I have been very busy. The excursion was most salutary and lent me vigor, which I did not know I wanted. Nothing could be finer than the wide intellectual activity my studies afford.

You wish to know what the result of my year's work has been. Well, I have read almost as much *solid* literature in the last twelve months as altogether before this. In the history of philosophy and in Greek speculation I have laid an excellent foundation upon which to make a special acquaintance with the great modern systems. Of these, I have already studied Descartes and Spinoza; Leibnitz comes next. The



literature connected with these systems is very great. In art I have won my first real insight. This has cost me a great deal of reading. Greek has grown almost familiar and Latin quite so. I mean by *familiar*, that fluency which enables me to read a volume of three hundred or four hundred pages in a day. Of belles-lettres I have read Uhland, Tieck, Herder, Novalis, etc. Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, founded on their history, is almost all that I have read in English. My practice on the flute has taken some considerable time. My improvement in tone, precision, and facility is very flattering. But most of all, my experience in the methods of scholars and the real nature of learning I esteem as my chiefest acquisition.

Whose heart would not bound with eagerness to learn, so long as systems and sciences are known only by the tremendous whisperings of Rumor? But it is reserved for those to whom the universe is an ever-enduring, infinite wonder, and every part of it unspeakably lovely, not to tire at the details of a scholar's work. Sometimes I feel as though it were too awful a thing to live,—too strange, too full of limitless emotions,—and I almost want to cease. Then I wonder if such feelings are healthy. I look at myself in the glass but discover nothing but a face a little worn by work, like one of the many thousands passing on the street, of the many millions who have been, or of those who yet will be. At night I see the little bright flecks of star-dust that after almost endless time will be inhabitable worlds, where, no doubt, beings will feel as I feel. Some will grieve for loss, and some will long for love, and some will wonder at the world, making wreaths perhaps for festival of unimaginable flowers, perhaps of such as I gather, that are now only attenuated fire.

By day the blue sky seems to hold me shut out from the hollow universe; to bend my thoughts to earth, to what is real. I drink deep of its invigorating breath. Isn't life a mystery? Is it possible to explain why things are? Would not God wonder most of all why He exists? It may be explained why this thing is just this thing and not another, but why or how anything is, is an eternal and groundless riddle. Some people think that when they go to heaven they will know, but that can only make it all stranger.

I attribute all that is hypochondriacal in these reflections to my being, as far as my social nature is concerned, virtually alone. It is not good for youth to be so one-sided, so wholly intellectual, and this is a reason for my wishing you with me. I make some dreadful sacrifices for my education; there should be something uncommon to reward them.

You ask me so often what I eat and wear; it seems you have no conception of what I look like any more. I dress very plainly, wear a very broad-brimmed felt hat, blouse-coat, and gray breeches. Coat and vest are of light black stuff mixed with white specks. Breakfast is very light,—bread and milk; dinner at one o'clock, of soup, either chocolate soup or beer soup or pea soup, then a plate of potatoes and kraut, or beans and lentils, or some other vegetables whose English appellations I do not know, with two kinds of meat, a dish of plums or cherries, and a "tulip," *i. e.*, three-quarters of a glass of beer; for supper I eat eggs and potatoes, I am afraid to tell you how many, lest you think my health in danger, but I assure you that nothing is wasted in my physical economy of all I eat. No less than eight hours' sleep will satisfy me and I take this time. I must have some pictures taken before leaving

all my friends here and then I shall send you one. The enclosed lines, if not good, are not very bad, so I send them without much thought, having composed them in an hour a few days ago. What I strove to attain was classic purity and calm height of soul, in which no agitation becomes great enough to deform the noble beauty of the human spirit. Electra was the noble daughter of Agamemnon, who, on returning from a successful siege of Troy, was slain by the paramour of his wife, Clytemnæstra, she lending her aid to this act. His son Orestes, still a child, was rescued from his unnatural mother and reared at the court of an old family guest to be his father's avenger. Electra, his sister and elder, who had aided his escape, remained. Her proud heart was subject to daily humiliation because she would not cease to honor her father's grave with flowers and tears, and ever prayed for the coming of her brother to purge the house of its foul sin that weighed upon her soul. Finally she hears that her brother has been killed by his horses while in the act of winning an Olympian victory. At this, her spirit, so long held erect by hope, is broken and she turns from the gods, to whom she had offered so many fruitless prayers, and from earth, whose beauty mocks her misery, to the eternal silence; but she goes like a Greek heroine to the "end of all, the poppied sleep." I cannot judge of the power of my verses, because my mind is too full of the immortal beauty of the Sophoclean Electra to be impartial to the character. Whatever she says must be great, because she says it. You must think of the speaker of these lines as one of the "divinely tall" daughters of heroic Hellas, bereft of her father, the noblest of the Greeks, by a foul sin which her heart abhorred; as unable to bring retribu-

tion on the offenders, which was thought by the antique world to be imperatively required by divine justice ; as now deprived of her brother whom she had loved and cherished with a proud sister's affection. If you can conceive the Greek beauty of this character, the plastic nobility of form in it, then you will feel what I do. This letter must come to a close. When writing home I let my whole soul out, and say many things which perhaps I only ought to think, which I certainly write to no one else. You will know how to account for the too high pressure, and sometimes the abnormal state of a student's mind who, like myself, has nothing to do but digest systems of philosophy and smack his lips over works of art. When you get this I shall be almost ready to leave for Dresden.

Mail your letter as usual to Berlin.

With love.

ELECTRA.

There is no grief hath access to the Gods :  
 No tears have ever fallen from heavenly eyes :  
 No lamentations reach unto them.

The clouds are beautiful, nor cease to pass  
 Above strewn flowers on my father's grave.  
 The springs of light break over me at dawn,  
 And the sweet mouths of nightingales  
 Are busy all the dusk in Io's wood.

My heart's aweary of its fruitless grief,  
 And sick of life that's inconsolable,  
 All things have end, and grief not least of them.  
 O brother, now among those *having* loved,  
 And father mine, whom I alone have wept,  
 Hear, hear, I come, I will be one with you  
 Who slumber, not awakening with the light,  
 About the knees of calm Persephone.

## XLII.

*Description of Sans Souci; rumors of war; no government by pure reason; home letters and attachment; plans of travel to Munich; the lesson of an evil life; parental characteristics; the rationale of copyright; the age of labor.*

BERLIN, July 14th, 1870.

DEAR MOTHER:—Yesterday I made an excursion that I have had in mind ever since reaching Berlin, I mean to Potsdam and the gardens of Sans Souci. Perhaps you have not heard of this celebrated residence of the Prussian kings, the eye of Europe. The place is ten miles by rail from here, situated near a beautifully wooded expanse of water, and enjoys the peculiar favor of the Hohenzollerns as well as of Providence. The gardens, which are said to excel those of the Tuileries at Paris, and consequently to be the finest in the world, are chiefly the creation of Frederick the Great. Here he built his pet residence, "Sans Souci" (French, for "without care"). Here he entertained the inimitable spirits of his time, Voltaire, De la Mettrie, etc. Between philosophical essays, military orders, and brilliant French conversation, was passed the greater part of the life of the greatest hereditary monarch since Alexander. But these liturgies of hero-worship sound not unlike the eternal chant of the guides who spend their lives in pointing out to strangers the relics of great men. Such trivialities could not occupy me amidst the focal splendor of art and nature collected in these grounds.

The gardens are at least (I make a guess) four hundred acres in extent, ornamented with three palaces, one beautiful church in pure Romaic, grottos, temples,

retreats, arbors, fountains, statues without number. There are acres of roses, charming glades and broken prospects, carriage-drives and shaven lawns, fantastic shapes of flower-beds and half-hidden beautiful marble columns with classic sculptures resting on them. Above all, the forest trees are of the noblest growth. In the Orange-house there is a room with forty-three splendid copies of Raphael's best pictures. What a sight! In the palaces are rooms of gold and azure silk, some in pure marble with crystal lights of ten feet diameter; one room roofed with sea-shells in graceful and fantastic forms and literally lined with semi-precious stones, amethyst, beryl, chalcedony, sardonyx, etc., as they are all named in the Book of Revelation. This is the way men spend money when they have it without having earned it. The architecture is, for the most part, in the tasteless, baroco style of the last century, which strove to make good a lack of clear architectonic sense by an affluence of ornament. It would make a Greek sick, but Germany has learned something since then and the structures of a Schinkel might almost rival those of Ictinus, the builder of the Acropolis, for harmonious division of masses and vital organic necessity of all the parts, if in the grace and classic finish of the single forms he leaves much to be desired. A great deal of this even is due to the inferior material with which the German artist had to build.

But I cannot describe what I saw, I can scarcely form an idea of it for myself. The time was scarcely sufficient, although I took the whole day to it. The crown-princess,\* who has just arisen from childbed,

\* Now the Dowager Empress Frederick, the eldest child of Queen Victoria.

was being wheeled about the grounds, followed by her little ones, among them the future crown-prince, who looks very much like Billy. She nodded to our little party, and of course we took off our hats.

The rumors of a war with France are rife to-day. The king is said to have dismissed the French envoy, who required a declaration on the part of Prussia that she would not in any way attempt to interfere in the Spanish Crown affair, with a refusal to treat in any way with such an insolent demand, or to have any further negotiations with the bearer of such instructions. France seems anxious to fight, or at least wishes to frighten Prussia. If Bismarck does anything, it will be so unexpected and sudden that France will have trouble to keep her feet. A war between these powers would be a dreadful calamity.

The machinery of state is too unwieldy for the direction of pure reason. No single thinker or thought can be placed in the centre and so gather together the lines of power as to control it. A Napoleon only made himself the organ of his time,—put himself at the head of an already moving avalanche. The cumbersome forms, and precedents of statesmanship, the inertia of the masses, the gigantic conflict of interests called up by every question, make even genius powerless to inform the whole with any vivifying and illuminating idea. The state is like the shapeless masses of protoplasmic life out of which the organisms of the earliest periods arose. But I have trust in the almightiness of that law which, through the struggle for existence, selection, and destruction, brings order out of darkness. I hope to live to see and help form some of the vertebræ of scientific order in this clump of interests called the modern state. We will make it impossible for the peace

and lives of millions to depend on the health or temper of a single, ill-bred bully, called king.

Here comes a letter from home! This is lucky, what's in it? Well, this is father's letter with money and such a rustic account of melons and peaches, berries and oats! A spread-eagle Fourth of July oration, etc., but not half enough of the etc. Why didn't you give me the best points of your speech? Don't you see how many long letters I write home without getting tired? If you have half the pleasure in reading my letters that I have in writing them, they must be clear gain all around. When I think of going home and talking to you all, it seems as if I must go right off. Sometimes I rise from my seat involuntarily, as if I were just going, before a second thought stays me.

In a few days I break up and leave Berlin, where in a year I have made some attachments, as I do everywhere. My nature is almost feline in its subjection to habit and the power of daily contact. I never left a place in my life, where I had lived any time, with pleasure. I fear that a youth of wandering will cure me of this at the expense of all power to feel attached.

I will explain now, as I think I have done before, my plan for the summer. My Hartz journey was taken in the short vacation of Passover. The term, however, is out on the first of August, when the long vacation begins. It has not been, at any time, my intention to stay during these months (August, September, and October) in Berlin. What would be the use? Now during August I shall be in Dresden to study art. Dresden is about forty miles by rail from Berlin. September I wish to spend on the way from Dresden to Munich, stopping at Frankfort, Weimar, Nuremberg, and Leipzig. According to this plan I shall arrive at



Munich on the first of October. There I wish to spend the winter. This was the reason I desired money for three months. My month in Dresden will not cost me much, but then the next month will cost so much the more, so that after two months and a half from now, when I arrive at Munich, I shall be pretty dry of my one hundred and nineteen thalers. The money would perhaps reach, but then I should be in a new city without immediate postal communication with home and *strapped*. If I don't receive some more money before leaving Dresden, say thirty thalers, I shall make a very short trip of it, in order to get to Munich with something in my pocket. It would be a pity to lose this opportunity of seeing these cities, as this will probably be my last one. If, on receiving this, you send me a draft for a small sum on a Dresden bank, I shall receive it before the first of September. Send the letter to me, Dresden, *Poste Restante*. Letters remain in the *poste restante* until called for. If you have already sent some to Berlin I shall get it.

I hope mother will, after this, have an idea of where I am going. She writes as if I were in the moon, with a sort of hopeless inquiry as to my movements. I am glad you like my old friend. You would be glad to have him in Kansas you say. But how would he live there? He was here just before I sat down to write, with a work of Paracelsus which I wished to see. My pet, Paul G——, goes home to Pomerania in a few days, and I expect to see him for the last time. I congratulate myself in having been of possibly some service to him. The road to hell here for a handsome and winning young fellow who loves life, and has money, is horribly short. I don't think that you could well have gotten an idea of such a state of things from

any side of American life. But I left America before I had grown aware perhaps of what was around me.

What a lesson this is, to teach me that the bad and vile are only unfortunate! Unfortunately it is true in such a way as to take from them nearly all that is amiable or worthy of any respect, but still, as far as subjects for any feeling, subjects only of pity. What a mockery of mingled love and hating, and intellectual uncleanness, is this doctrine of an undetermined will which controls our actions! This is to give us a right to hate and chastise evil-doers. How Christ-like! But a parent who has punished a beloved child knows better than that. He will know what it costs those who love to cause pain, and how far hatred is from mingling in such an act, and how solely the punishment is administered to deter the will, that is, to determine it.

I started to write to mother and now I am writing to father, but you are for me only one thought, one object of love with two sides, a dualism, if not a trinity. I think that, taking it all in all, no one was ever blessed with better parents than I, and this is the one great factor in the making-up of our lives over which we have not a shadow of influence. You and mother are finely different, down to the smallest touches of character, and, although I am like both, I am not like either exactly. It is great entertainment for me to trace at lucid intervals, when my own character lies anatomically bared and transparent before me, the fine *nuances* of traits which are characteristic of either of you.

Let me propose a question for your consideration. You know that the right of property in productions of the mind is, and has been, one of the most difficult

points in the philosophy of law, so much so that many eminent men have doubted such right, and the rest differed endlessly in trying theoretically to ground it. Now it seems to me that we are to consider the author as imparting his discovery or work to "all whom it may concern," upon the condition of their not seeking to make profit out of its circulation. The character of this contract (for I consider it such) is a little difficult. That any man has the moral right to make the *condition* upon which he will reveal anything to another, provided the condition be not immoral, no one will doubt. The question is, how this condition becomes a contract without the consent of both author and public. The author could have made this contract singly with each purchaser, but, as this would have been tedious or impossible, the state declares that the single act of copy-right, or registering a work, shall stand for it. Now no man is obliged to use a patented work, so that all who do may be justly considered as silently accepting the condition of the author. This acceptance, if it be admitted as such, makes the contract complete, just as a person who gets on board of a public conveyance is thereby *supposed* to contract himself to pay for the passage. So in this case, such contracts, expressed only on the one side and silently accepted on the other, are in society very numerous. If any member of society does not wish the secret of the author or artist on the given condition he must act as if it had not been revealed; for him, it has not. The state simply witnesses the contract. All contracts, in order to be valid, must be made in a legally prescribed form, and nothing hinders the state from prescribing in this case a peculiar form, seeing that no one is deprived of any privilege or right which he could otherwise enjoy

thereby. I am aware that there are many other points which come up for arrangement in this question, but, for the present, it seems to me that the fiction of property in a certain order of words or wheels is not necessary to justify the state in defending the artist or author in the enjoyment of his labor. Why the right of an inventor, but not of an author, should expire after a certain term is, I think, capable of a satisfactory demonstration. On the supposition of "property," and not a "contract," it would be difficult to explain how, by rights, either could ever run out. The modern state of course does n't care much for principles. She does what she thinks is *fair* when she means to do right, at other times she does as the "Lobbies" say and pay. But all the thinkers of any speculative or dialectical power at all are not satisfied till they see why and how a thing is so. My attempted explanation may be unclear for lack of care in statement, but I hope your legal head will see what I mean. Give me your opinion on the question and on my explanation. I have not reflected very long on the matter, but I take it as a lucky thought.

The weather is fearfully hot and unpleasant. My lectures grow toward the end of the day tiresome. My memory and attention are not half so good in the summer as in winter, and as to making verses, why, somehow this summer I feel as if I had about made my last. The fountains of song are dry. The past grows fainter and fainter, the present is full of everything but emotions of passion and power, and I see time flying too fast to expect to ever catch another handful of the roses and thorns of youth before they are gone. This is the age of labor in the storm, and pressure of ideas, interests, social forms. The man of to-day will find

his proper joy to be the glad strong thrill of battle, which rejoices the strong, whether it be a revel of swords and spears, or of keener thoughts. Light, light is what we want, our war-cry. Woe to the unhappy darkness that gets between us and our goal!

Your affectionate son.

XLIII.

*The frivolous war ; Bismarck's duplicity and Napoleon's baseness ; a visit of children ; the hate of joyless men ; departure from Berlin.*

BERLIN, July 30, 1870.

Does not every year teach us with more humiliating certainty how little we really live for the world, how almost exclusively for ourselves? It may be a conservatory provision of nature, this impotence which limits our sympathy to a circle not exceeding the distinguishing power of vision,—to which the fixed stars seem no more remote than the horizon.

Indeed, I did not know that the lives of men could be so indifferent to me,—but indifferent is too strong a term. They are not so completely nothing that I have been able to view the inauguration of this frivolous war without the deepest indignation and depression. France bears the world's wrath for her unheard of wickedness in precipitating such a calamity upon civilization, but she is rather unfortunate than alone guilty. The most infamous plans of aggrandizement have been hatched and then smothered between the cabinets of Paris and Berlin for the last six years.\* Bismarck would fain

\* Reference is here made to the alleged agreement between Bismarck and Napoleon pending the Austro-Prussian war, that if France should not interfere in the Prussian scheme for an-

make it appear as if the base proposals of France had all this time been indignantly but silently rejected by himself. Such a fable may deceive the credulous and ignorant, but there are those who see in his conduct only fear, and in his words now nothing but untruth. This consolation remains,—the consolation of science, that the providence of law, a disciplining hand of a necessity, is here at work, which reckons in history with contending passions and the masses of human life, as in continent-building with the sea-water and shapeless granite. What are a million frequenters of Prussian brothels and as many Prussian *bauers* in the eyes of that might which disposes civilization? If one coruscation of creative thought can be evolved from their annihilation, it will be called cheap. But the question seems harder when it is asked what value has thought or aught else for such a world.

I feel that I am not sufficiently reconciled to the reality of things. Just as I am disposed to call every love which is not also a reverent worship, infamy, so I reckon as nothing those lives passed in the enjoyment of food and rest. A thinker must be wiser. No good thing will be coerced. I shall let this war roll on about me without the interest of a partisan, as there is no undivided right on either side. It is a solemn atmosphere in which to pore over the gathered labors of the race. It is hard not to feel the irony of battle, after so many years of revolving the pages of Plato. Perhaps his words of peace may still bear their long-desired fruit. The student cherishes at least a kingdom of the ideal in the midst of life.

nexing Schleswig-Holstein she should be compensated with Prussian influence in acquiring Luxembourg; a promise Bismarck never intended to keep.

There is no news I could send that you will not have received much sooner. One does not mark much of the war in Berlin. The nation is resolved to go very far for her independence. Of course all talk about the last man and dollar means no more here than it did some time ago in the United States. The army is powerful but not over-confident. The French have something which intimidates the German to a degree. They are more self-reliant and rash.

I shall try to pursue my original plan of visiting Dresden and then of going to Munich. If the French occupy the last place, I shall be obliged to come back as far as Leipzig or Halle or perhaps Berlin. I have no anxiety to join the army, as I might have if the cause was a more human one. As it is, it seems scarcely worth while to fight for Prussian independence, only to see it abused by Bismarck. Of course a born German feels otherwise.

My work has been disturbed by the excitement somewhat, but as soon as I reach Dresden I shall resume the activity so necessary to my rest. This afternoon we have had a visit which has done me a world of good. Westphall's little cousins of nine and six came up to see him. I put books and everything aside for a regular play. The youngest is a sweet child, brimful of gleeful life and affection. I had n't seen anything so sweet for such an age, that I kissed the little fellow to my heart's content. If I were able I would get me such a child right off to spend my superfluous affection on. What a recreation, after long hours of labor, to give one's self up to the sweet humors of a curly-headed angel of four or six years! It must be a sad sight to see the nest empty, the little ones all fledged and flown. Your letter of July 4th came in some

days ago. I read with pain the account of that horror which occurred in your neighborhood, for I remember how cruel these western farmers are, not only to helpless orphans in their power, but to their own children. I have seen it, and remember well the hatred which prevails between the narrow, joyless souls of men already hardened to their grasping labor, and their children, those joy-hungry beginners of life. You have not forgotten Dick Fuller and his poor Purley. The sentiment which lynched that unfortunate man is at least not a praiseworthy one. It is not unlike the spirit which perhaps prompted *his* act. The wise and good have no joy in the infliction of even necessary punishment, as his certainly was. The law must intimidate crime, but if we feel rightly, we will not wish to make ourselves the instruments of pain. Hate begets hate. But I will not blame men for doing what they hold praiseworthy; only wish them, as I wish us all, more light.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution is a great step forward on a very long road. I hail it with gratitude, but would lose no time in astonishment. I am pleased that you understand Mill's political tract. Before I came from home I had not read a line of philosophical politics, and I thought I was alone in my view. This would of course have been too remarkable.

Day after to-morrow I set off for Dresden. The roads are open. The transport of soldiers fills every conveyance at present. I have taken leave of most every one in Berlin who cared to say good-by. To-morrow is Sunday, when I shall visit, perhaps for the last time, the Museum. This year in Berlin has passed, as every year passes, leaving one wondering at the noise and smoke of our preparations to live and



the real insignificance of our lives. My existence is a minimum of emotion and a maximum of hard work. Write to Dresden, *Poste Restante*.

## XLIV.

*The Nemesis of Napoleon and guilt of Bismarck ; diplomacy and character of Bismarck ; Dresden galleries.*

DRESDEN, August 11, 1870.

My last letter, if I remember, was mailed the day before my leaving Berlin. The troops had not all yet been forwarded to the Rhine, and this was the cause of my having a roundabout ride of eight hours, via Leipzig. I stayed overnight there and took this occasion to visit some of the famous book-establishments. You know it is the most renowned publishing centre of the world. The city has much that is interesting. In the afternoon of the next day I came on to Dresden, and have taken a quiet little room for the remaining weeks of summer. The pictures here are too splendid for description, but of these after a while.

The country is very excited over the cheering news from the theatre of war ; perhaps the last news when you receive this will have another burthen, but all we know now is that the French are retiring along their whole line and forming before Metz. No one, I think, envies Napoleon his place. Any moment may see a tumult in Paris that will block everything and force him to fly the country. The Nemesis of history is howling on his track. But how unjust the world will be to lay the entire blame of this war to his account ! All who are even superficially acquainted with the diplomatic history of the last ten years know that

Prussia, or, much better, Bismarck, is really as guilty as Napoleon, and only more fortunate that he has been able to make Napoleon take the initiative. The moral responsibility, however, of shedding so much blood is for this reason none the less. If we reckon the interests of humanity as nothing, for this is the estimate that European cabinets are accustomed to make, we shall be obliged to suspend our judgment between the two villains now at war.

In 'sixty-six Bismarck promised Napoleon Lothringen for his neutrality in the Austrian war and for his permission to gobble up Hanover and the other German states without molestation. Bismarck's unexpectedly sudden and brilliant victory at Sadowa made him so confident of his own strength, that he now refused to allow Napoleon to proceed with his incorporation of Lothringen into his empire. Besides this, the nation-feeling had been so raised in Prussia that such an act would have probably cost Bismarck his place. He chose to be false to Napoleon. Since then, of course Napoleon has been sore, and Bismarck, anxious to efface his treachery by annihilating its object, has sought a war with France. The secret treaty which Benedetti, the ambassador of the French court, according to Bismarck's latest revelation, should have proposed to him, is unquestionably partly his own work. It now serves a good turn in raising foreign sympathy for Prussia, or rather hatred of France, which is just as valuable to him. I am persuaded that Bismarck, who was afraid of a reduction of the army at the next Reichstag, when the law now in force expires, arranged this entire Hohenzollern affair with Prim,\* for every one could

\*The Premier of Spain, who was then seeking a candidate for the Spanish throne. Benedetti had demanded of the Prussian

see that such a candidature would be met by France with the most decided protest. Did not the English journals even justify the French in their objections to a Prussian prince as king of Spain? Bismarck also knew that Napoleon wished a pretext at that moment for war and that such a complication could easily be made to afford it. The emperor grew exacting; the Prussian king cut him short; the declaration of hostilities followed.

The present Chancellor of the North German Confederacy, his own creation, has been from the beginning of his political life a supporter of the rankest absolutism of the Prussian House. An unconcealed despiser of popular measures and men, his youth was one wild scene of debauchery, and his manhood knows but one object, *power*. He neither respects human rights nor loves his fellow-men. He tramples on the constitution of the state, and then insults the representatives of the people in a manner which would cost him his life in many a state. A nation seems only worthy contempt that will endure such a man. His unparalleled talents as a diplomatist secure his power in a state which, like Prussia, is bent on an extension of territory. I am bound to hope that he will succeed in this war, because I hope it will, in freeing France of Napoleon, enable Germany to gain in her civil affairs greater liberty and self-control. Austria is reported as menacing the German Confederation. This would be bad. It makes me anxious too, for myself. In this case, Munich could very easily be cut off from communication with America.

I am hard at work on the galleries, have no acquaint-  
ing that no Hohenzollern should be a candidate, and King William rejected the proposal.

ances, and so my whole time. Raphael's Sistine Madonna is here. I worship her. I expect a letter every day from home by way of Berlin, where the post-office has instructions to forward my mail to Dresden. Between my flute and my critics, I manage to spend the evening very pleasantly.

## XLV.

*A melancholy Saturday and its end; celebrating victory; loneliness; a nature more sensuous than intellectual; superfluity of life; Raphael and the Pope; walks by the Elbe.*

DRESDEN, August 20, 1870.

It is now three weeks since I have seen a familiar face, or spoken a word more than the formal greeting of strangers, or, at most, a little chat with my landlady. Everything seems to have a limit—so my genius for living alone. My books have lost for once their power to charm, my flute is hoarse, my eyes are tired with studying pictures. Solitude takes revenge at times for my familiarity, especially when she has the weather as ally. Not a sunbeam, not a fleck of blue, has been seen to-day. Nothing but a dun drizzle in the dirty court-yard, which three bedraggled chickens and a broken buggy alone enliven. The gallery was only open from ten to one, so I have been the unwilling spectator of this animating scene nearly all day.

Yesterday it rained too, but toward evening the clouds broke up, the great sun-saturated clouds floated in tremendous masses through a dewy, shimmering azure as pure and endless as the soul's greatest wish. A soft, rain-laden air swayed all the branches and

flower-stems in the great park, where your melancholy correspondent loitered till the sun was down. Then I bought a bunch of roses of a sad-faced little flower-girl for a groschen ; came to my room ; blew a half-dozen of the softest airs imaginable on my flute ; read a few pages of Catullus, and then the maid came in with my supper.

I was scarcely through with this when I heard the wild cheers of a great crowd on the square below. The news of a great victory had just been received, and the people were expressing their satisfaction in their own way. This roused me from my melancholy. I went below and cheered too, as loud as my rather loud lungs would permit. I hallooed for King William and Bismarck and Germany, till I laughed at my mimic enthusiasm. Then I went back to my room in good spirits and went to work on the school of *Dutch Realists*.

I think it is only my loneliness which makes me feel so lonesome. The heart is so material, so controlled by space and time, that it is really little comfort to know that we have friends in the world, if they are not near us. It does me good to write. I feel twice as well as when I began this letter. If some one of you were only with me, perhaps I could do double the work I now perform, for it appears to me at times as if there were no use in my living, because I don't *see* anybody to live for.

You may think such a subjection to the senses unworthy the student of philosophy, the disciple of pure reason ; but I am more artist than thinker, far more sensuous than intellectual. I love the hair-distinctions of Aristotle, or the splendid ratiocinations of Kant, or the geometrical logic of Spinoza, so that I often long to lay my book down in the midst of a thought for the

emotion that overcomes me, for the pure delight of a bold thought which my own mind, running forward, anticipates more rapidly than I can read; but the beauty of a Grecian Eros, of a wonderful sunset, of Raphael's Madonna, will move me to tears. No words can convey what I feel. This is a susceptibility almost wholly created since I have been in Europe. I mind very well how I used to shout and dance over a mathematical triumph, but I do not remember that I was ever so impressed by outward nature (art of course I had no idea of); and this may be the reason, for I cannot help noticing how it opens my eyes to the world about me.

I suffer from a very curious complaint, too much vigor. It reacts on me and makes me restless, discontented, melancholy, because I can neither work it off, nor run it off. Thursday I studied fifteen hours, and then walked clear around Dresden, almost ten miles, and when I came home could not sleep. With all my uncommon bodily strength I could never work well, because my mind was restless and wanted employment. I could always study best when I was half sick. There are so many played-out young men who have no energy, that I wish I could put a portion of my life into their exhausted veins. It would be good for us both. If you never felt how disagreeable it is to have a superfluity of life, why, you will not comprehend my case. A man was not meant to be nothing but a student.

Our gallery has the most beautiful work in the world, as the Madonna Sistina of Raphael, and hundreds more works only inferior to this. Every day I go and sit at the feet of this heavenly creation. It is my matin devotion. It makes me purer but sadder, for then it seems that the best of life is but a dream, a

vision forever unattainable. They say this is the portrait, but slightly idealized, of the little baker-girl whom Raphael loved, the little Fornarina whom he found in a Roman suburb. He took her with him into the Vatican when employed on his famous frescos. Every day she was near him, till the Pope thought it a scandal and asked Raphael rather angrily, who that girl was. The artist's face flushed with indignation and he answered, "If your Holiness will allow me to reply, she is my eyes." The Pope understood his words and temper, and as he could not afford to lose him, why, the infallible man gave way. It seems to me no wonder, if Raphael had a love like this, that he painted angels and Madonnas fit for heaven, for he must have been there himself.

I had progressed so far in this melancholy epistle yesterday: to-day, (Sunday) I feel so very different that I am almost disposed not to send it, but correspondents, like married people, should communicate good and bad. The weather is Elysian to-day and I have enjoyed it. Up and down the beautiful Elbe, past the stately residences and royal and noble castles, on the shady, long, macadamized roads or promenades, I have tramped since eight this morning,—at least twenty miles. There are many places in the neighborhood made sacred by the preference of Schiller, who wrote much here. The birthplace of the warrior-poet Körner is here, and scenes of the Napoleonic wars. It is a question, if Louis comes as far as Dresden.

This winter I should like to go some into society, a pleasure, or rather, for a student of men and manners, a necessity which I have, up to this time, done completely without. It shall not intrench on my industry and it will, I hope, open my eyes to many things

which one cannot find in books. It will make some better clothes necessary than I have at present, but I shall be able to procure these if you only advance me money for four, or, if you cannot do that, for three months. I shall have of course my university expenses to defray for six months out of my first exchange, so that you see the necessity of its covering more time than two months.

As to the war, I hope Germany will go on as she has begun, and it cannot last long. You see what nerve there is in educated Prussia. An army with fifteen thousand university students in its ranks is not going to be beaten by a horde of Turcos and Chasseurs d'Afrique, however savage. We have not seen the upshot of this disturbance in Europe yet. Your letters from now on, direct to Munich, *Poste Restante*; that is the office where they remain till called for. How is the health of all the dear ones at home this autumn? for it will be fall when you read this. My twenty-first birthday will be next Sunday. Does father want to cut me loose now? I have no inclination to set up on my own hook. I don't think I ever shall have. We will make partners for life, if he is willing, and his advantage shall be after a while. Good-by.

#### XLVI.

*Solicitude for his father; reasons for leaving Berlin; origin of the Franco-Prussian war; a Hohenzollern King of Spain; territorial spoliation of France anticipated; cost of culture.*

DRESDEN, Aug. 28, 1870.

Since my last letter was posted I have received two letters from home in rapid succession, the last with a



draft on London. In your last you speak of a great improvement in dear father's health. If you knew how uneasy his protracted illness makes me, you would not long neglect to write, if it be only a line. You will do well to leave that pestilential region, and seek a climate more favorable to a shattered constitution. Father can live many years with the proper care and surroundings, but how suddenly can he be taken from us if his condition is not improved! The past and future are to the wise of equal worth, only the immoderate and foolish think that what is past is over.

You wish to know my reasons for leaving Berlin. If you understood, as I have tried several times to explain, that no regular course is pursued at these universities, and that a student cannot know, till a short time before the opening term, what lectures will be read and who will read them, you would see that when you have heard all the famous men in your branch at any one university, it is advisable to go to another. I heard in Berlin, Trendelenburg, Haupt, Curtius, Harms, Dühring, Hübner, Erdsmannsdörffer, and Bastian, so another year at Berlin would not have the value for me that a year at Munich will, because these, the important men at Berlin, will read for the most part the very subjects that I have heard. No student, who is not held by a stipendium, stays longer than a year at one school.

Besides these reasons, I desire to study the important works of art at Munich and make the acquaintance of Bavarian Germany. The library there is even greater than that of Berlin, and a library is never half full enough. Among a million books it is always a question whether the student will find what he wants, for to the making of books there is, and has

been, no end. I travel so easily that it is no more matter to go from Berlin to Munich than to move from one street to another, but, as I think, that is always trouble enough. Had I stayed in Berlin I should have been among an altogether new set of students next winter. The old ones have all scattered, and studiosi from other schools move in. Father expected me to "go through" at Berlin, and before I understood the *modus operandi* here I had this intention, but when one is ready, one can take a degree at any university, no matter where one has studied.

The progress of this Franco-Germanic war astonishes the world, that is, everybody but Bismarck. Father desired me to keep him posted on the internal situation, and in order to have a right idea of this, we must understand the origin of the war. This is to be sought of course, first of all in a jealous hostility between the two nations, partly founded in historic events, but for the most part due to the interested fomentations of the actual governments on both sides the Rhine. It requires no extraordinary perspicacity to see how they found their reckoning in this. Internal abuses are suffered with patience in the face of foreign war. It is well known that in 'sixty-six Bismarck made promises to Napoleon which, after the successful event of the Austrian war, he found too unpopular to fulfil. These consisted mainly in the assurance that Prussia, in consideration of the emperor's neutrality in the violent rectification about to be made in the map of Germany, would offer no interference to the acquisition of the duchy of Luxembourg on the part of France. It is said that Belgium was included in this stipulation, in case Prussia should see fit to proceed with Bavaria, Baden, and Württemberg as she did with Hanover.

This would have been a *quid pro quo*, but after the victory of Königgratz, German national feeling ran too high to suffer this disgraceful, secret barter to go into execution. Napoleon was obliged to bite his tongue and keep still. He made other overtures to Prussia, of which Herr von Bismarck gave the world a specimen in the draft of a treaty which he made public shortly after the declaration of hostilities. Thus it is that an infamous diplomacy keeps the peace of Europe in constant jeopardy.

Now as to the immediate cause of the present explosion, it is not far to seek. That Napoleon after this could not look with perfect equanimity on the uninterrupted aggrandizement of Prussia, is no more than natural. That he sought this occasion to re-establish the supremacy of French influence in European politics, I cannot, however, be made to believe. On the contrary, it has all the appearance of an attempt on the part of Prussia to assume for herself the potent voice in the counsels of continental cabinets. The negotiations between Prim and Hohenzollern were too evidently cooked at Berlin to allow any other view of the matter. It is incredible that the Spanish procurer, Prim, should have made, and the Prince of Hohenzollern accepted, an offer of the vacant throne of Spain without the knowledge of the Cabinet at Berlin ; and why the offer at all, when the most primary diplomatist could have predicted its reception in Paris? Bismarck was not the man to overlook an opportunity like this of throwing the responsibility of the initiative on the French government and yet of taking them, as the event abundantly proves, altogether unprepared for war. The circumstance, moreover, that the authorization for the present standing army of the German Confederacy ex-

pires with the current year, is very significant for any one acquainted with the embittered contest that Bismarck, in the interest of the royal prerogative, has carried on with the representatives of the people, and which is still far from an arrangement.

It is a great pity that the task of uniting Germany, it itself one of the noblest fruits of the science of politics and of a ripening national sentiment, should have fallen to so unscrupulous hands. We are obliged to wish Bismarck's efforts successful where they outrage every feeling of right. The world looks with suspicion on a state that is so rapidly growing powerful without becoming better. The tone of the press and public sentiment generally is on both sides very embittered. Contrary to every one's expectation, the French Liberals show themselves the most resolute of all in their determination to maintain the integrity of their national honor. A very disagreeable and significant feature of the war is the eagerness shown by Germany, under the mantle of retributive justice, to make territorial acquisitions at the expense of France. The press already begins to deprecate the probable interference of the neutral powers in case of such an attempt. The duchies of Elsass and Lothringen have been French for over two hundred years. They became such by conquest, it is true, but by this right alone Prussia retains a much larger section of divided Poland, and that by simple force of arms, whereas the German troops have found in the peasants of these Gallicized provinces the most bitter enemies. One can only regret that the Germans, who express in such vigorous terms their indignation and surprise at the unheard of conduct of France, do not have more resolution in making themselves heard in the direction of affairs at home. A

citizen who has not the slightest influence on the policy of his own state, has in reality no right to complain when a foreign power acts altogether against his wishes. We are justified in hoping that whatever the event of the struggle, it will contribute to enlighten the world on the solidarity of human interests, and hasten the day when a just distribution of power will make such wars impossible. In all probability, before you receive these lines the contest will be decided. The situation of the Prussian army is still critical in the highest degree.

Father's fears that I may be too agitated over the progress of the war to prosecute my studies, are unfounded. He forgets that I am by no means so inveterate a politician as himself. I read the morning bulletin while taking my breakfast, and after supper I have an hour for the daily journal in a neighboring restaurant. Beyond this I scarcely think of public matters.

I am in a better humor to-day than when I last wrote, but it does really take nerve to live so all alone as I do. Culture only makes our social wants greater, our whole nature more susceptible, but I am obliged to purchase this at the price of living in an inhabited solitude, for such is, and must be, the world to me while wandering in search of what Solomon most desired. My health continues excellent. I leave for Munich in a few days. To-day is my twenty-first birthday. Father can hang up his switches now.

P. S.—My landlady in the next room is indulging in one of her Homeric, inextinguishable laughs, which are so infinitely loud and merry that they never fail to make me laugh too, all over.

## XLVII.

*Pleasure in Munich quarters; the mania of Louis I.; old Nuremberg characters; German railway service; Germany bent on the humiliation of France; knowledge of great civilizations necessary to culture.*

MUNICH, Sept. 11th, '70.

Could you but look in at me this evening, and that with eyes appreciative of a student's happiness, you would behold a vision of what ought to be unmingled bliss. I am surrounded by what appears to me the luxury of Sybaris: indeed my room is this time comfortable, not an insult and an outrage to my sense of beauty, as was the last habitation I occupied in Berlin. The effect of one's dwelling upon the mind, especially on the manners, is incalculable. Where everything is bald and ugly about us, how difficult not to conform in a degree to our surroundings! Now I have pictures and window flowers; a large stuffed bird; a beautiful gilt French clock under a glass case; a crucifix of ivory with a gilt cross and hung with artificial snowballs, also under a similar glass receiver; sofa and chairs all cushioned; a tasteful porcelain stove; the cleanest bed you ever saw, etc. My own lamp is burning so brightly on my centre table, and it is so suggestive of my childhood to sit and hear the loud winds piping at the corners\* (but here they are blowing from the Alps), that, what can I do but write home?

I have been a nomad for a month, so that to be settled again and to look forward with keen anticipation to the long, lamp-lit winter nights, when I shall sit here so still and so busy with my poets and philo-

\* This is a common prairie experience.

sophers, is a joy indeed. This room is even cheaper than the one I first occupied in Berlin—thanks to the building mania of Louis I., who paid people for erecting fine houses in Munich that were to want inhabitants. He was bound to have at least the *shell* of a splendid capital, if the people, the *kernel*, were not to be so easily brought together. I was here you know for a short time a year ago, so that the city is not exactly strange. It appeared to me then that I had studied the galleries here. Oh, how we live to learn! They were the first works of art I had seen, and my simplicity was natural enough.

You will have received a letter from me mailed not long before my departure from Dresden, so that there is nothing of my stay there which would be of interest to communicate. From there I came directly to Nuremberg, the most German city of Germany, the birth-place and home of Hans Sachs, Dürer, Vischer, and other well-known masters of old German art and industry. Nuremberg was a free city of the empire till eighteen hundred and six, and, in the Middle Ages, the chief industrial centre east of Brabant and Cologne. Its burghers, stiff old citizens, wealthy tradesmen, and solemn city councilors, who built their many-gabled, many-storied Gothic dwellings, clothed themselves in gold-embroidered cloth, and their worthy "fraus" and "fräuleins" in stiff lace and skirts of ceremony, were a strong and original race of men. We can forgive their antipathy to Jews and much narrowness of mind, when we consider that their homes were the cradles of modern social life, and their civic freedom the nursery of our civil liberty, besides their incalculable services to industry and the useful inventions which were made in their work-shops.

The student of art can not accuse the home of Dürer, Vischer, and Stoss of Philistinism. How different these old pillars of the reformation in Germany from the English Puritans, who considered Beauty as the first-born of hell! It is the fruit of this wide sympathy, this open sense for all that exists, that makes Germany to-day the most learned country on earth. How hard a sense to communicate! how invaluable to those who possess it! The revolutions in the methods and means of manufacture, as the changes in the courses of trade, have robbed Nuremberg of by far the greater part of its former splendor; still its edifices remain in all their quaint magnificence and disorderly proportions to tell of better days. I spent almost a week there, and lost not an hour of the time. From Nuremberg to Munich is in reality but a short ride, but by one of these German snail trains is made an outrage of seven hours. One would think these roads gotten up for the transportation of people with acute inflammation of the brain and infants, with occasionally a *cargo* of insane. They often make scarcely ten miles an hour, and there are as many officers usually as passengers. At the depots it is dangerous to back, or go to the right or left, or to sit down for fear of being arrested by the police and sent to bed. They seem to think that every one is trying to commit suicide on the railroad track.

I cashed my exchange on London a few days ago, so that I am supplied till the middle of next month. If, however, your next draft comes sooner nothing will be hurt, for the danger of foreign interference in the war is by no means over, in which case we cannot know what would come of the postal connection with America.

The only wise thing for the French Republic to do,



is to offer Prussia, if she will withdraw her arms from French soil, to pay the German war-budget and leave the fate of the duchies, Elsass, and Lothringen, to a vote of the inhabitants. The republic is not responsible for the war. The party now in power was against hostilities so long as there was any hope of avoiding the conflict, and the disgrace of the French arms has been the work of the Empire. They could, in the interest of peace, make this offer without humiliation, because they come to power when the country is already prostrate. But Germany will be likely to insist on an unconditional surrender of the Gallicized provinces, and the party leaders in Paris will fear the unpopularity of any concessions, so that there is great probability of a protracted struggle, and, in case of an exhaustion of Germany, we may look for first Austrian and then, not impossibly, English interference.

The German nation is bent on the humiliation and laceration of France. There is a mean streak in the German which comes out very offensively in this war; but the action of all parties is so uncertain that it is impossible to predict the turn matters may take in twenty-four hours. The proclamation of the republic in Paris may determine Bismarck to figure for the restoration of Napoleon, or, if that seems too outrageous, as least to exercise the influence of Prussian arms in favor of the dynasty of Orleans. Anything will be more acceptable to the house of Hohenzollern and its satellites than a democracy on the Seine. But the position of a prince in France supported by German bayonets, would be the most unenviable situation one could well imagine. The republic could not have been actualized in a more auspicious moment. It will be, I fear, impossible for her to escape the odium of a peace

with Germany, which she will be obliged to conclude under such bitter conditions.

Europe is undoubtedly on the eve of some radical political changes. How these will affect my further stay here, is difficult at present to foresee. This year will conclude the course of exact academic study which I wish to take, that is, the Classic Languages and German Philosophy, so that a residence at the Universities of Italy and France will be hereafter of more value to me than a longer stay in Germany. The advantage of an accurate acquaintance with the spirit, language, literature, art, and manners of a people like the Italian, or in fact of any great and ancient civilized nation, is so great, that, as an element of culture, it cannot be equalled by any quantity of the severest drill. Besides this, the great fields for the scholar's investigation are now the renaissance of learning and art in Italy ; the magnificent period of Spanish genius and power in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the ancient civilization of India.

Classical antiquity has been so thoroughly ransacked that the edifice of our knowledge of it stands about complete. Its value is priceless, but there is little to add by the investigator. On the other hand, these periods of scarcely less intellectual grandeur, which have now also become for us antique and classic, are almost unknown—that is, we have not a clear, scientific insight into the course and causes of development in these periods, as we have of Grecian and Roman civilization.

The American scholar, who has made these periods a special subject of study, will have an almost clear field and invaluable capital. It is for this reason that, after I have familiarized myself with the German scholarship, its methods and aids, I desire to make an appli-

cation of them to these subjects. The laborers are already flocking from the German schools to these fields, and every week sees the publication of some monograph, brochure, or book detailing the findings which have just been made. There are on my table at this moment six such works, unbound pamphlets, the dispatches, so to say, of busy pioneers.

But my real work here, if I am ever allowed to undertake it, comes later. I think I shall like Munich very much. The changes of temperature here are very sudden, and this makes the place in the summer very unhealthy. But I shall not be exposed to this danger, because I dress warmly and, moreover, the warm weather will soon be over. Father has not written to me for so long that I am really hungry to hear from *himself*. To hear about one is not a tithe of the comfort it is to hear from one. My love to Abby and brother and most anxious prayers for father's health.

## XLVIII.

*Cost of living in Munich ; American students of art ; a Greek artist ; obstacles to the development of the American art-sense ; Greek and flute-playing.*

MUNICH, Sept. 24th, 1870.

The last mail has brought your letter of September 4th, to my very great delight ; how much greater if you had thought it worth while to write more than a single sheet, or, what had been still better, compelled that scribophobic father of mine to write !

My last described my pleasant quarters in Munich, and gave expression to my expectations for the winter, so that it will set you at rest, I hope, concerning my

immediate future. I am always sorry to have written an alarming letter home, for, however badly frightened I may be, I see that it scares you twice as much. In all my letters from Dresden, I sounded the alarm and called for money till I have reason to believe you will be frightened indeed, since I see that you were about to send me a new draft on my first Dresden letter of August 11th. What I feared was first, of course, a repulse of the German arms, and, after that seemed not probable, the still greater danger of armed intervention loomed up before me.

It is bad to be without money or friends in America, but a thousand times worse here. Six hundred dollars a year is sufficient for all my wants, if I can only control it at the right times. This winter I expect to make it afford me some social advantages besides all my school and ordinary expenses. The only practicable circles for a student, unless he is a native of the city and has old family connections, are rather fine, and not to be well-dressed is, in Europe, absolutely unpardonable except among those who cannot afford it. People here will live on soup and salt in order to make the show of gentlemen. My money however will be all that I could wish, especially here, where almost every necessity of life is cheaper than in Berlin.

The danger of disagreeable complications in the war is still not over. For instance, interference on the part of England, in case Prussia should seem to go too far in her demands,—and this is most likely,—would make money exchange, if not the ordinary mails, impossible. It was for this reason that I wished you to send me, so as to reach here about the middle of October, when an advance would be regularly due me, a sum sufficient to secure me for any eventualities. It

must be pretty much all one to you whether you send one hundred dollars every two months, or two hundred dollars every four months ; but it is not all one to me, especially in these times, when it only takes six weeks to capture an emperor and annihilate the most arrogant army in the world.

I must tell you about my experience here with the young Americans who are studying art, not as I, that is, theoretically and merely as a side study, but regular painters and sculptors, many of them for years in the profession. There are several rival professors with numerous disciples in Munich, and the Americans are pretty well divided among these sects in art, as they are accustomed to be in religion at home ; but their nationality brings them together and obliges them to be friends, so to speak, or at least to tolerate each other. I made the acquaintance of the entire circle soon after coming here, for we all eat at one restaurant for the sake of chat, etc. Some of the boys are not without talent ; one or two have gifts of rather high order ; but they almost all acknowledge the superiority and greater originality of a young Greek, who is a fellow-scholar at the Academy and associates principally with us Americans. He is, in fact, by all odds the most gifted student of art in the city, although he will never be a really great artist for the lack of ideality and moral comprehension. His sensuous nature is absolute. He knows no good and bad, no high and low, no pure and vile. He simply revels in nature like a creature of keenest instinct whom all forms and beings and colors delight, but who has no idea of the world. There is a feature of the old Greek in this, but it is without that far-seeing, world-ordering love of beauty which made the Greeks not

only artists, but cosmologists. The fellow is keen and quick to understand even every great generalization, although he never makes them for himself, and does not step up higher through a new thought. He has no respect for either the work or opinions of his German and American colleagues, but has got it into his head that I know more about art than any of them, and tells them so. The principles of art and the characteristics of the great masters are the only subjects of our conversations at dinner and in our after-dinner walks, so that I have had occasion to tell about all I know of the subject, and as the rest of the company have either not been interested enough in their profession and its history to study these matters, or have not known how to go to work with books and galleries, as I have, the result is that I know more about art generally and have a more certain discrimination in works of art than any or all the rest of the Americans together. The Greek, who is an old student and a gifted nature, is still my superior in discriminations of styles. He is marvellous in his sense for the effects of color. The slightest tone does not escape his observation, and he can go into real ecstasy over Rubens's carnation,—who paints flesh so you can, as the Greek says, pinch it.

Americans succeed best in portraiture. There is no people with so much sense and so little imagination as the Americans. They have also little or no healthy sensuousness. It requires intense stimulants to arouse and satisfy the senses. We are the most abstinent people and the most intemperate; the most practical and most gaudy; the most chaste and the most addicted to unnatural excesses; the most influenced by prudery, which is a monkish variety of lechery. This great

disharmony in the national character, which, like a fissure in a geological formation, goes from top to bottom of our society, and which, to the intelligent eye, is the same, whether it makes the youth ashamed of his first love, or makes Beecher preach a don't-think-about-the-reason-why-*goodness*, must be cured before a great art can take root among us. But this is only one of the obstacles which the national character puts in the way of the creative genius. The artists here from America have more hope than I for the future of their art, for I cannot detect in the national character those qualities which are ever wont to precede a period of great splendor of æsthetic creation. I feel myself equally under the spell of the time, equally unable to actualize the thought which must and will build up the future with the plastic power of the idea—that, working in nature, finishes the organism of a great tree to the last leaf-tip. The intellect of Europe is comprehending the situation, but the heart of Europe is not weighing it. America is still endeavoring to live by the wasting traditions of a past almost obsolete. The future is not far, but it is not yet at our gates. It is with the world as with many individuals. The most disagreeable act of the day is getting up in the morning, and we all see that it is about time.

In my last letter I spoke about making studies in the literatures of Italy and the renaissance generally. I do not mean this to be done at the expense of my Greek studies, but they are to accomplish very different ends. In Greek philology I do not expect to make any original studies. The subject is too well worn. Yet I hope so far to master the present science as to be able to take a Greek professorship with credit, if such a step should seem the best thing to do when I return.

For this reason I shall continue my Greek studies all the time I am in Europe. Father is very properly anxious for me not to neglect this subject which I have chosen for a specialty.

My flute has become a great source of consolation to me already. I play solos from operas, cavatinas from Meyerbeer, Rossini; waltzes, songs, arias, etc. This winter I must have some number one instruction in order to form and perfect a style in the delivery, as it is called, and which is, for the flute, the chief point. The flute is almost like the voice. The soul speaks directly through it, and a flute-player without sentiment and feeling is unendurable.

#### XLIX.

*Parental mental characteristics; realism in art without appreciation of nature; canons of portraiture and landscape painting; art a religion; a statue of Mary; verses.*

MÜNCHEN, Oct. 8th, 1870.

DEAR MOTHER :—Your long letter of September 19th with father's note and a draft for one hundred and ninety-two florins has just been read. You request an immediate reply. A letter is, however, regularly due, and besides, such a gospel from home always sets me in a frenzy to write, so that this time you are pretty sure of hearing from me promptly.

You thought I was on the eve of a sick-spell, but that is not doing justice to my susceptibilities, or, if you will, it is rating my equilibrium too high; for why should I not sometimes get blue without having a bad digestion or being jaundiced? I know your pathological hobbies of old, and must allow that they



were not so blind, even if they did lead you sometimes to prescribe podophyllum for a bad memory. All your letters have reached me—at least, all you mention having written in this last, and, if I remember, I replied to that which contained your ruminations on the expression, “the epic joy in things.”

It must be grand fun for you to write letters. You worry and shake a great idea a minute or so, and if it does not forthwith give up, you take a handful of hair, a claw, or some trophy, and throw it down for the beast itself. I can always tell from the spoils you bring in what species and generally what the size of the fellow was you should have taken. But it is not the clear possession of a thought which charms you so much as the exciting struggle with it when you feel about how big it is, and that, if you cared to, you might hold him, then you let him slip. So it is that your letters have for me, who am used to following things to their farthest accessible corner, the greatest charm. They suggest more ideas than I need to work up for a whole day. The discipline of the German schools would have taken that out of you; they would have clipped your Pegasus and taught him not to sky-rocket about so much, but fly longer and steadier flights. We can only master the ideas of others by method, and this obliges us to bring order into our own.

In so many years one would think you would have learned other habits of thought from father, whose mind is system itself. In the few lines he has written me on the second sheet of your letter, I can read the whole difference between your natures. I can feel distinctly these two elements in my own nature, and the process of my culture is the process of their union.

It takes a white heat of study to make a chemical compound of them.

I have a number of scraps on art, single thoughts put down as they occurred to me, which I might excerpt for my letter, but when I look them over and see how special they all are, and of course for you at home unintelligible, I think that it would be waste time ; but some of the most general may not be uninteresting. You must remember that I have but a small proportion of my time for the study of art, and the progress which I have made in a year will not seem so small when you consider that among a dozen professional artists, young men all older than I, I still am considered, how justly I will not say, as having the clearest vision on the subject.

That Greek of whom I told you, goes by instinct that has been sharpened by many years' acquaintance with the best galleries of Europe. Moreover, he has no ideas, only feelings. In the following scrap it is to the ideas, not the style, that I would direct your attention :

Without reverential and profound appreciation of nature as the only divine fountain of life, realism inevitably degenerates into *thingism*. The necessity of moral abstractions has destroyed for a time the epic delight in the appearances of nature simply as such. It is the task of a sounder philosophy to restore this, deepened by our deeper sense of the significance of life. Architecture, as music, is an æsthetic abstraction. The pleasure that it imparts by virtue of its poesy alone is greater than that of either of the sister arts of the brush and chisel ; but these have of course the incomparable advantage that nature speaks through them and that they are wholly occupied in conveying matter

not their own. The claims of portraiture to the rank of a fine art are based upon its power to withdraw the individual appearance from the oppression of the surrounding world in which it is made, by contrast and disturbing influences of all kinds, to seem weak, or ugly, or unamiable.

The object of portraiture is therefore to make appear the worth of a character to *itself*, not its social or civil worth. This of course demands repose, as all action is the resolution of a relation to others. Masculine beauty is much better adapted to plastic representation than feminine, especially than modern female beauty. The Greek woman, who was less tall and altogether less sensuous, possessed much greater linear grace and architectonic beauty than the modern, although even she was a far inferior subject for the chisel to the Dionysius, Eros, or Apollo. Pure form is incapable of rendering the sensuous power of the modern woman. Our ideal, and it is with this alone that the sculptor has to do, is a creature of flame, an embodied desire, not a white-limbed maid nor girt-up Oread, nor even the all-golden Aphrodite.

Nothing is more tasteless than the general impression that a landscape owes its significance chiefly to the formations of its eminences, in which delusion the majority of landscape painters paint nothing but hills and mountain scenery. The astonishing effects of light which they attain in this way are generally much more kaleidoscopic than poetic. Contrast is the first canon of composition, but such contrast as one *feels*, not such as one *sees*. Another matter, in which there is much sinning by landscapists, is the over-great use of *staffage* (the figures in a landscape). Nature only assumes her majesty when alone ; at least it is only in

the solitude that we feel that Isis is not simply a mother of men, and have an awing that the significance of being is not exhausted in the human word *happiness*.

As you have a few of the most general sort of notes which I have had occasion to make, those in the history of art, the particular schools and masters, the parallels between certain developments, etc., would be too remote. You will see, I study art with all my might. It is to me a religious matter, as it always has been when it was successfully cultivated. What meaning, I ask, can any one part of the universe have for a man for whom the whole is meaningless? You should have heard how with this question I shut a fellow up the other day, who was an artist and speaking with contempt of the German speculators, "who talk about the infinite." Christianity was once, and so was paganism, adequate to warm the minds of men to great things. They no longer are. And still art must gnaw at their empty rind, but a better time is coming.

This summer has been very barren of verses. Somehow, after the first songful effervescence of passion in boy's blood has subsided, things look very cool, and I have got criticism on the brain. There is no writing lyrics when a fellow is not in love or being shoved out through the vale of tears and lamentations. When one is once clear out of the whole thing verse looks rather ridiculous than musical, and would be, if it were not so bitterly earnest.

There is in one of the public squares here a statue in gold, very beautiful, of Mary and her Child, on the capital of an Ionic column. It is a famous shrine and worshippers are never wanting at the iron railing that surrounds it. The poor and afflicted, old men and women and little children, come here to experience

wonderful powers and go away refreshed, as in time of old. A few days ago I saw there a flock of novitiates, young nuns. Some of the girls were the most beautiful I have ever seen, I think really wonderful. I went right near to catch, if possible, the words of their prayer. But the noise of the passengers on the street was so great that I could only hear after each pause the Latin words, *ora pro nobis*, "pray for us." The effect was really saddening. I could not help but think what their prayer might be. When I went home I composed a couple of Latin verses, and here is a translation of them :

Mary in heaven, pray for us,  
That we may serve thee without stain ;  
And of thy love give unto us  
That lack love, most of all men.

Mary in heaven, pray for us,  
That we may faint not by the way ;  
And let thy sweet Son comfort us  
*That have no comfort, as men say.*

They have no recommendation but this simple directness.

School begins in three weeks. Father's arrangement about the money is very satisfactory. It will come in time. You know that at the opening of school and winter my expenses heap themselves up all at once, so that I must be able to control part of what comes regularly in the following months. Father's good news about his health is the best of all news. The winter I hope will help him out. There is no war news, save that the strangulation of Paris is about to begin. You speak of coming to me in a year. Oh, that you may ! Where shall I be then ? I want to go

to Italy. Three years in Germany are enough ; then I would come back here to take a degree before going home.

L.

*Effects of the malaria of Munich ; studies in mediæval German, Modern Greek, political history, and finance.*

MUNICH, Oct. 26th, 1870.

Since my last letter I have been quite sick, but am now so far recovered as to consider myself out of danger. The infamous climate of this place is the cause of my disorder. If I had known the reputation of Munich for fevers and malaria I had certainly not come here. My friends tell me I may be glad to have escaped a typhus. What I had was, as near as I can judge, one of those old *bone-breakers* which attacked us all you remember on occasion of uncle's illness of the small-pox.

I must have first caught a severe cold. It took me with a fever and trembling, a stretchiness of the limbs, etc. At night I was advised to take a strong punch to produce a sweat. This certainly did make me perspire, but I did not sleep a wink the entire night for suffering with pains in my joints, and then my mind was busy with Greek history which I had been reading. No effort of the will could bring it off the subject. In the morning, after such an *eternity* of misery, I was completely exhausted, parched-up and thoroughly wretched. The doctor came and told me not to be uneasy, to keep my bed, to eat nothing but soup and to take no medicines. He did not approve the punch I had taken, and said that no sort of medicaments was of any account in this case—that it was simply a bad

cold and with care would pass off of itself. These physicians have very little confidence in drugs it seems. In a day or two I was able to go about, and now I am pronounced well, although I feel much under the weather.

It has been a hateful damper on my spirits just before the opening of my lectures. I counted on beginning them with so much *nerve*, and now I don't feel at all like work, but this state of things will not last. The winter is not sickly here and fall is nearly over, and in the spring I shall go from here. I have some very warm clothes which I hope will protect me against the searching, damp winds that blow here.

A letter from home is due over three days, and this is therefore a little late because I wanted to hear from you before I wrote ; but I cannot wait any longer. You will have had time to answer my first letter from München by this time. I hope father's health is, as he expected it would be, firmer this fall and winter. When I get sick, I don't care a fig to live, I only want to be done with the sickness.

There are no items of particular interest touching my studies. This winter I shall read the *Nibelungen Lied* and the minne-singers of mediæval Germany. The language is very different from modern German and requires a particular study. I shall also have some chance to practice speaking modern Greek. It is not so different from classic Greek but that I can read it with little difficulty.

My intention is to devote considerable time to political history this year—a subject which I have to some degree neglected. The last period of over fifty years since the restoration of the Bourbons and fall of Napoleon I. is the most important as well as most interest-

ing. I also wish to make a special subject of attention the history of commercial crises, also the theory of finance. These will be side-studies for a year. My regular work on the Greek language and literature and on speculative philosophy will, as usual, take the body of my time. I have become ambitious to acquire the German language so as to be able to use it like the English for literary purposes. I do not know if I shall succeed. Such a feat is seldom performed in less than a dozen years of familiarity with a language. The advantage of such an accomplishment in America would be very great, for the influence of German thought and of the German element is bound to gain ground after this great assertion of national power, and I shall be obliged to make common cause in many things with the Germans in America. You must excuse this short letter, because I do not feel exactly rhapsodical to-day, and of ordinary matters the end is here. My love to the family and anxious wishes for dear father's health.

## L.I.

*Capitulation of Metz ; French democracy is socialistic ; European peace in jeopardy ; unrest of the masses ; the task of American statesmen ; future of America ; American students specialists ; immaturity of mind.*

MUNICH, Oct. 28th, 1870.

DEAR FATHER :—You express a desire to receive some word from me direct, and I give you this letter. My health has continued to improve, although I feel still under the weather. Nothing could have come more inopportune than this illness, because it unstrings me for a cheerful and vigorous entrance on my winter's



work, and so much depends on the omens with which one begins an undertaking.

This morning we have received the news of Metz's capitulation, a haul of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Is it not unparalleled? But the French have for some time been accustoming themselves to the idea of the loss of this place. Its bad consequences for them are the liberation of the investing force, which will be immediately turned to account, either in re-enforcing the siege of Paris, or, what seems more likely, in forming an army for the occupation of southern France. It would so thoroughly finish the disorganization of the country's resistance, that peace could be dictated even before the capitulation of Paris, which, however, can not possibly be long delayed.

The French, who had no other idea when they began this war than to annex Prussia up to the Rhine and dissolve the North Confederation, which is all that gives Germany the political character of a nation, must keep quiet, when they are deprived of territory not nearly so important as their intended robbery. The neutral world may have the right to complain that Germany refuses to recognize the inviolability of nationalities, and we have every reason to lament a step which revives the worst precedents of the past. But France cannot complain without adding impudence to violence, and it is not the fate of France that I regret, but the violation of the idea in the person of France, upon which alone it is possible to construct a system of international law that will spare the civilized world at least a proportion of the wars which now afflict us.

It is not wise to give ourselves up to the delusion that the French are either capable of democratic government or even generally attached to republican lib-

erty. It is not a necessity of their moral natures to be socially and politically freemen. They will take "corn and games" from the hand of Cæsar so long as they are forthcoming. It is not democracy in the American or Attic sense which inclines the French to revolutions, but socialism. The over-hasty sympathy, which has found such various expression in America, gains us no friends in France. They are incapable of gratitude. Their aspirations have nothing in common with the sober love of independence which characterizes our people.

The position of affairs in Europe is such, that a permanent peace cannot be looked forward to for many years. France will be broken, but not annihilated, and she will leave no occasion unimproved to take vengeance for this defeat. Austria is involved, it seems, in the process of dissolution, and the future of the elements which compose that empire is not to be foreseen. Of these things we may be sure—that Germany and Russia will endeavor to have a finger in the pie, and that they will meet a desperate resistance on the part of Austrian nationalities, who have no desire to share the fate of Poland. Even this unhappy country's future is not quite hopeless. Russia will improve this occasion, in which she finds herself liberated from the fear of the Crimean allies through the overthrow of French influence and through the general contempt into which England has sunk, to go forward on the Black Sea and in Turkey.\* Whether or not the English will not make a final desperate effort here to retrieve their prestige is at least uncertain. If they do

\* A prediction verified by the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 and the treaty of San Stefano. Note also the attempt of Great Britain to regain prestige at the Congress of Berlin in 1878.

not, they may expect to see their Indian possessions crowded by Russia on the north, where she has been for many years getting a larger foothold.

In addition to the danger from these sources, the time is almost ripe again in Europe for another revolutionary movement of the masses, such as took place in 1820 and again in 1848. The democratic elements are confident of the future, and a combination of the princes, such as the Holy Alliance under the direction of the Austrian minister, Metternich, which long held the aspirations of all Europe for constitutional government in check, is no longer possible. On the other hand, the powerful middle class is hostile to democratic ideas because the socialistic character of these ideas here makes them fear for their property. The proletariat of Europe is becoming greater, more self-conscious and clear as to his aims every year. Under these circumstances no human sagacity can foresee what the next *decennium* may bring forth.

How thankful on the other hand is the task which presents itself to American statesmen who have the insight and the will to conduct aright the energies of a great people! The easy maintenance of peace, the rapid extinction of our national debt, the purification and reform of our civil service, the elevation of popular education, the encouragement of a national art, the gradual realization of scientific principles of government—these will bring order and clearness into the functions of society and insure the industry of the land a rational and healthy life. To do all this with the moderation of genuine political wisdom would be a task to the wish of a Pericles.

Is this the course that things will take in America, or will a general unclearness, seconded by a mercenary

and short-sighted demagogism, gain ever more and more the upper-hand in our affairs? I hope not and think not, but it is not so impossible as a great many surface optimists, entirely ignorant of the causes which affect the life of nations, believe. There are two sorts of absurd political theories, viz: the practical and impractical. Whether a certain system shall be of the first or second class depends upon the locality and time, much more than on any other intrinsic characteristics. For instance, the Chinese system would be an impractical absurdity for America. Where it is, it is a very practical thing, but no less absurd to the eye of reason which requires conformity to the natural laws of social growth, of trade and industry. Plato's republic is intrinsically more reasonable than many actual forms of government, but its misfortune is not to have found the time or place yet where it is possible. We must keep this fact in mind when we are met by the objection that certain reforms are not practical. All that makes them so is the objection.

I did not intend to fill these pages with politics when I began. I would like to talk over your work with you if it were possible, or, better, lend a hand. I know that I was never much account at building fence, but there were few who could chase hogs, when the fences were poorly built, with more bitterness than I. It seems from mother's last letter that poor Billy has been badly taken down this fall. It must leave you your hands full, when he is laid up. Are you finally settled down to farm life, if your health remains good?

It would be grand if mother could come and stay a year with me and then you come the last year and we go home together. If that is not possible, I promise myself later a trip to Europe with you, which nothing

common shall hinder. As I laid out my plan of study to begin with very broadly, it must be more or less a failure, unless I am allowed time to carry it through. Students who have specialties, and this is the case with all I have yet known here from America, can better afford to break up than I, because they do not have so many irons in the fire, but they *miss* a culture upon such a catholic basis as I am building mine on. I recognize the immaturity of my mind with pleasure, because there is a promise in it that time will give me a control of my intellectual resources that I do not now dream of. Severe study in my opinion is, other things being favorable, inclined to prolong one's youth by keeping the mind and feelings open long after they had otherwise taken the permanent form of maturity. When the long winter nights set in, you will certainly find time to write me oftener and at length.

## LII.

*Lectures in Munich ; their comprehensiveness ; values of a home ; the homely comfort of love for others.*

MÜNCHEN, Nov. 13th, 1870.

After my last two letters you will be no doubt glad to learn that I am completely on my feet again and gloriously at work. I have been now two years in Europe. The first year was spent in getting a start, the last only has had visible results of a kind to satisfy my idea of what constitutes the privileges and pleasures of the scholar. But now the highway is before me, every step repays itself and is no longer taken in the hope of sometime being valuable, as when a man is mining his way through Latin syntax or translating German exer-

cises. This half-year I have only three regular lectures and one public—that is, one which only occupies one hour in the week. It is by a noted professor of æsthetics and on a subject of very great literary interest ; the works, lives, and literary associations of Goethe and Schiller. My three regular or private lectures, which occupy together thirteen hours a week, are on the history of Greek literature ; the political and ecclesiastical reformations in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ; the development of philosophy since Kant. On each of these extremely interesting subjects we have the most thorough men. Their names would not be known to you, but scholars mention them with respect.

I wish I could give you an idea of what a lecture here really is. I do not know what notion you have of the development of philosophy since Kant, or of the manner in which a professor would try to give a student an idea of this great intellectual process. But what you will be most likely to err in is the under-estimation of the details ; the innumerable cross influences of thought ; the minute and often obscure anticipations of one thinker by another ; the genesis of each system as laid down in the successive works of an author ; their mutual dependence and their relation to the popular creeds and notions of their time. Besides these matters, which are more strictly philosophical, such a lecture cannot overlook the literary labors, more properly speaking, of men not philosophers, but who are on one side on the border-line between æsthetics and speculation—*beaux-esprits*, men of genius and originality, but not actual founders of systems. The number of such in Germany has been legion. If a lecture finished the matter, it were well ; but the professor does little

more than tell one how and what one must read, and what to look for.

Your last letter is full of interest.

I know numbers of young Americans here who hear from home once in three months, and write as often themselves. Those must be *homes* where they come from ! When it comes to that I would not write home at all. Not to have a home, or, worse, not to have had a home, is an excuse for any villany whatever. When the communists get us all to live in ranches then we will be brutes indeed. It is the greatest evil of German life that the home is so little cherished. You have a divided affection, and speak of the little weather-stained house at Island Creek still as your home, but that is a sort of cat-like instinct of locality it seems, or perhaps it is true that home is always with father and mother. I can easily think so. The only worthy motive I can discover for a man's marrying after the minstrel days of youth are behind him, and this occurs now-a-days most astonishingly soon, is to secure a home for his age, when father and mother are no more. It is, however, much more worthy of our respect and more compatible with a high conception of life's most sacred relation, when an old bachelor gathers a home about him from the cast-off little ones of the world, and preserves in their love the fresh sensibilities that wither without a home, than when he stoops to marry out of such meditated grounds of convenience. So it seems to me.

I am anxious to know how father considers the period of age which is for him and you still some way off, but yet all too near. There is something in his character which always makes me fear that a suspension of the vigorous, ambitious functions of life, will make him comfortless. This is a dangerous age.

The world is in the crucible of new ideas, new comfort, and the old are losing power and these new are hard to reach. There is a genuine, homely comfort that does not change with the eras. It is the love of others—the presence in age of words and acts of tenderness from the stronger and younger. These cheer us without our effort. The more comfortless the world appears—the hollower, colder, emptier of gods—the more we must cling together. The less we can afford to live for ourselves the less it pays to do so. You will be tired of this moral lecture, and perhaps all think that my advice is that of a speculator, sitting on the banks of Isar and imagining a case in America.

### LIII.

*The condition of France ; Slavishness of Germans to monarchy ; American freedom.*

MUNICH, Dec. 4th, 1870.

. . . The war is drawing, so we all think, to a close. The fighting about Paris has been heavy for several days, not however so gallant as one would expect of Frenchmen animated by despair. The army of one hundred and fifty thousand men runs away when it has lost seven or eight thousand in killed and wounded. These are not Spartans. All credit to the incomparable exertions of the few republican leaders who really animate and direct France at this time, but their support is very luke-warm where nothing but the most absolute self-sacrifice on the part of the whole country can save her.

Monarchy is far from exploded in Europe yet. If Gambetta should succeed in maintaining himself



against the German army, he would fall before the selfish and conservative majority in France. The country is so worthless in every sense that, bad as the precedent would be, I could almost wish to see it reduced to a second-rate power—made the peer of Spain and Portugal. The Germans have not yet dreamed of what free government means. The government sends men to prison for saying that the forcible annexation of foreign territory, the very outrage which Germany had to fear from France, is wrong, and the nation laughs at the ridiculous figure which it thinks a man cuts by going to prison for his sentiments. "Why did n't the fool hold his tongue?" For the same sentiments representatives of the people, who have always been considered as clothed with tribunitian sanctity, are threatened with expulsion from Parliament and stormed down.

O, America, I often think how grandly you contrast with these emblazoned monarchies in your suit of simple, civil drab, powerful enough to defy the confederated world on your storm-bound shores, rich enough to bless with homes the pariahs of all Europe, and free enough to scorn with the *scorn* of scorn these miserable idolaters of power! There never was such a hater of monarchy as I am. But I will not make this letter any longer.

## LIV.

*English and American political economists; time for side-work; plans for study in Athens; Mormon polygamy in America; the calamity of a war between America and England; Schelling's metaphysics glorified æsthetics.*

MÜNCHEN, Dec. 10th, 1870.

I make all haste to acknowledge the receipt of your much-desired letter of Nov. 15th, which with its *prom-*

*ise of bread* gladdened my eyes this morning. Not long ago I read the great Malthus on the *Principle of Population*, a work of two portly volumes, and am at present deep in our Carey's very famous work on *Social Science*. There are a half dozen or so great English and American political economists, classics in their way, whom I have undertaken to read this winter. It is by no means so abstruse as generally supposed; at least a student of Spinoza and Hegel does not find it so. A mathematical head is, however, a condition *sine qua non* of all intelligible study of this kind.

My acquaintances are bothered to know where I get the time for so much side-work, and you too may perhaps think that my academical studies must suffer, but it is not the case. I make a specialty of Greek, but only in this way, that I continue steadily to make myself master of the field without being in a hurry to get over it all at once. While I take up one subject, run through it in a few months, and then lay it down, I keep steadily at my Greek, and shall continue to do so as long as I am here. The study of art, as I now pursue it, takes scarcely any time. Last winter, while I was putting myself straight in the general history of the fine arts, I was obliged to read a great deal, but now I continue the subject chiefly by the occasional inspection of new works and the perusal of lectures, pamphlets, etc., on single topics which appear from the press in Germany in considerable numbers.

I have a proposition to make which I very much hope will meet your approval. The next half-year I desire, as I believe I have already signified, to spend at Vienna. Instead of going from there directly to Italy, it seems to me that a residence of six months at the University of Athens, in Greece, would be for

my purposes of the utmost advantage. The climate in Athens is extremely healthy, which cannot be said of all parts of modern Greece. The school is good ; or, rather, I should desire nothing except practice in speaking Greek, and the opportunity of living myself, so to speak, into the idiom. Modern Greek, it is true, differs considerably from ancient Greek, but not so much as to make it anything else than Greek. Besides this practical advantage, the *ideal* advantage would be incalculable. Think of speculating on the archetypes of the "Good and Beautiful" in the musical idiom of Plato beneath the shades of the Athenian Academy ! Besides, I have two very good friends who are going to Athens at the same time, so I should not be alone. As to the robbers, they make a much greater noise away from than at home. People think in Germany that Greece is bad, but Kansas worse. An English lord runs a chance of being gobbled up on an excursion through the mountains, but hundreds of poor students go over Greece every year without accident. There is a fine library at Athens, and of course my studies in literature, philosophy, criticism, history, would not rest. From Greece it is a short flight to Italy over the waters where the tireless Ulysses and his charming companions furrowed the sounding sea-fields a thousand and more years before Christ. Say what you think of my plan, but this is some time ahead, farther, indeed, than wise men count with certainty.

It would interest me to hear what a civilized man in this century could say for polygamy. Perhaps Pratt is only an eccentric adherent of Malthus's doctrine of over-population, and would attempt in his way to check *the* evil of all communities. But Malthus is generally so abominably misunderstood that one dis-

likes to name him in society for fear some one who does understand him will think one is another ignoramus. It seems to me that if a serious set of people declare themselves attached to polygamy, and if they find it does not run counter to the finest instincts of their nature, there is nothing to be said which can refute their position. There are some serious matters of taste, but I cannot prove from my "inner consciousness," as they say, that a race of beings is impossible who would normally practice polygamy. Nature produces even greater apparent monstrosities. Think, for instance, of the spiders and their method of procreation. All one can positively say is, that it is impossible to be a conscientious polygamist and take any part in that wonderful inheritance of beauty which artist's hand and poet's pen, inspired by the religion of a single love, have produced and left to all times. An argument from the Bible can, I think, be made as usual for both sides, and a not less strong one for celibacy. The necessity, however, of disputing at all upon such a question in America is humiliation, and not less so the fact that the greater part of the nation would rest the issue on the authority of an old Jewish codex of superstition. One ray of the white light of truth falling in this world of prismatic colors and gaudy opinions, rewards us with the sober certainty of day for years of seeking. Spectres, which in the dark or gloom are lords of fear, shake their innocent rags in the light to keep off the crows. There is scarcely anything so profoundly ridiculous to him who has comprehended that necessity which is in the nature of Nature and her mysterious development, as the impotent responsibility felt by certain persons for the progress of history and society.

What do you think about the probability of a war with England? \* It would be a tremendous calamity ; beyond compare with this lamentable affair with France, bad as it is. The political world had nothing to expect from either France or Germany. They count nothing in the forces of good. But the devastation which would follow, and the hatred which would be engendered by a war with England between the free nations of the world, would indeed be a serious check. Peace on almost any conditions must be the wish of every friend of his race who comprehends the situation. The event of such a war would be the almost entire destruction of England, and the world can poorly afford to lose her influence. On the other side, America would suffer a serious ideal loss in the estrangement at this moment of our civilization from the influence of the English mind. Besides, it would cost us untold money and leave us involved in relations with Canada and perhaps other parts of the world that would be detrimental in the extreme to the purity of our political institutions and maxims. If England and America cannot get along without war, how are we to lecture a Nicholas of Russia, a Bismarck, or a Napoleon for breaking the peace?

I must thank mother for her letter. It was full of good things, as usual, especially her estimate of art as a lever of culture. If the language were German, the thoughts a little closer and the illustrations not quite so grotesque, I could easily imagine myself reading

\* The "Alabama claims," and the Canadian fisheries were questions at that time in somewhat acrimonious dispute between the United States and Great Britain. The "Treaty of Washington," prescribing the basis of their settlement, was ratified the next year.

Schelling, whose metaphysics were only glorified æsthetics. But the gem of the bundle was sister's picture. I am so proud of it I shall show it to-day at dinner to all my friends. I am pleased to hear that she and brother dance. Not long ago a friend persuaded me to take dancing lessons at the school where he was, and I had consented, but, as the time drew near, the undertaking appeared every day more absurd ; so I broke it off. That is as near, I suppose, as I shall come to knowing how to dance. The weather is bitter cold.

## LV.

*Patience is willingness to sacrifice ; the French estimate of political liberty ; quality of French aid to the American Revolution ; Bismarck's war policy ; communism the foe of liberty ; mental equipment of a statesman.*

MUNICH, Dec. 29th, 1870.

I had finished a letter last evening, after waiting several days for one due me. This morning I was to post it, but here is your favor of the first of December just arrived and it demands a new sheet. You seem to accuse me of impatience under trouble and think a serious misfortune would quite break my spirits. There are certain qualities in my character (no doubt you'll laugh as you read) which have always been hidden under the mask of their very opposites, and which have had both the fortune and the misfortune to be successfully concealed from my nearest friends, not to mention others. I aver that, however restless I may appear under the constraint of illness or disappointment for a time, scarcely any one has a profounder fund of patience than I. It is a willingness to sacrifice—

phrenologists would call it lack of vitativeness. To such a character, small disappointments are as troublesome as great ones. Your firmness under the afflictions of disease and the oppressive consciousness that the entire welfare of loved ones depends on you, has a much sounder source. It springs from the all-conquering sense of life and the necessity of living.

The greater part of your letter was taken up by a criticism of my ideas of French character. No doubt I wrote a little bitterly of them, for I had indulged the hope that this national misfortune would work a salutary change in their way of thinking. I do not deny the French genius, or even generosity. They are undoubtedly brave, but always more gallant where glory is to be acquired, than where the simple duty of defending their rights requires their exertions. That genius and social refinement of a certain kind can co-exist with political slavery is certain. Germany herself, if no other country, would prove this. The fact is as I have stated it. The French do not consider political liberty as one of the conditions of moral dignity and worth. It is for other than moral reasons that they desire to be free, but no other motive can exist as a pledge of the continuance of democratic liberty. The French dislike an unsuccessful despot, or one who interferes with their social license, or who insults their vanity by an overbearing behavior, but, if he can contribute to the prestige of the nation and add something to their luxury and magnificence, they will immolate their liberty at his altar over and over again. I accuse them of ingratitude not without grounds. One can liken the French nation to a brilliant dandy, who can be generous on occasions, but who is too isolated in his vanity to feel real gratitude for sympathy. It

would seem to him an acknowledgment of weakness, and to be weak, is, with such a person, the first of crimes. Such people, says the great Roman historian, Tacitus, can never forgive a benefit. Any one acquainted with the European history of our Revolution knows that it was seldom sympathy with the little band of British colonies which sent noble adventurers to our standards, but a desire to make a test with us of democratic government. The idea of republican liberty was at that time beginning to seethe in the blood of Europe. America and Americans will not forget such men as La Fayette, although the French neither then deserved, nor now deserve, a grateful remembrance. The Bourbons were our allies to injure England, certainly not from any admiration of colonial democracies. The French cherish a mean envy and spite toward us, because we were successful in maintaining in grand repose that freedom which they have several times acquired by spasmodic efforts, and as often lost by a frivolous want of principle. Napoleon III. would have laid more firmly the foundations of his dynasty in the heart of the French people had he been successful in destroying our nationality by an interference in our late Civil War. There were men in France who accused him of trying in this way to curry popular affection.

The only sort of excuse which the Germans have for continuing this deplorable war for the acquisition of French territory is that trait of the French character which could never forgive Germany her success in warding off their murderous aggression. The Germans know they will have to fight again and are determined the next time to have the advantage of the ground. This I say is their real excuse. They pre-



tend however to have others. Bismarck does not exactly fight to destroy the republic, but he is no doubt glad to be able to kill two birds with one stone. I am still of the opinion that a nobler policy on the part of the Germans would have been to their and the world's advantage. It would have enabled them to take the initiative in a great European alliance for the maintenance of national integrity, and every one knows what a contribution this idea would be to the infant code of international law. A really great statesmanship, it seems to me, would have secured these results from the situation, but Bismarck is a powerful man, not a great man. He lacks that insight which comes of universal love. Germany, as you say, is setting a precedent which may oppress herself sometime.

As to the communism of European radicals, and especially of the French, I can only say that there are two sorts of *equal* laws—those which regulate everything for everybody alike, and those which simply make it possible for every one to regulate what concerns him as he likes. These gentlemen believe in the first class; I in the second. We agree thus far, viz.: that all monopolies and franchises are bad. But they would destroy all such corporations by making the state one all-absorbing *commune*, while I desire to see the talents and faculties of men find their normal exercise and that reward which the laws of competitive industry will secure them. The association of labor is a grand principle whose beneficent effects are yet to be perceived, but it can be a practical success only under the form of voluntary co-operation. So much of politics.

My political studies have not as yet been very considerable. An extensive acquaintance with the working of different civil institutions and the state of society

under them, as well as an intimate knowledge of history, must unite in the mind of a philosopher before we produce a statesman. It would be difficult for a person to be more favored than I by the circumstances of my life for forming sound political views. The result, however, will depend on my capacity. No quantity of light will make things clear to the blind. Perhaps I am too much an idealist. I always loved mathematics too much to be intelligible to certain persons.

I do not know what to say of your intention of not making Humboldt a permanent home, save that you will know best what to do and that my home shall ever be where you and mother are. I shall be glad to see anything from your pen whatever, if it is only the report of a railroad dinner. I do not consider such things, as mother does, to be nonsense, for I know they are necessary in the economy of society, as society is. They serve a very considerable purpose in calling every one's attention to what are the material interests of a community, and preserve men from a close-fisted, miserly, everybody-look-out-for-himself way of doing business. Thanks to Billy for his warm-hearted lines. We are having a Christmas vacation of two weeks. This letter has managed to get behind.

LVI.

*Formal logic; the principle of all things; need of philosophy; truth of Thales and Anaximander; the nobility of pantheism; plans for the future; zeal of the French under Gambetta.*

MUNICH, Jan. 8, 1871.

It scarcely seems to me two weeks since I answered father's last letter which lectured me so severely for

my, perhaps, over-unkind judgment of the poor French. I pity them now with all my heart and would gladly forget that they were ever the reckless suitors of *la gloire* at the cost of the world's peace.

Your metaphysical catechism without the answers came to hand yesterday. You wish to know, if I understand you, whether the method of speculative thinking is that of formal logic, or whether it obeys peculiar canons of its own. Formal logic, as I have studied it in the *Analytics* of Aristotle and the text-books of the moderns, is not a method of thought but a test of conclusions. The discoveries of the sciences which are called exact, as well as the philosophemes of the metaphysicians, are not the products of logical thinking but of *general hypothesis*. Formal logic has no regard to the soundness of the premises, but solely to their *form* and the legitimacy of the conclusions. A *system* of speculative philosophy cannot be developed without the aid of syllogistic reasoning, but the speculative thought is not so derived. The real speculative element is the hypothesis.

The phenomena of mind and being point alike toward a great unseen principle, and the measure of a philosopher's ability to approach this is the comprehension which he possesses of all the data of being *in their unity*. The first chapter in the history of speculation will illustrate this. Thales, the first philosopher, taught that the principle of all things is water. This seemed to him the commonest and simplest of all the elements, to be itself characterless and, as moisture, the principle of growth. Solids are formed of fluids and gases of fluids. The sea, that seemed to him boundless and bottomless, embraced in his system in its bosom the world as a kernel formed of itself.

These were no doubt all *reasons* why he taught the elementary character of water. But what has *formal* logic to do with such reasons or with that first philosophic necessity of unity in the mind of Thales, which made these appearances reasons to him? Speculation is of the nature of induction, but formal logic begins where the induction is complete.

I cannot deny myself some further remarks on this subject than may seem necessary to answer your question. Philosophy is, in the estimation of the world to-day, below par, and, as is usual in such times, the world has the greatest need of universal ideas. "What is the use," cry these "fingering slaves," as Wordsworth calls them, "of a hypothesis which it will only require one generation to outgrow! Truth, truth; give us the plain truth; a metaphysical system is no better than a fable." If I were to be bullied out of my better senses, as many persons have been by the clamor of public opinion, I should close my Plato and Spinoza forever. To do what? Why, to applaud such men as Ben Butler and Bismarck, and in my old days join the Methodist church.

Let us see of *what sort* of use philosophy has been. Did not Thales, who took the first tottering steps in that sublime march of mind that has led the human soul upon so many glorious heights, advance the wisdom of the race when he simplified the phenomena of change and growth—which so utterly confused his contemporaries as to seem to them constant miracles—by the supposition, false enough as regards its direct object, that water is the principle of all matter, but profoundly wise and true as regards the great doctrine of the unity of substance? Anaximander, Thales's scholar, saw the insufficiency of water as a principle. He saw that it too had qualities, and only belonged to a class of

bodies which must all be accounted for by a higher hypothesis. He taught that there must exist a substance infinite in quantity and absolutely *without quality* which he called the "Indefinite."

Many modern chemists speculate in the same way—namely, that the atoms of which the elementary molecules, or smallest chemical factors, are composed, are in all the elements homogeneous and without quality, for quality is simply the product of their peculiar combination. What an advance on the first thought of Thales's! Who will venture to say that these speculations are false? What is truth, if that which brings light into darkness and order into chaos is false?

Soon it occurred to thinkers that mind must be accounted for as well as matter. The necessity of a higher hypothesis was created, and we come to Parmenides and Plato. For my part I am not ashamed to admit that it is as much the divine activity of thought itself, as any imaginary coincidence of thought and thing called truth, that gives for me worth to ideas. In this sense of truth there are many things which are true that are not worth knowing, and there are many things to which no thing answers that constitute wisdom. Indeed this servile realism, which I hate, is the unnatural child of an absurd and debasing theory, viz.: the dogma that denies man any participation in the divine essence of things,—that makes him an image and piece of manufacture whose whole being and activity consist in a miserable effort to *reflect* the facts of a soulless and material nature. I am a pantheist. It is our strength, our glory, our salvation to carry in our bosoms the imperishable sense of our identity at heart with that transcendent life which is not subject to, but which involves, necessity.

It seems to me from your letter, that neither your

young lawyer nor yourself were any too clear on the matter of your dispute. Formal logic does not deal with abstractions, but with the relation of statements, be they indifferently true or false. No man can imagine that he arrives at the truth by any other than the method of induction, and it is Mill's great service to the science of logic, to have shown that the major premise of every syllogism is the result of a prior induction. Formal logic, however, as a science, deals with the exact quantities of the syllogism, and leaves the induction of her premises to the inventive and combining intellect. When rightly understood your question falls to the ground.

We shall have to agree upon my movements for the coming year pretty soon. I wish to go to Vienna in the spring and attend the university there through the summer term ; then to go down the Danube and Black Sea to Constantinople and on to Athens, where I am certain it will be to my interest to spend six months or more. There is a university and fine library there, and living is not more expensive than in Germany. Travel might make it cost a trifle more, but if need be I can see less and get along with what I receive. The climate in the city of Athens is excellent. This winter I have had another spell of a little home-sickness. I only stay because I hope to enjoy home and make home so much more by what I gather here. I don't know where Humboldt is, but the place has more interest for me than Rome or Venice. Where shall we make our home when I return? On the Pacific? or shall we go east to the centres of Puritan civilization? Do you want to live in the city or country when you are old? What does father think of all these things? Of one thing I am determined—that is, that we shall

live together, but that is yet some years off, and such fancies only make me more discontented to stay in Europe alone, alone !

Another heavy reserve of men has been ordered to take the field. This morning troops of hussars and gigantic cuirassiers passed with sounding bugles by my window to the depot. The French have given the Germans their hands full. Gambetta, with his republican zeal, energy, and sonorous lies, has really done wonders. He is one of the first men of the age. The event of the struggle looks more uncertain every day, although the fall of Paris, which cannot be far distant, will turn things, I think, overwhelmingly in favor of the Germans. It will relieve a half million of men.

## LVII.

*Bohemian life and idealists ; wants of the gods ; the nebulous mass of political economy ; the general hypothesis ; misery of France.*

MUNICH, Jan. 24, 1871.

Your letter containing a duplicate of my last draft was received day before yesterday. I wish nothing more devoutly than that I could myself take hold of this heavy machine of expense which father and you have dragged so far, and draw it alone. It seems to me that business, after my severe labors in Europe, would be mere play. This Bohemian life of mine appears at times almost unendurably irksome, mere headwork where every other function of being is in suspension. Again I think, when I am in clearer spirits and see some Philistine with his prosy family *enjoying* an afternoon in a coffee-house, or taking an idyllic

stroll in standing collar and stove-pipe hat, that it is certainly a great privilege to be allowed for some years of our youth to contemplate this flat existence from the windy height of the schools, before descending into it, where every man "walks with his head in a cloud of flies."

The German schools make idealists for the simple reason that where men are cut off from all healthy, beautiful life in nature, and their minds still crowded with the images of the world's most splendid life of all times, they must necessarily grow estranged to the reality about them and deal with it only as the vile instrument of necessity. I learn to trust more and more to the all-adapting influence of time. In time what is painful or irksome, or even disgusting, ceases to be so. How many heaven-scaling spirits at twenty, have taken office and grown round-paunched at forty! Poets lament this mighty falling-off, but I think it rather great gain to be rid of so many comfortless desires. It is ancient wisdom that to have few wants is to be like the gods, who have none; and is a man not all but one of the Happy Ones whose whole necessities are toasted toes and a good meal? To the likeness of this favor we all come at last, whatever we may have been when the blood was in flower and the soul as bright and full of hidden stars as a June sky. O for the divine repose of a Spinoza, that more than earthly mood which lightens through my soul in short gleams, and which was poured out upon the great saints of the race as the sunlight! They saw the infinite in the smallest, and wandered in glorious self-forgetfulness and holiest adoration through this life, from silence to silence. But now is the season of work and the din of work over-cries the music of the spheres and I feel myself alone.



My studies have been this winter successful and even more attractive than they were in Berlin. I have acquired a great taste for political economy and am determined to leave nothing undone that can help me to as full a comprehension of this extremely important matter as is at this time possible. One has some reading to do. Smith and Malthus, Ricardo, McCulloch, Mill, Carey, Say, List, Bastiat, and their like, did not live in vain, but wrote abundantly whatever thing they thought, be it a wise thing or otherwise. Mathematical combination and analysis, keen and comprehensive, are the requisites for gaining ground in these nebulous masses of figures and facts and theoretical gas.

My last letter I hope will have been intelligible and have satisfied you as to the real nature of speculative thinking, viz., the general hypothesis, which is the same as the inventive faculty in minor matters, or the gift by which a Newton arrived at the single laws of Nature. In the positive sciences, however, these hypotheses can be subject to the test of experiment and supplementary observation, which soon determines their value. In speculative philosophy proper, this is generally not the case, and, where it is possible, it can only be from an advanced universal standpoint, and the advance of this is the slow movement of history.

The course of the war has become extremely painful to me. It is impossible for any but the blindest partisan to behold, unmoved, a spectacle such as France presents to-day, although what they are suffering is still not equal to what they intended to inflict. Yet our pity is moved ; it is that god-like pity of human nature which sees nothing but the misery. You receive, I think, very colored accounts of affairs in

France. The cold hopelessness of their position and the ironical self-possession of their enemies make one's heart bleed for them. They are *so* proud and must fall *so* low, that I, for one, find no satisfaction at the spectacle of their humiliated vanity, because it is too painful. History, however, will call it just; but justice is only a sonorous euphemism for necessary misery, and the sooner we all feel this the better. The German armies have been tremendous sufferers in their extended operations, and have melted down forty per cent. or near about.

P. S.—Greet dear Grandmother for me, and tell her I wish her all the joy of her new home.

#### LVIII.

*German self-glorification; localization the profoundest principle of political wisdom; French Constitutional Assembly; American war with England is political capital.*

MÜNCHEN, Feb. 6, 1871.

In spite of the great occurrences which have fallen between my last letter and this writing, I am at some loss to-day for a subject. Decoration and illumination are the order of the day. Public joy, which you know is always so noisy and so little joyful, has hung our city with flags,—flags of courtesy, imperial flags, grateful Prussian flags, patriotic Bavarian flags, etc., till the place resembles a vast shop of calico for negroes' wear. Should I succeed in describing these festivities of national vanity, it is to be doubted whether such an achievement would rank among the classics of our future epistolary literature. We cannot sympathize with individuals in their triumphs over the weakness

of others ; how much less then can we be expected to take part in the brutal self-glorification of headless and heartless masses, to whom every occasion of victory is an occasion of satisfaction, even should it seal their own political degradation and restore their enemies to the self-respect of freemen. The profoundest principle of political wisdom demands a constant localization and decentralization of social action in the interests of civilization, of public prosperity and, above all, of public morality ; for so only can communities be made sensible of their responsibility. So long as men herd, they are cattle. Political science cannot be better defined than as the science which enables men to dispense with politics.

All the world awaits in suspense the meeting of the French Constitutional Assembly. There is not so much anxiety as to their action in regard to the terms of peace, for it is thought that they will have no choice in the matter, but as to the form of government with which they will be pleased to present France. The Government of National Defense has, in the name and in the forms of republican liberty, urged the country to greater efforts than could have been effected by the most popular prince. But we must not forget that these efforts have still wanted success and France is said never to forgive a failure.

I am willing to confess my political insight at a loss to divine the course affairs will take in this unhappy country. If the nation has learned the lesson which this calamity is so well calculated to teach, the people will have benefited by their reverses, as the Austrian state was liberalized immensely by its military disasters in 1866.

You speak with great confidence of the event of a

war between Great Britain and the Union. I think, too, that there could be no doubt of the final annihilation of England's foreign influence and the loss of her transmarine possessions, as the result of such a war. We would lose nothing but money, character, and civilization by the enterprise. The present administration of personal jealousies and littleness would not hesitate at such trifles, I fear. There is nothing more certain in the world than that the English people do not wish to quarrel with us, and that they are willing to make almost any concessions which can be demanded with a show of justice. But our government, for the sake of a political handle, has declined to take any decisive steps toward a settlement of the difficulties between the countries, preferring, for political capital, to keep things in a dangerous suspense.

In your last letter father gives his consent to my going to Greece. I can assure him that it will be greatly in the interest of my actual studies, and is not by any means the gratification of a scholar's dream. Vienna is on my way to Athens, and I see no reason why I should not rather spend the summer there than at Munich, where there is nothing new to see. I must close here if I am not to miss my 10 o'clock morning lecture, for I have a mile's walk to the university and only fifteen minutes to do it in.

LIX.

*Reflections on a grandmother's death ; personality only phenomenal ; superficiality of men's thought ; longing to lose self ; the pathos and tinted fancy of Tennyson ; the debt of France.*

MÜNCHEN, Feb. 26, 1871.

I was living in hope that, after so many poorly filled small sheets, your next letter would come freighted

like a rich argosy of the post, but it, too, was late and thin, and weighted with the shadow of death. Grandmother is no more. She will sleep soundly after her unquiet life. See, it is left for the living to fashion regrets and to stand troubled at the grassy portals of peace! Would you know with what eyes we, the latest children of the world's thought, contemplate this ever-dreadful death? After long and painful wanderings of the soul in search of fabulous joys and potent incantations to turn the stars in their courses and bring life to the veins of death, the human Psyche is returning to the beautiful ways of health from which she went out in the heroic morning of the world. Ours is again the epic quiet of that time, deepened, it is true, with infinite pity of all life and a profounder joy in all being than even the emotion of Hellenic days, yet akin to it, and we can comprehend in all their sublime comfort the simple Homeric words: "As the race of leaves, so is the race of men; the wind scatters them earthward, and the budding forest bears them anew."

This is wisdom in a man, to contemplate the nothingness of his particular life midst the infinity of life. It is the awfulest revelation of philosophic thought, that personality is only phenomenal. Think! what assurance have we of ourselves, what proof from minute to minute of our identity? Might it not be the freak of a god to substitute every night for me another soul, with my form and memory, while I pass away? And what if I knew that what *might* be were so, and that he who rises is not he who lies down, should I be afraid to sleep? But this is death and personality. Certain am I that there is but one life, and that this is the transcendent life of the divine whole, which is mine by as good a title as that which is called my proper life and is only phenomenal in the other true

life which we live in our innermost soul of contemplation where all things are one. I know I stammer in pronouncing these almost incommunicable thoughts, but my tongue may grow stronger.

It is true that the greater part of the world still lives so superficially that they have no interest in the contemplation of such things. What meaning has it to most men that personality is phenomenal? Can such a thought break their selfishness, banish their fear, inspire them with a consciousness of divinity? They feel themselves in a world of space and impenetrability, where one thing must move to give another place. It is a beautiful world, and one in which a philosopher can have his delight, but it is not a good world to teach pantheistic ideas. But I feel that there is so much for me to live through in my own being, so much darkness to dispel, so much that is hard which must be softened before I can speak as one having authority.

All sorrow is inconsolable, at least mine is so. I take life, with its sorrows and all its nameless bitterness and all its joys, to live it, not for the sake of these things, nor for anything, for in the end there is no purpose. Go out beneath the stars and all alone, look up into this wilderness of worlds, which are from eternity to eternity, feel in your heart the bitterness of some great loss or unfulfilled desire, and feel besides the infinite insignificance of your most serious endeavors and expectations, and you will be of harder stuff than I, if you are not overcome by an almost irresistible longing for the end, to cease from being, to lose this feverish, painful self in the eternal coolness and stillness and rest of the universe, "to be blown about the desert dust or sealed within the iron hills."

This quotation from Tennyson reminds me that you mentioned you were reading his poems in order. I studied him, you know, at Heidelberg, and since have often turned over my favorite pages with great pleasure. What delights in Tennyson is his fine pathos and exquisitely tinted fancy of the vast problems of being as they absorb Wordsworth, or overwhelm Swinburne, as they themselves seem solved under the magic touch of Shakespeare, or as they stand with sphinx-like, inexplicable significance before the soul of Dante. His *In Memoriam* is more like the petulant upbraiding of a misunderstood necessity by a dogmatical supernaturalist than the grief of a wise poet in deepest accord with the secret heart of things. But it is an ungrateful task to find fault where there is so much of sweetness and freshness and vivid color. *The Lotus-Eaters*, *Aylmer's Field*, *Guinevere*, *In Memoriam*, and much else will insure their author a lasting name. Contemporary German poetry contains nothing equal to these productions.

The armistice expires to-day and we expect confidently to hear that peace has been concluded in to-morrow's journals. The money indemnity, in addition to the territory required, makes it hard for France. Her debt previous to the war and her debt contracted by the war, plus the enormous sum demanded by Bismarck, will tax to the utmost her resources, diminished by the terrible devastations which she has suffered and the direct subtraction of two millions of her population in the annexed provinces. War is a costly entertainment, as the glory-loving French have found out.

*The character of Munich ; of Salzburg and Vienna ;  
want of English works of historic philosophical interest ;  
pantheism the ground of voluntary self-sacrifice.*

VIENNA, March 16, 1871.

In my last letter I promised you that you would probably next hear from me at Vienna. You see I go when I have a mind to. I enjoy that supreme freedom which all boys so ardently desire, and which most men find in the end of so little moment as to barter it away on the altar of Hymen.

I bade Munich adieu,—Munich with its monuments of high endeavor and small achievement, with its beautiful pictures and ugly women, pious processions and unequalled beer, with its professors and apple-women. It requires less exertion to live in Munich than in any place I have ever seen. As in the lotus-eater's land, it seems there always afternoon. You go from your room to your lecture, to the park, to the café, to the concert hall, to a friend's,—but all so stilly, without anxiety or hurry, that, work as you may, you can scarcely call yourself in Munich at work. But the truth is, one cannot do so much under such narcotic influences, as, for instance, in Berlin, where I was wider awake than ever before in my life.

My trip to Vienna has been without any disturbing incident. I stayed over a day at the old city of Salzburg, the most beautiful seat of the formerly so powerful archbishops of Salzburg in the Austrian Tyrol. It is a mountain city, the birthplace of Mozart, Haydn, and Paracelsus, commanded by a mighty castle-fortress. To describe the panorama of snowy mountain



tops in a girdle about the city, as I saw them breaking the azure splendor of a spring sky, would take a more graphic pen than mine. The scenery of Salzburg, although of quite different type, rivals the picturesque environs of Heidelberg. There is nothing of note to be seen between Salzburg and Vienna.

I arrived here yesterday and before night was quartered in a comfortable room not far from the famous Prater, the magnificent park of Vienna, which is said to make so brave a show in fine weather when it is frequented by the gorgeously appointed equipages of the Austrian nobility, the most exclusive and the most powerful on the continent. It is little I can say as yet of the city from personal examination, but the first impression is extremely favorable. One thing forces itself, however disagreeably, on the stranger's notice, that is, the impudence and extortion of coachmen, carriers, and servants of all sorts. Money goes a mighty short way here, if one does not abbreviate one's connections with these creatures to a minimum.

I shall hear but few lectures this summer ; on the other hand, however, I shall do a much greater amount of reading than usual. I shall have access to the Royal Library, the University Library, and the libraries of several cloisters. My greatest want, and one which I can find no way of removing, is English books. Scarcely the classics are to be had, and as to works of historic philosophical interest, they might as well not exist for me. To buy them is out of the question. If I were simply a German scholar, I might get along with the German summaries and accounts of English works to be found in special treatises in German on different topics of English literature, but I desire a special detailed acquaintance with the books them-

selves. I shall be obliged, I suppose, finally to go to England for this.

You understood me aright in my request not to show my verses about. I shall never be ashamed of pantheism, nor shall I ever conceal for fear sentiments which, in greater or in less measure, have made all the heroes history records. Without a sense of that absolute solidarity of interests which pantheism alone *explains*, but does not necessarily create, or, as a belief, accompanies (for consequence in thinking is not everybody's strong point), without this sense, I say, there is no such thing thinkable as voluntary self-sacrifice for the good of others. And this alone is heroic. There is no merit in good which is done for the sake of heaven; there is merit alone in love which has another for its object and end. What I feared was the verses would not be understood, and consequently, I be misunderstood. When the day comes for supporting my ideas with my voice, I shall not be afraid even of being thought a fool, but there is no use of earning gratuitously beforehand this reputation. I know perfectly how the world thinks, what it thinks foolishness and what scandal. What I shall then have to say must be maturely considered in all its relations to life, and must be developed as the organic product of the world's thinking in the past, if it be said at all. For I have patience and know that I live in a universe of unlimited time, and that my personality makes no computable part of it. First of all, I must realize in my own spirit all the majestic repose and heavenly self-forgetfulness which I discern so clearly in my idea. It is a work of self-correction and self-control in which the disuse of every trivial manner, every hurried or passionate word, even every personal uncleanness, not to mention vices and

falsehoods of action which stick to us long after we have given over lying, that can be of the greatest service. Blamelessness in life is not the end which I seek, but is a negative condition of this end.

You may expect in my next an account of Vienna, and what I shall have managed to see between now and then. I think, on maturer consideration, you will agree with me, that to spend an idle year at home just in the midst of my work, would be, in every sense save that of the heart, lost time, but one year from home is as hard as another, and if I followed my first inclination, I should not stay here at all.

## LXI.

*A day's study; Vienna; jealousies of the peoples of Austria; the Germans lose their freedom in the glorification of a successful despotism; the Assembly at Versailles and Thiers; apostrophe of a Greek to America.*

VIENNA, April 2, 1871.

Since in Vienna, the weather has been so indescribably bad that I have scarcely ventured to go out, save to the University reading-room at nine in the morning and back again, taking dinner by the way at two in the afternoon. At home I read modern Greek and the minne-singers, play my flute, and when these resources give out, I either absorb myself in transcendental speculation, or think of what I shall next have to eat, or I go to sleep on the sofa. The eating question is at present a chief of my concerns. My appetite is insatiable.

To-day we have good weather and the city is turned out to enjoy the long-desired sunshine, notwithstanding the high wind and blinding sand. This seems to be an infinitely greater nuisance here than I found it in

Berlin, where, you know, the people are called in summer the Bedouins of Prussia and are supposed to eat sand without any injurious effects, all from long habit. But Vienna is a magnificent city, far more imposing than the Prussian capital although considerably less populous. There is a cheerful aspect to everything, united with greater pomp. The inhabitants are much more southern in character, fonder of amusement and less industrious. The politics of Austria, at present, present a most instructive spectacle. The efforts of the state are to get safely through a transition from an unlimited to a constitutional monarchy and to retain in it a half-dozen jealous and ambitious nationalities. Austria threatens to cease to be a state and to go to pieces ; that is, to dissolve into the national elements of which the great conglomerate Empire is composed. The fact is the Germans in Austria, about one fifth the entire population, aspire to rule the roost alone, and will not listen to any rectification or adjustment which would rob them of a preponderance of influence in the councils of the state. There exists a hatred and contempt of the Slavonic and other nationalities here that is only exceeded by the *negrophobia* at home. This brotherly sentiment is not lost on the Slavs. They return everything with interest after their fashion, as, for instance, lately in Prague where the Bohemian students made a riotous attempt to terrorize a German professor for writing a Latin ode in celebration of the German victories.

Prussia and all Germany, as was foreseen by every one acquainted with the history of the last eighty years, have entered upon a period of decided reaction. The church and monarchy have been strengthened enormously by the late national successes, as must ever be

the case where a people feels that it is led and led successfully. The feeble efforts that may have been made to get the control of government into the people's hands are given over, and, in the glorification of successful despotism, the interests of freedom are forgotten.

The lamentable state of affairs in Paris, too, contributes to dishearten Republicans all over Europe. I fear a bloody end awaits the madmen of Montmartre and Belleville, who seem to utterly forget that they are completely in the hands of the German forces, and that Bismarck will never entrust to them and such as they the government of a state which owes him five thousand million francs. Their insane communism would bankrupt the wealthiest country in the world in two years. But, on the other hand, it must be allowed that the revolt in Paris did not take place without great reason. That infamous and cowardly Assembly at Versailles has no other desire than to murder the Republic on the first opportunity. Thiers, much against his will, but in hopes to soothe the excitement in Paris, pledged himself to the Republic, and pretended that he could speak for the Assembly as well; but this body observed on all such occasions an ominous reserve, or broke it only to give expression to its bitter hostility to all democracy in France, and to its intention to take things into its own hands so soon as peace had been fairly concluded, and the odium of the affair been devolved upon the Republic. Who can wonder if Frenchmen grew wild at the thought that, after all the infamy of the Empire, France must again be bridled and bestrid by some pretender to divine right?

Well, it is a fearful abyss of monarchy and corruption to which the French nation has sunk under the Empire and war, or rather from which it never ascended

since the Reign of Terror in 1793. Indeed, when one surveys the gloomy stage of European politics, one is inclined to think the enthusiastic apostrophe of a modern Greek statesman to the American people not exaggerated. "O blessed people of America," he says, "*we have*, but you *exercise*, the wisdom of the ancients. We *celebrate*, you *enjoy*, the golden gifts of liberty alone!" In my opinion, there exists no other people, that is, sovereign community, which is not held together by some foreign pressure save the American people. All others are either simply great herds of individuals, or narrow-hearted little communities of half barbarians, as the so-called peoples of South America. My sheet you see is full, so adieu.

## LXII.

*Pantheism the religion of absolute love; Viennese laborers; Döllinger's stand against the ultramontane policy; Viennese society; the "Independent's" estimate of Goethe.*

VIENNA, April 16, 1871.

An oversight at the post-office in Munich occasioned a delay of ten days in the forwarding and delivery of the letter which, as you will remember, I thought possibly lost. Your last, of March 22d, has come direct, so that "communications are re-established," as the war bulletin has it. Father, you say, thinks pantheism destitute of all power to animate and inspire; he fears it leaves me nothing to live for; that it is only another name for nihilism, etc.; but he shall see when I come home if I have become a philosophical *blasé*, or if I have not rather first acquired my mental and emotional health in Europe. Pantheism, as a system of speculative philosophy has purely theoretical, not pathologi-

cal power, but pantheism, as the religion of absolute love which penetrates all being with the ichor of divine significance, alone can raise man above himself, and, while it does not, as all other religions, obscure his mental vision and lull him in the fatal slumber of bigoted error, it fills his life with heroic cheerfulness, and teaches him to despise whatever has only *self* for its end and aim. But it is no religion for the great mass of men. Who does not feel within him some stirring of divine might, the might of self-sacrifice, let him keep afar from the sacred light of truth, and aspire at most to be only a favorite creature of the great gods, but never feel his blood-kinship with them.

My life shall be a witness of my faith. I have passed forever the valley of the shadow of death, and from henceforth, live with a strength and a comfort which nothing can take from me. I dedicate my life to labor, while my soul rests in the certainty of divine accomplishment. "Not *we* act," says Fichte, "but the universe acts through *us*." How many companions of my purpose shall I find in life? Shall I be utterly alone in this region above the turmoil and feverish strife of men, of a world for which I must labor and which I love? But loneliness is for me no more isolation, for I do not live with God but in God. I should not write these almost wordless thoughts of my soul to you, if I did not reckon upon their finding some echo in you. To all the rest of the world I observe a silence on these things.

Now I must not take up all this letter in such effusions. You propose a half-dozen subjects for me to write about when I run short of matter; the prices of labor, of goods, etc.; whether I made any lady acquaintances in Munich, etc. In Vienna, the costliest

city with the exception of Paris, on the continent laborers' wages range from forty to seventy-five cents per day. The half of this is not paid in the country. The poor live on brown bread, onions, a little side-meat or sausage, and cheap beer. They dwell like rooks in a sea-cave, and wear patches, second-hand garments, or the coarsest imaginable material when they are able to buy it new. In the price of provisions there is not much difference between the markets of Europe and America. There are used here, however, far less sugar and spices in the cookery than at home. Vienna is growing with a rapidity only exceeded by our western cities.

As I wrote you before, the aspect of political affairs is very discouraging. The papers do nothing but lament over the impending ruin, the dissolution of the Empire. You will, no doubt, have heard of the excitement which the Munich professor of theology, Döllinger, has created in Austria and Catholic Germany by his resolute refusal to accept the new dogma of papal infallibility. The young king of Bavaria has taken his part against his bishop; the faculty of the University congratulated him on his manly and powerful defense. In fact, there threatens a new Reformation in the bosom of the Catholic Church. The Common-Council of Vienna has voted him the thanks of the city for daring to take up the glove which the Jesuits of the nineteenth century have hurled down in defiance of all reason, human and divine. It is something unheard of since Luther. Döllinger is an old man, the preceptor of nearly all the bishops of the church in Germany, the first scholar in ecclesiastical history living. You see the Jesuits will have their hands full to prevent an open schism.



In France things seem to have reached the bottom of hopelessness. Whatever may happen, one thing seems certain to be the end of all, a restoration of the monarchy and a political reaction, a new reign of the police, etc.—the next morning's headache after a drunk.

The London Conference seems to have given Russia courage to begin a series of agitations and interferences in the East which she may hope will lead to a war and the acquisition of new territory.

Ladies' society is about as unintelligible a phrase to me as you can well imagine. My ideas of what it is like are derived altogether from books, and this is a scanty source, as I don't read novels. I can remember having spoken about ten minutes to an American lady in a coffee-house in Munich. One can get into society here, if one cares to dress, to hunt introductions through your professor or consul, or to improve all opportunities that chance throws in your way ; but it does n't pay. Mixed society is little cultivated here. Ladies and gentlemen meet at balls or at formal dinner parties, but seldom on any other occasions. The reason of this is to be found, perhaps, in the existence of a great class of women in these large cities called the *demi-monde*. Men seldom marry before thirty or thirty-five years of age, and many never. They find the satisfaction of their social wants, such as they have, easier outside than inside the pale of good society. A girl without money, however beautiful or amiable, stands no chance to find a husband. She goes to swell the ranks of social outcasts. Half the births in Vienna are recorded as illegitimate, and, in fact, a much larger proportion is so. The whole tone of society is something of which an untravelled American can form no idea. Where morals are so universally loose, vice

seems to lose a great part of those features which make it repulsive in more virtuous countries. At least it is not accompanied by such general depravity of character.

The review of Taylor's *Faust* in the *Independent* is a piece of the most outrageous, presumptuous ignorance and contractedness I ever read. It is below criticism. How imperially would the great Goethe have looked down and smiled upon this little masculine prude, with his little Sunday-school view of life and hypercritical, little, verbal criticism ! Coleridge objected to translate *Faust*, but it never occurred to him to call the poem "dreary," and its reputation "conventional." The devil says dirty things in *Faust*. It is a great pity that such geniuses as Shakespeare and Goethe would not be persuaded to leave off such naughty words ; that they persist in painting life *to the life*. If they had only been persuaded, then their works would not be called "dreary," and might be read before mite-societies by young candidates for the ministry, and other such broad-minded individuals. Long may they wave !

LXIII.

*The two great problems ; freedom of the will, and first causes ; the teleological argument refuted ; laws of nature laws of mathematics ; the atom ; the divine significance of all life and its lesson ; culture results of three years ; plans for rounding out a scholar's equipment ; need of further study ; the wishes " to know " and to make others happy.*

VIENNA, May 2, 1871.

Need I say that your letter of March was received and read with the greatest pleasure ? I cannot be

sufficiently grateful for the affectionate tone in which it criticises my position. I should be won by it to give over my opposition for sweet agreement's sake, were it not that the subject under discussion is of the highest moment both to you and me, as to all men.

My complaint that your previous letter was cruel, you must not take exactly. There was nothing meant but a mild reproach for certain polemical acridities that seem, after having served you so many a good turn in public life, to have become almost inseparable from your style. Perhaps I, too, have failed to observe all those bland proprieties of speech which soften contradiction. But then I have no ground to be so sensitive when I reflect that plain speech is justly a prerogative of parental authority.

In reviewing your argument for its [the letter's] *points*, I discover so many things inviting a reply, that I must despair of refuting them all in the limited space of a letter. There is observable an admirable connection, a sequence of thought, in all you write, and I can for that reason hope, by attacking what seem to me the fundamental errors of your position, to bring the entire edifice to fall.

There are two great problems which stand as landmarks between the exoteric and esoteric world—the people and the philosophers. Who has not solved these must be content to count with the masses, though he were a Napoleon, a Shakespeare, or a Newton. One of these is of moral, the other of theoretical interest. They are the so-called *freedom of the will* and the teleological argument for the existence of God.

It exceeds the ordinary man's comprehension to understand how the voluntary character of our acts

is no evidence that our volitions themselves are not the necessary products of our situation and habit of mind. That I can do what I choose to do is evidence to him that the responsibility for the causation of my acts stops with me, whereas throughout all nature we know that there are no first causes, that there exists a *regressus ad infinitum*. You will not need to be told the part this error plays in nearly all systems of theology. It substantiates the individual ; that is, it gives the individual an independent existence co-ordinate with the exterior universe and with God, to whom he is, by virtue of his character as a creature and dependent, again subordinate. Reward and punishment are the reins by which he is directed, and this relation of *quid pro quo* is the only real one that exists between the Christian and his God, or really can exist. You will not pretend to vindicate to man from this relation the quality of divinity, and yet, in contesting my right to use the word *divine*, you declare that "man's divinity consists in his relation to God and immortality."

If endless existence can make that divine which is otherwise not so, then you must admit in matter a superior divinity to your own ; for if you have the endless future before you, *it* has besides this the nobility of an infinite antiquity. What I understand by this word, I will explain farther on. In this digression about free-will, all I desire to do is to show in what relation this error stands to my view of the phenomenality of the individual, that is, to the doctrine of a divine whole of which all individual lives are but moods or expressions, whose real interests, as whose reality, are referable only to this whole. Love is the recognition of this divine truth as all may understand it, and

it is not necessarily accompanied with that degree of theoretical insight which is requisite to *comprehend* the great philosopheme of life.

The second of these almost insurmountable difficulties, the theoretical one, takes, as in your letter, the form of the question, "How else are we to account for the adaptations we discover in nature except by the assumption of a wise Creator?" In all my reading I have not met with a better exposition of the insufficiency of the solution than I myself gave in letters to you from Heidelberg, viz., that, as intelligence itself is a product, first of a certain organism and then of experience of these apparent adaptations in nature, it can in no sense be adduced as in itself the origin and fountain of what we term the wisdom of a plan. In other words, plan and planner are alike the products of absolutely necessary laws.

Since Bacon we have been taught to believe that all wisdom is the product of experience. An intelligence which exists before all experience is something of which we have no conception, and in fact self-contradictory. The blunder committed in both cases is that, in contemplating the world, the subject, that is the person so contemplating, counts himself out, and the objective phenomenal world is viewed as the essential world *per se*. Until this naïve standpoint, which entirely ignores the subject, is passed, there is no use trying to infiltrate speculative ideas into a man. When you have referred the order of the world back to the wisdom of God, you are satisfied to ask no more questions. The divinity is something absolute and admits of no explanation, but it is just this divine character of absolute necessity which science and reason teach us to find in the world. To the philosopher the world does not seem to point to

an extra-mundane Creator, but, in the infinite vicissitudes of life and growth, decay and death, he greets the ever-present, everlasting divinity. The laws of nature are but the laws of mathematics, and the adaptations which we admire are the product of a law, which Darwin has revealed, of natural selection by means of the struggle for existence. How this has worked in every case, is the question for the investigators of coming centuries. We can trace its workings in nature wherever the short space of time in which our observations have been made embraces the genesis of any such adaptation.

As to the atom, I deny neither its existence nor its materiality, but its substantiality ; that is, I consider it, too, "phenomenal." What I showed was, the materialist who holds to its substantiality must admit that it must be smaller than the smallest conceivable space, since the conception *space* is, according to him, a function of the atom. Just as it cannot be perceived because it cannot reflect a vibration of two or more light-atoms, so it cannot be conceived by any action of atoms. The question is very subtle and only meant to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of raw materialism.

My use of the word divine is consonant with my entire view of things. Every manifestation of the divine life is divine, the horse as well as the man. We are *of* and *in* and through the one infinite, All-god. The horse is not only a beast of burden with a price, but a being endowed with courage and beauty and might. But right here is the root of my æsthetics, and indeed it is, what all true poets and artists since Homer have felt, the divine significance of being independent of accidental attributes. That a thing *is*, is cause of endless wonder, of a nameless sensation of admiration in the

true poet. To him the whole universe is holy, is divine. There is no such thing as common, cheap, vulgar, etc., when we feel the genial inspiration of the muse. One thing may be a wider manifestation of the divine than another, yet all are of the same absolute, infinite, inexpressible source. Christians were ashamed to recognize their relationship with the negro while they humbled themselves before God. The pantheist is infinitely glad of his kinship with all life, and feels himself one with the divinity. Theirs is a religion for slaves and masters, a religion of rewards and punishments, of hope and fear. Mine is a religion for brothers, of heroism and love. It seems to you "*narrow and semi-civilized*." To me it seems far too heroic, far too pure and beautiful for many who think themselves at the head of civilization.

I feel how imperfect and incomplete is everything I have written. A subject that requires volumes cannot be disposed of in two sheets, but you will see, if you reflect on what I have written, that I mean to attack the times with a different programme than reformers hitherto. Spinoza and Schleiermacher, my teachers, were satisfied, the one with the bare statement of his theory, the other with a lame accommodation of his views to the church, and consequently with an unclearness and double meaning that hindered his influence from working as he really wished it to.

A word about my stay in Europe. When I came to Germany I arranged a plan of study for the time of my expected residence abroad. It was uncommonly extensive. Teachers and fellow-students have warned me that I ran great risk of superficiality, and that only uncommon talent and uncommon industry could warrant its completion in the time allowed. I calculated

this, according to your own wish, at about six years. Following this plan I have arrived almost at the end of the third year and have every reason to congratulate myself on its success. My aim from the first has been culture, but I have made the important discovery (indeed I made this very soon) that only a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of a subject contributes to strengthen the mind. All outside acquaintance with a science, a language, a literature, a system, a people, or whatever else, only burdens the thinking faculty.

My education is my profession. I must excel in it if I am to be of use to the world or of advantage to myself. In America my life will no doubt be full of intellectual effort, and I shall not cease to learn because I lay off the academic gown, but I shall be far from those libraries, museums, teachers, peoples, and associations, which furnish us the material of our knowledge. Mother wishes me to come home after another year, but she does not comprehend how ruinous this would be to my future usefulness, at least to my weight as a scholar. I should certainly have, even then, an uncommonly good education, and should have no reason to complain, as I am only most thankful for all your priceless goodness to me. But, for the purposes I have in view, there would be still much wanting that I never could acquire in America.

I have especially reserved for the last two years of my stay my historical studies, as also the Italian and French literature. I have sacrificed to my thirst for knowledge everything that other men hold highest. I have but one selfish wish, and that is *to know*. Money, fame, love, youth—all, desirable as they are, must go. Only the love of home will not leave me,



and it still reminds me that I belong to the gentle race of men, and am not a scholastic abstraction.

But my exile will come to an end, and then I shall be at home never to leave it again. I long to be back with you and mother. I think I could make our life so much sweeter than it was, because I have conquered myself completely, and should have but one thought, to make you happy, and when we try this with all our hearts we cannot fail. You must judge whether my stay in Europe three more years is possible. Whatever your decision, I shall receive it with affectionate obedience and not regret the unattainable. How much have I already seen of my youthful dreams, yes, the warmest and most golden dreams of life, float off into the realms of empty and vain things ! I overcame the pain of this when I had no comforting faith, when I felt that I was losing my heart's blood. To miss a certain finish on my scholarship would be to me now a nothing.

## LXIV.

*In Europe and Asia a scholar a title of respect, in America a scholar an object of pity ; caste feeling limits usefulness ; society as a source of progress ; Shakespeare's support in refuting teleological argument.*

VIENNA, May 8, 1871.

Your letter enclosing a most welcome remittance has been received. How could you let so brilliant an opportunity for writing me an interesting letter as a visit home certainly affords, pass unemployed ? The scanty sheet which I received seemed only meant to enfold the precious bit of paper which, I must confess, dimin-

ished somewhat my disappointment. Why no word about Henry's little boys? I loved those children with all my heart, which is a somewhat peculiar heart, and not always able to give a reason for its tender spots.

My "most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" are concerned lest I may foolishly waste my youth in the pursuit of knowledge and acquire a mighty contempt for the wealth of this world. Aforetime this was thought the sign of a noble and ingenuous disposition, but the times change and the world changes with them. In Europe and in Asia the character of a scholar is a title to the respect of all classes. The prince lets the reserve of rank fall in his presence, and the peasant recognizes in him with profound deference his real superior, not his better only in the Herald's office or at the banker's. If American scholars are looked upon as rather objects of pity than respect, they have only themselves to blame. Have they made the people feel that culture is one of the powers which control the affairs of state and public opinion? They must first acquire that culture which gives a man the distinction of scholarship, and they must not be afraid to lay the ban of science and of taste upon many of the people's favorite opinions. Cliques and sects educate men in America to champion their creeds, and the voice of impartial learning is never heard. What wonder, then, that the scholar's gown commands no respect?

There is much to improve in the general character of the learned in Europe. They should lose a great part of that caste feeling which limits their influence to a very contracted circle. The masses are left to the priests, as hopelessly sunk in ignorance and barbarism. The result of this indifference as to the fate of the great body of society is a visible degradation of the moral

standard among the learned themselves. It is only from a great moral purpose that great moral strength can be derived. "The love of truth for the truth's sake" is one of those brilliant phrases which serve to lend a false light to the indifference and selfishness of narrow-hearted students. That scholarship which neglects the great social and living ends of mankind is destined to shrink into the soulless formalism and vicious abstrusity of scholasticism, or into Byzantine pedantry.

We owe every great increment to our insight, to some act of the people. Society, not the learned, is the source of truth. The thinker casts up the accounts which humanity sets down. I admit, this was not always my opinion. I was much rather inclined to ascribe the progress of mankind to the decisive deeds of her great minds, and to find in the masses only that *stupidum pecus*, or stupid herd, whose sole force was the *vis inertiae* with which they resist the light. There is a certain truth in this view, viz., that the masses refuse to accept all the consequences of the position which they may have taken, but it does not follow, because they do not comprehend just where they are, that they are not here. Within the last two years we have seen this doctrine of Schelling's, that consciousness is not a necessary concomitant of all psychological operations, developed by Hartmann into a system which he calls in few words, the "Philosophy of the Unconscious."

Well, I must come back from this excursion into the regions of social science. How surprised was I the other day, when reading Shakespeare, to find the substance of that idea with which I attempted (and as I still think with success) to refute this argument from the adaptations in nature for the existence of a *wise*

author of these same. I argued that intelligence is a *product* of nature and impossible without experience of laws and order, which of course must exist before they can be the objects of experience; therefore intelligence cannot be the primary origin of any order or adaptation. Shakespeare says in *The Winter's Tale*,

" Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean " ;

and

" This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—changed it rather ; but  
The art itself is nature." \*

How many men have admired the point of these lines without grasping their profound significance. Shakespeare himself was, no doubt, unconscious of the reach of this utterance. It is an example for Hartmann's philosophy. What is it that does not come within the full orb of that capacious soul ! The world seems like an illustration to Shakespeare.

E—— writes me that he hopes to stand his examination this fall in Würzburg, where he now is. He then will make a short tour through Italy, and home. We shall probably manage to meet in Trieste. I think of going this way to Greece, as cheaper than the route through Constantinople. The Danube is a very monotonous stream. You must not publish criticisms of persons which I write home, not for the world ! because I am religiously opposed to giving any soul offense.

\* These quotations are to be found early in Scene 3 of Act IV. in *The Winter's Tale*.

## LXV.

*The poesy of the prairies ; philosophic and art studies quicken a love of nature ; character of western institutions of learning ; the solidarity of all interests ; promise of co-operation ; transformations of the struggle for existence.*

VIENNA, May 25, 1871.

Your Sunday morning letter came all the way to Vienna without losing the light and fragrance of a western Spring, the mystic charm of a blossoming prairie. It is true this was not on the paper, but woven in with the words and was for my mind's nose (to vary Hamlet) most sweet incense. Do you know, I think the poesy of our great prairies a more ethereal spirit even than of ocean scenery, or the bosky, shadowy recesses of the German forests. The sea has something more elemental, I admit ; the restless, endless waters and the moving pomp of clouds, the shifting colors of dawn and noon, and night with only the infinite azure of heaven in rest,—all this lends the ocean a spiritual significance which no landscape possesses. The sea is the type of Spinoza's soul. It is pantheistic, eternal change, cradled in an eternal sameness. But the prairie partakes largely of this elemental character too, and, besides, it introduces, in the colorless region of the pure idea, the first dawn of feeling. It is, as when the cloudless night-ether is thrilled by the yet invisible sun ; for in the solitude of the elements we are warned by the flowers at our feet of the presence of that divine life which is in soul and flower alike. But this volatile spirit is gone when the hand of cultivation stamps the mark of man's necessities upon the

virgin soil. A higher reflection will console us ; so cheer on the plow !

You can scarcely conceive how abnormally sensitive my, for the most part sedentary, life, pent up in great cities, has made me to the beauty of nature. My philosophical studies have contributed, perhaps more even than this deprivation, to quicken the rapport between me and the visible universe. You know I am a pantheist ; and in addition to these causes may be reckoned, as no less important, my study of art. How such a study elevates and purifies and intensifies the sensuous nature ! We grow to take a delight in mere tones of color, in rhythmical lines, which seem childish to the unimpressible rationalist. It is impossible to translate all feelings into ideas.

You speak glowingly of the prosperity of your new State. I should be glad to identify myself with the interests of Kansas, even if for a long time I should have much uncongenial work. An institution of learning in the West, however munificently endowed, must in the nature of things long remain a mere diploma factory for the benefit of aspirants to the learned (?) professions which pay ; *i. e.*, law, medicine, theology, etc. But, notwithstanding, such a point presents a real scholar with the best opportunities for sowing the seeds of genuine culture,—although he is expected merely to decorate with a sort of intellectual evergreen which has grown in other men's minds and keeps its color without roots. Depend upon it, the next thirty years will witness a revolution in the way of thinking with us not less important, and, in its consequences, even far more reaching than the results of the glorious agitation which has made America indeed what she boasts to be, the home of the free.

European thinkers have prepared a revolution, a new era, which the masses here are too lethargic to achieve. America must accomplish in the majesty of strength and moral assurance, and in the sunlight of clear insight, what weighs upon that unhappy city, Paris, like a nightmare.\* It is not better insight or a better will, which preserves the other great cities of Europe from the convulsions that are just drawing to a close in the French capital ; it is apathy, the blind custom of submission.

The unequal distribution of wealth in our age is becoming an intolerable oppression. The poor are being educated, they are acquiring sensibilities, wants, feelings, which were strange to the pariahs of former times, and yet the means of gratification are beyond their reach. I am not a French communist. I do not believe that the state can remedy this evil. It must be the masses themselves who seize the great ideas of the solidarity of all interests, of the vanity of self, of the religious necessity of co-operation. The co-operation of the poor will level wealth, and that without a single violent interference with the natural laws of industry and trade ; but the world must undergo a new birth, such as was the regeneration of the pagan world by the Christian gospel, before co-operation in this sense is possible.

I am no believer in a millennium, but I do believe that the eternal struggle for existence, which is the very principle of life, takes higher forms. From a struggle with weapons of murder, as life is among cannibal men, it became a struggle of business interests, and such is the chief content of life to-day ;

\* The aspiration for freedom, then set back by the struggle with the Commune.

but the time will come when the possession of enormous wealth will no longer be an object of universal desire, as we are already past that period in which the frame of a bruiser was the most valuable gift of nature. I am not sanguine as to the maturity of the people for this idea,—the pantheistic idea as I cherish it, but between its full realization and affairs as they are, are a hundred stages. Nature makes no leaps, she has time and she takes time, but if in my lifetime I can see that a number of resolute spirits have comprehended the evil and its remedy I shall not be disappointed. Politics is the great school of the people. The political partisan is obliged to keep in view the interests of a great commonwealth, and it is impossible for him to refer these always to his own private ends. He learns to go out of himself, and this is our salvation.

After two months of almost continuously bad weather we are enjoying a pleasant spell of late spring sunshine. My health is good. I take very great interest in your accounts of your work at home, but I can answer nothing. I have no idea what home looks like, where your fields are, what your stock is, and who your neighbors. You will perhaps have no better idea of my surroundings, although you only have to imagine a room on the ground-floor and looking out on a street of four-story houses without yards or trees. The parks and squares of the city are not visible from my window.

I lack for nothing which can make my solitary existence cheerful but the society of the loved ones at home. I could live for less money, but it would be injurious to me. I make of my minor inclinations, which are sometimes expensive, allies against more dangerous ones. You will understand.



## LXVI.

*The immortality of love ; pantheism a doctrine ; divinity the ground of phenomenal nature ; pure being defined ; moral consequences of this doctrine ; a Corpus Domini Sunday in Vienna ; a mystic rapture and its reaction ; a review of Jowett's "Plato" ; a case of pedantry without learning ; Liberal defeat in Austria.*

VIENNA, June 7, 1871.

DEAR MOTHER :—How often do I pause when I have written these tenderest of words, and repeat them over and over, as if I could win from their heartfelt tone the matter of a whole letter ! What they do not convey is of but accidental importance. Yes, a whole life is not poor that has no other gold at heart than that which rings in these pure old Saxon words. It is not the shifting circumstance, the phenomenal garment of life, which we cherish ; it is our love, and this is eternal ; but then that is a great mystery. The vulgar make them carven images of the infinite or liken it to the endlessness of time ; but the reality of things is not in time. It is where the distinctions of *before* and *after* fall away in the reflection of Being upon itself, in the *For-itself* of Hegel, the closed circle of the Absolute. Our immortality is a quality, says the great dialectician of Berlin, not an endless succession of existences that have no bond but that of an ever-fading memory.\*

\* Suggestive of Hume's difficulty. "There are two principles which I cannot render consistent, nor is it in my power to renounce either of them, viz., *that all our distinct conceptions are distinct existences*, and *that the mind never perceives any real connection among distinct existences*. Did our perceptions either inhere in something simple or individual, or did the mind perceive some real connection among them, there would be no difficulty in the case." Hume's *Works*, vol. ii., p. 551 (1874).

But are not these abstrusities very out of place in a letter? See to it that you are not to blame, as well as I, by propounding such questions as in your last, whether, namely, pantheism be not another name for that popular trinity of ideas, "the true, good, and beautiful." Do pay attention to what I am going to write and you cannot fail of getting a clearer conception of what philosophical pantheism means. It is a *doctrine* which asserts that the divinity must be conceived as the reality, the ground (Spinoza says substance) of the phenomenal world, which, as phenomenal, cannot have in itself the ground of its own being, for that which *really is*, and not merely exists as phenomenon, cannot be subject to extinction and is not produced. Matter is the phenomenal form of this being, but matter is a representation of the senses, and all questions as to what matter is in itself, that is, what the atom is, are senseless, and involve a contradiction, in so much as they inquire after the *substantial* nature of that whose entire nature is phenomenal. Pure being, or the *absolute*, is not an *object* of our thinking, so that we do *not know about it*, but it is one with thought; in other words, it is the inseparable reality, which is one and the same in all things. It is the unthinkable, and yet the condition of all thought, the invisible condition of all seeing. It is the one thing which *is*, and it alone *is*, and is God.

Yet all the world is its revelation and we are moments in the eternal being. *Necessity* is its nature, *love* its realization, *beauty* its significance. Thus pantheism is not another name for these three ideas, but the standpoint from which alone they can be adequately conceived, and from which their inner identity appears. The absolute necessity or sameness in the succession

of events is the law of truth. The phenomenality of the individual and necessary transfer of our interests from self to the absolute, whose manifestation is the world, is the law of love or the good. The recognition in the single forms of life of significance which has only the ground of all being for its farthest bound, is the law of beauty. So this is a popular definition of my pantheism, which is in great part that of Spinoza. As it is the simplest, so is it the deepest and most difficult conception of the world. It requires of its disciple the profoundest inner penetration of being, the resolution of all phenomenal existence into its absolute being and absolute necessity. It requires, moreover, the completest conquest of self, without an ascetic self-mortification, which is only another way to obtain the sweets of heaven. It gives its disciple the sense of divinest dignity and strength, and the only freedom, which is a *harmony* with the law, not a power to disobey. When my desires are measured by my capacity I am free.

June 8th—This is a day of high solemnity in the Catholic world. It is the feast of Corpus Domini, and the ecclesiastical pomp of Austria's ancient capital has celebrated in long procession and mystic rite the sacred memory of the last supper of the first disciples with their beloved master. How easy for the susceptible mind, even of a disbeliever in the supernatural machinery of the Christian tradition, to bury itself in the melodious twilight, and holy calm of this festival!

I arose this morning at an early hour, after a delightful night's repose. In soul and body I felt the enlivening quiet of a summer dawn, glad of my innocence and health. I could, it seemed to me, have died for this beautiful world without a murmur, without fear.

Everything that met my eye was beautiful, wonderfully significant, with a meaning which I understood, but could not translate in words. The flowers in my window seemed the first I had ever seen and appeared imperishable, divine thoughts in light. My room seemed a sanctuary and my books luminous with the spirit of their great authors. Every passer on the street seemed a friend to whom I need but speak to hear the kindly voice of recognition.

Why should I, in such a Sunday temper, not lay aside my pride of thought and my republican scorn, and attend the expected ceremony with the heart of a simple Catholic and legal subject of the imperial house of Hapsburg? So I did. For two hours I forgot I was a disciple of Spinoza and a born freeman who would bury the world in fire rather than bend the stubborn knee. I took my place among the spectators; the sky was of the softest blue; the sun was covered by a floating cloud; with solemn music the procession moved past the great decorated altar erected in the open air, where a reverend bishop conducted the ceremony of high mass.

First came the monks with innumerable banners, then the charitable orders of laymen, the city councilmen, the Parliament, the ministry, the military dignitaries, the court officials, the nobility, the imperial majesties; again officers, monks, courtiers. It was a brave show of gold and brocade, of monk's serge and laymen's broadcloth.

But my exalted sentiments grew gradually cooler. I began to feel the absurdity of this military tinsel and royal buncombe and sacerdotal vanity. The multitude began to revive in me images of their real life,—its selfishness and lewdness. I thought of the horrors of Paris, the mighty injustice of our time,

and that the same chasm which had yawned there and swallowed its thousands, was here covered only by the thinnest incrustation. It was time for me to go. So I slipped away and, as the sun in the meantime had climbed to noon and was glowing in all his oppressive majesty, I sought the cool garden of a neighboring restaurant, where, at a quiet little table under green elm branches, I ate my soup and beef-steak and washed it down with a healthy glass of beer. Here I thought better of the world again, for a good digestion is a mighty peace-maker, and I laughed to myself at my sentimental experiment of the morning. It had been but a partial success. I had even so far lost my pious self-possession as to laugh inwardly at the idea that my fellow-devotees would have all kissed the pope's toe if they could. This sort of killed the rapport between us.

What a difference between this mummery and living religion, which, for the intellect of our age, is none other than pantheism! The windows of the soul are opened; the sound of the eternal waters of life fills us; the breezy, blossoming, shining might of nature purifies us; the glory of infinite love and freedom delivers us. So I thought, as I strode homeward through the crowded streets where everything was fast resuming its work-day exterior. Since in Europe I have lived too much in cities. It is here so hard to preserve that religious regard for strangers which we should never lose. The city is the home of cynics, misanthropists, and criminals, and in the city there is no hospitality.

The *Tribune's* review of Jowett's *Plato* that you sent me has reached me. The reviewer evidently and confessedly knows little or nothing of Greek thought.

He indulges in sophomorical generalities. I have not room to enlarge on a subject like the genius of Plato, I should need to fill a book, were I to commence.

Did not R—— tell you that he had dropped communication with me? He has a learned curiosity about the language of the Hottentots and is ignorant of the language of Kant and Goethe. This school-boy vanity to know something of many things is ridiculous in a man. When he ran away from his declaration, all he had to do, no doubt, to regain his self-respect, was to repeat the alphabets of forty-languages, and reassure himself that they were still fast in his memory. But he was a good fellow in spite of his vanity. It is only a pity he ever married. Had he come to Germany and seen what it takes to make a scholar, he would have been either cured of his notions or have set to work and acquired some solid information. He has not heart enough to be happy as a husband and father. His controlling passion is a love of shining, not of seeing the light, and when he is sufficiently convinced that, by some dogged blunder or other, he has missed making a great stir in this world, he will become a most ardent candidate for the eternal crown in the next. It is against such natures that pantheism is powerless. It offers nothing that they desire, for their whole desire is self.

The Liberals have just suffered a stunning defeat in the Austrian Parliament. The Hohenwart ministry, which is charged with intentions hostile to the constitution and the solidarity of the German population, that is their predominance, by the establishment of a Bohemian state, *à la* Hungary, has defeated the Liberal majority of the Reichstag on the test question of the budget. The majority of the Reichstag had expressed their lack of confidence in the present ministry in an

address to the Crown. The Emperor, however, returned their paper of grievance with the gracious signification of his trust that they would co-operate with his ministry in restoring the country to a much-needed tranquillity. The Left, which had voted the address, then resolved to resort to the last means in the hands of a Parliament which has to deal with a constitutional sovereign. They resolved to refuse the public money to this ministry, but on the test vote they were deserted by a number of their party sufficient to give the Government an easy victory. In the address they had said *A.* but had not the courage to say *B.* This is a constitutional state with a vengeance.

The blood-hounds of Versailles, who have murdered more poor, deluded workmen and artisans of Paris—men who, in the desperation of a sack and storm where no mercy was given, shot sixty-four hostages and fired the palaces of their oppressors—than the guillotine of the old revolution beheaded, are about to restore the pokey old Bourbon dynasty. France barter liberty for servile king-worship, as a heathen sells his child to purchase jewel eyes for some lopped, mahogany idol. *Anathema sit!*

## LXVII.

*The sane courage of philosophic insight; Bacon and Comte enemies of speculation; the moral energy of pantheism; virtue defined; moral responsibility; eradication of selfishness; nature of mysticism; a new faith always seems immoral; a French agriculturist; fearless and honest intellectual industry.*

VIENNA, June 12, 1871.

DEAR FATHER :—Your letter of May 28th, although accompanied by mother's affectionate lines, deserves by

reason of its more serious character to take precedence in my reply. I was overjoyed to receive so voluminous a remembrance from home, after so long a period of slender notes,—apparent imitations of Cæsar's dispatches. But then there is no good thing that is wholly good. I was painfully affected to see how little you sympathize with those views which appear to me to be the guaranties for the future of a stronger and purer manhood in the world.

Your letter contained some thoughtful remarks on the tendency of highly gifted men to insanity. This is one of the saddest of the numerous testimonies to the feverish and unsettled character of our epoch. Since the religious and intellectual revolutions, or rather incomplete revolutions and therefore more properly convulsions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the ground has quaked under us as never before. But could Philosophy have a better title to the respect of the world than is the fact that she alone has shielded her sons from harm? Not a name on her immortal roll is darkened. Poets and religious thinkers have been blasted by these storms ;—natures whose exquisite sensibilities lacked the clear order and measured power of intellectual health, the courage and the heart which comes of insight.

Bacon was the father of empiricism, which, in its one-sided consequence, denies philosophy the right of existence. The world in which he lived and which he studied was not the divine world of the philosopher, but a mere mechanism whose points and bars he examined. No wonder then that he was not filled with awe and reverence for its laws.

The eccentric Frenchman, Comte, was the arch-enemy of all speculation and all philosophy which he



could not bring under some rubric of mathematics or chemistry. Of course he lacked, as all such thinkers must lack, the first and fundamental principle of moral wisdom. When materialists and positivists, who are the same, come to deal with social and religious questions, they are sure to make a fiasco.

But the serious matter in your letter is your assertion that pantheism must be destitute of all moral power—a mere theory without all truth for the inner man. A system of thought, you say, adapted to the wants of our age, must be a powerful reformatory doctrine, must make men better, and this you consider pantheism incapable of doing. We are in this last opinion a whole heaven apart. To be short, I maintain that there is absolutely no other principle of morality than pantheism, that there is nothing in heaven or on earth *morally good* but that recognition of the identity of interest between all life which we call love, and which is unthinkable upon any other supposition than that the interest we take in the world about us is based on an *identity of being*. Everything else is but one form or another of selfishness, and not moral.

The only rational definition of virtue is the disinterested interest an individual takes in others. If you deny the existence of such a sentiment, then how can you talk of morality? There is then no distinction between good and bad but that of prudent and imprudent selfishness. The man who does not steal for fear of punishment or in hope of being *better* rewarded for leaving it alone, and not out of respect and solicitude for his neighbor's welfare and the general security of society, is not a moral man; nor is he who avoids a life of lewdness for reasons of the same sort, and not because he is prevented by that profound harmony of

the emotional and sexual nature which shrinks with an involuntary aversion from all connections not ennobled and justified by the devotion of the whole soul in pure and exclusive love. Such men may be everything else, they are not moral.

Pantheism you say denies man's responsibility. I agree with you as to the fact, but with this difference, that I consider this so-called responsibility of one to another as a very hollow conception. It serves its turn till we have a better. If a man is so unfortunate as to lack feeling for what is right and in the interest of society, we are obliged to bring motives to bear upon his conduct which are intelligible to him. He is to be pitied. His weakness or his contracted nature, which deprives him of feeling for everything but certain selfish ends, is his misfortune. Hate, retaliation, revenge, condemnation, these are all affections of the mind incompatible with that philosophic insight which comprehends everything in its causes. All evil is a want, a vacancy, and not properly the object of any passion. Good alone is positive, a something, and the object of our esteem. Does a heart that beats with love for all life, or a spirit full of noble and heroic purpose, cease to be the wonderful and heavenly thing it is, because these qualities are directly the fruit of a propitious birth and education? What impotence of the understanding is it which brings so many people constantly back to this absurd objection to all rationalism. "Ah, then a man is not responsible?" What do they want to do with a poor sinner?

We must understand that no individual existence is justified in itself. This sounds Calvinistic, but it is better,—pantheism. That doctrine, really polytheism, which makes as many independent beings as there are

ephemeral men and which puts every creature on a basis of his own, is the very opposite of piety and sense. To refer all love to self is as false as that shallow idealism that denies the existence of the outward world, and transfers it all to the brain and senses of the observer, as if the observer together with his brains and senses were not parts of this same outward world. The mistake in both cases is that *that* is referred to *self* which must be referred to *God*. For it is true that everything, as well our perceptions as our affections, must be referred for their *reality* to the one absolute ground of being, so that what we see and what we love in everything is the one divinity.

It is a peculiarity of pantheism that it does not seek to work morally by holding out enticing motives to virtue, but by producing in mind and heart a real enlightenment and fervor. It is of the essence of morality, as of pantheism, to direct the attention away from self, and how can this be done where mere inducements to being good are presented? Pantheism inculcates morality in a moral way, or, in philosophical language, its form and content are identical. All other ethical doctrines make use of illegitimate and immoral means. These are necessary in the infancy of moral ideas, as it is necessary to give a little boy gingerbread to induce him to learn his letters, but it is expected that the mature scholar studies for learning's sake.

The soul that has been seized by the truth of pantheism must necessarily feel and see the vanity and nothingness of all selfish aims. He is accustomed to ascribe all things to the infinite source of life, and how can he take pleasure in vindicating the glory of his own performances, which are not his own, to himself who is but a transient gleam from the central source

of all light? He must feel the deepest kinship with the wonderful world of souls about him, and no less with those to be in all time as with those who have been. How absurd, then, must appear to him, arrogance and pride of place, the cruelty of power and prejudice? And yet how sublime is that pride, or rather joy, he feels in his wonderful existence, in this very divine kinship with all being! Were a radiant angel from unknown distances to visit our planet, he would go to greet him with the fearless consciousness that they carried in their souls the same life. Let Christians and pagans bend their knee in worship. My worship is a worship of strength. I do not pray for the eternal salvation of that which is but a husk of life,—the form of self.

Every one feels that he is himself, and not another, and this self is in every one the same identical *I*. The difference is in the memory we must say, but as two things which are just alike are not the same, so we have no criterion of self. The individual is phenomenal. How do we know but that some unknown power may take away our life every night and substitute another *I* in its place. We can well imagine that a memory could be produced in other ways than by experience, as the instinct of certain animals is innate, and their brain, as their limbs, takes a mature form without that exercise necessary to develop body and mind in man and the higher, more complicated organisms of the animal kingdom. He who grows attached to self, as the one great consideration in this life, is a great fool, and, unless he can persuade himself of the truth of certain Hebrew fables, he may expect that his death will be the final extinction of all he has learned to love. But I repeat that pantheism does not wish to

reform men by inducements of fear or reward, but by the innate power of enlightenment which its views carry with them.

You see I am not of a mind to abandon my philosophy as a mere closet theory. Pantheism is revealed mysticism. The unclear efforts of deeply religious minds have always been to the denial of self, the glorification of God, and the abstraction from the conditions of time and place upon which personality depends. But the lack of the genuine philosophical element of clear conception entangled them in a net of false ideas, allegorical figures of speech, extreme views, and contradictory notions. One endeavors in vain to see what Christ meant by the kingdom of heaven. His prayer is that this kingdom come on earth, and that God's be the glory and power forever,—a genuine pantheistical prayer. In other places he seems to expect this kingdom hereafter, and in this sense it is that his disciples and the Christian world have understood him.

But enough for the present of this subject. Read with care what I have written, and consider if it alone is not in harmony with the knowledge of our age and our ideals of moral purity and height. Remember, too, that every step forward costs a great exertion, and that a new faith always seems immoral because it is too moral for the taste of the masses. Remember how the early Christians seemed to the pagan world to be the scandalous despisers of all things holy and the disturbers of civil authority, while their feasts of love gave occasion to the most infamous suspicions and slanders.

Your high-falutin description of all the forty black-birds to be baked in my philosophic pie is very good, only I shall not attempt the gorgeous quite to

the degree you suppose. I have still much to learn in husbanding my power. There is great danger of a young thinker going out in a *brilliant fizz*, for the temptation to lavish our ideas right and left is great. Organic rhythm in the edifice of our ideas and fine tenacious consistency in all the parts, is preferable to gaudy ornamentation,—a barbaric splendor of detail. The Greek temple, not the Indian pagoda, should be our model.

While I think of it, I must mention a wish of a friend of mine, a young Frenchman. He is a student of law, but by inclination and home-associations a farmer. His wish is to go to America and live a year in the family of some intelligent and prosperous western countryman, in order to familiarize himself with our system of agriculture. He would then have an opportunity to make a more favorable investment in land than if he were obliged to buy within a short time. He has a respectable property in the south of France which would turn him some seven or eight thousand dollars. Of course he would take hold and be of what service he could, but not as a hired man, as he would expect to pay something for his board. Do you know a farmer whom you could recommend? It would (this is my own opinion) be all the better if there were a daughter in the family who might like such a match. He is an exceptionally decent Frenchman, well educated and speaks already tolerably good English.

It has grown suddenly very warm in Vienna, so that I do really more reading than hard continuous study, in order not to lose time. It is my habit to put off my literary studies till summer. I make no more verses, but I read other men's with more judgment

and healthy appreciation. I take, too, more interest in political questions since I begin to see the consequent political tendencies of my own philosophical principles. These give me a mastery of the situation at all times that I have not had before. It is my earnest endeavor to deserve the sacrifices you make for me by fearless and honest intellectual industry. We are both working, I hope, in different ways for the same noble end. We are allies. If it is impossible to support me three years longer in Europe, why then I shall come home, and make the best use possible of what I have acquired. I feel the importance of these years in the preparation for a life of such usefulness as I would propose for myself; but these great interests of the race do not hang upon individuals, and in all cases I could do my part.

This summer I am twenty-two years of age, and I am still wrestling with the great questions of life, but already with the certainty of victory. In the past three years I have made, perhaps, less progress in knowledge than in power. I was too much absorbed, but from now on I shall collect with increased rapidity that abundance of knowledge which gives us in life a formidable ally against the misshapen births of error and ignorance. I wish to start toward the first of September for Greece. I have money to last till the first of August. I should like very much to be able to start with a considerable sum, because it is a little out of the world down there. Mother will excuse me, after this long letter, for not answering her in detail.

## LXVIII.

*Voices of a western summer ; the harmony of the Greek development ; study of early Christian literature ; little love of the stage.*

VIENNA, August 8, 1871.

After several days' impatient waiting, I received, I believe it was last Wednesday, your letter with the post-mark of June 19th. Harvest time in the country is certainly a sufficient reason for neglecting every thing not involving capital consequences. The busiest season with you is for me, if not the most vacant of the year, at least occupied in lightest work. The severe heat makes it impossible to continue my usual exertions without serious danger of injuring my health. I do not suffer, as you, from the distraction of a summer luxury of flowers, from the stillness of murmurous woodlands and ripening wheat-fields, broken by the cooing of wild wood-doves. Such soporific surroundings make a dreamer of me. I live in the land of Virgilian idyls. My soul floats in the golden haze of a Correggian *chiaroscuro*.

Your letter worked these images of bucolic repose, but these are *only* images, for the plaintive murmur of turtle-doves in the hollow timber or about summer-colored wheat-fields does not reach me here. The storm-goaded, broad, shimmering Atlantic welters between us. What I do hear is the sweet prattle of school children in the street and the million-voiced complaint of toil. Labor, the inevitable lot of man, the oppressor of every generation, and yet our only protector ! Kingly labor ! I heard the rector of Berlin University, the famous physician and naturalist,



Du Bois-Reymond,\* recommend work as the thinker's compensation for a heaven full of angels, which his syllogisms or his scalpel had abolished. I do not share his soulless view of life, but I shall never forget the grand pathos of those cold, hard words with which he closed our labors of a year.

You wish to know what I expect to accomplish by going to Greece besides perfecting my knowledge of the language. That itself is a major consideration with me, as you know my intention is to make Greek a specialty, not only the language, but the entire cyclus of Hellenic science. The great value of the remains of Greek civilization for the culture of our time is to be found in the wonderful harmony in every department of Greek thought, art, politics, trade, morals, and manners. This is the only people in history whose development has been normal. The other nations of antiquity either swamped, stagnated at an early period, or were from the first one-sided and contracted, as the Romans. The nations of modern times are still less able to give us an idea of the normal development of human society. Our religion is an Orientalism engrafted on our race. Our art is, since the Renaissance, a mixture of antique and Christian elements. The intelligence of the age and its political institutions are in no way reconcilable. We are in a transition state, or perhaps our situation may be better characterized as dyspeptic. The time will come when we shall have fully assimilated all these foreign elements, and then our progress will assume the same character of logical consequence, which is the

\* Emil Heinrich Du Bois-Raymond was born in Berlin in 1818, and at forty became professor of physiology in the University there. He died 28th December, 1896.

admiration of the thinker in the annals of Greek society.

But this is not answering your question. I shall profit, no doubt, very much by an acquaintance with a people so peculiar and, in many respects, remarkable as the modern Greeks. Then I shall be able in Greece to survey, so to say, from without the edifice of German thought that which appears to me so grand a mass from within. I shall study in Greece the New Testament and early Christian literature with the aid of the most valuable German investigations in this department. My views will bring me, no doubt, in collision with the churchmen of America, and I cannot afford to do without the tremendous weapons which the philological criticism of our time has forged against the original documents of Christianity.

But this is of course a minor matter. My Greek reading will occupy me chiefly. At present I am engaged in voluminous readings of contemporary German *belles-lettres*. A few weeks' work in this field will be of great value to me, as it will give me the last finish of a real German's education. Foreigners read Jean Paul, Goethe, Heine, Uhland; but these represent the Germany of the past.

Our lectures are out. The semester closes here earlier than in Germany. The tone of the flute grows gradually softer and my command of bravura-passages encouragingly better. Perfection in managing an instrument that is next in *expression* to the voice I find to be an extremely difficult affair. Only the patience of a German student is equal to the task. I hope you will not let me wait till the tenth of August for my remittance. If I get a sufficient amount I may leave for Greece the middle of next month.

The notice of Billy's début as a clog-dancer was as flattering as such a performance could well deserve. It is very well, if brother's ambition is not bounded on more than one side by the reputation of Tommy Queen. I have a great curiosity to see sister play, for instance, the rôle of a sentimental boarding-school miss desperately in love with a lieutenant of dragoons, or father in the character of a pottering old house-tyrant who has to deal with a fast son and indulgent mother. I think I could play the part of a French dancing-master about as well. In fact I could never act in any capacity, and I am certain that this is your case. Father might carry some rôles, I think, very finely, but I have my serious doubts as to sister's histrionic talents. Billy ought to act comedy to the life, and in a few years he will be able, perhaps, to personate Romeo with no less naturalness. Without being an enemy of the stage, I must confess that, of all forms of art, it is this with which I have least sympathy. My taste is most likely one-sidedly idealistic, but I never left the theatre in my life other than hugely disappointed. This letter is tardy and moreover poorly written. But my intention and love are always the same.

## LXIX.

*To Greece; labor checks the activity of the brain; of letters in American journalism; Greeley's apprehension of law and pantheism; the Bohemians recalcitrant; a Sabbath's meditation.*

VIENNA, Aug. 10, 1871.

DEAR FATHER:—As you see, I observe the most strenuous equity in addressing my letters, that is, I

write *to* you when I hear *from* you ; not as if only such letters were meant for you, but because mother, who has more time or patience or a greater vocabulary and writes oftener, writes better when she answers me directly. I have cashed my exchange and again feel the ground solid under my feet, which same feet itch to be on the way to Greece. Now if you understood Latin, I should quote you the most beautiful lines in the world from Catullus, who once made the same journey after bidding his companions farewell. I shall not wait till the first of September, but break up on the coming twentieth.

How glad I am to hear that you have recovered health and strength ! Your work is more oppressive than mine, even if less straining. Labor of the hands is dulling to the mind and sensibilities. I shall not forget what a torture farm-work was for me, not because I lacked strength or will, but because it acted as a check upon the restless motion of the brain. It was like a freeze in spring on the ground where a thousand things are shooting into light. To work well one must be entirely occupied in the business on hand.

The proposition you make, to the effect that I should contribute a series of letters to some American journal, meets my fullest approval. I have been considering the matter some time myself. Not to speak of what I might earn, which, however little, would in our circumstances be a great consideration, I should profit in the highest degree by such an exercise of my pen. The first question is, what to write ! I certainly do not lack material, but it will require no little art to select from this for an American public. The usual subjects for foreign correspondents, descriptions of places, of people, of monuments of art, incidents of

travel, etc.—are so well worn that, with my modest means of hunting up sensations, I should not make much in this way. It seems to me, as you suggest, that I had better confine myself more or less to the inner side of students' life in Europe, and endeavor to give an idea of the currents of thought and feeling in the learned world.

Another question is, who will publish such matter? I do not feel competent to write upon such subjects for *The Nation*, and the *Tribune* is, I fear, too deeply bounded by public opinion to allow me the necessary tether. I have radical views which, it is true, admit of a moderate statement, but which in any form will give offense. But this matter I leave to you. By my next letter I hope to send you a specimen contribution. It is going to be very difficult for me to get under way. My studies have so estranged me from the style of thought and exposition required by a writer for the periodical literature of America.

Yesterday I received mother's letter enclosing Greeley's address on the occasion of laying the cornerstone of Buchtel College. I could not help thinking with what exquisite satire Prof. Prantl, the author of the first history of Logic and the keenest philosophical critic in Germany, would illustrate this gorgeous address. Such a confusion of ideas, such juggling with nebulous conceptions, and such thick-skinned ignorance on such an occasion! This caucus-metaphysician, Greeley, says that to his "apprehension law is the dictate of an intelligent will, or it is nothing." To his apprehension law is certainly nothing—that is, he has never, even in a dream, had an apprehension of law. I should be curious to witness a repeal of the laws of geometry and numbers, which are the laws of mechan-

ics and chemical affinities. Perhaps this great lobbyist will undertake to gratify me. But this is not the worst ; he confounds the conceptions, law and force, so that gravitation, magnetic-attraction, electricity, etc., all appear to him enactments of an intelligent will !! The law of gravitation and the force of gravitation are two very different things. The first is a simple statement in mechanics of the geometrical theorem that the superficies varies as the square of the bounding sides ; the latter, the force of gravitation, is a reality, a fact that no more admits an explanation than a clump of mud.

What right has he to speak of matter as "*blind, inert, unconscious, soulless*" ? Has ever he seen an atom of such matter ? He denies matter the functions which all matter has, and then he perorates over the empty conception of his own imagination. It is not surprising that a man, so confused in the simplest considerations of the material world, should be so well acquainted with its Author. In fact, he speaks of the moral and other qualities of God like a Methodist, and why not ? Is not this God of his as much his own work as if he had carved him out of box-wood ? But it is the privilege of genius and piety "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Greeley saw the time when he believed less, but he is another of those little boats which do not venture on the sea of speculation too far from shore. Such men when they grow old, as Prof. Prantl says, "go home," that is, they return to the sheep-fold which they never should have quitted.

But, if Greeley's conception of materialism is shallow and confused, his definition of pantheism must be called maudlin. It is beneath criticism. The pantheist's God is a "kind of God" blended and confounded with the material universe, "a resultant of

forces which he did not create, which he cannot modify, and of whose very existence he has no *real* perception." Does he imagine that any rational creature, not to speak of a thinker like Spinoza, ever satisfied himself with such sop for idiots? Pantheism would be more accessible to Greeley if it were in the moon or at the centre of the earth than in the pages of Spinoza and Hegel.

We are having very interesting times at present in Austria. The Czechs (Bohemians) persist in refusing to send their delegation to the national Parliament till their sub-nationality has received a recognition similar to that of Hungary. It is expected the Emperor will be crowned at Prague before the present ministry takes its hand from the work of conciliation. The Germans are outraged and talk of the great catastrophe with very significant emphasis.

You will hear from me again before my departure from Vienna. I cannot as yet determine the exact expenses of my trip but I think I shall have money till the first of October. My friend the Frenchman will probably come to you in the spring, after making his examination in Paris as a doctor of law.

*(Enclosed in the foregoing letter.)*

*A Sabbath Meditation.*

And after the labor of six days the world, which had not been, was completed. On the seventh there was rest, a pause after the creation of stars and flowers and souls, a pause of divine silence,—the profoundest being of divinity was realized. Six days which *are* time, and the seventh which is beyond time. Beautiful and thoughtful legend of the labor of the Most High! How many blossoms of feeling have the poets gathered for us from the steeps of life, or from wonderful, hid-

den places accessible to the feet of genius ! What glorious insight do we not owe to the inspired meditations of the wise ? Life we think worthless without this abundance of music and light, and it is seldom we are seized by an overpowering sense that the worth of existence, the significance of being, is something far other than can be expressed in words, or tones, or touches even of supremest love ; seldom that the sabbath of infinite peace enters our hearts, this divine goal to which all beauty and sorrow and joy and terror of life alike look ! Man may not look for happiness, nor any form of happiness, here or hereafter. The infinite hath no purpose, but saith to all life "it is good." It is not forbidden us to labor and to love and to grieve ; nay, it is of divine necessity that we do, yet God's Sabbath be with us in the midst of these.

This meditation is to be read with great indulgence, as regards both style and content. It is the cobweb of a summer Sunday afternoon.

LXX.

*The beauty of the Austrian Tyrol ; enterprise of the Greeks.*

*(A Fragment.)*

TRIESTE, Italy, Aug, 25, 1871.

You are so far away it seems almost ridiculous to try and keep you posted as to my whereabouts while on the road. When you shall have read these lines I hope to have been two weeks already in Athens. I left Vienna rather sooner than I had intended but when one is tired of a place and as free to move as I, why should one stay ? The region between Vienna and this city, with the exception of a few miles toward



the end, is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The Rhine cannot compare with it. It is known as the Austrian Tyrol, the Pannonia of the Romans, the highway of the armies and wandering peoples whose fortunes established the nationalities of modern Europe. Every view of it is worthy the pencil of the greatest master.

Here I am in an Italian city on the Adriatic. What a change from a German town! And yet Trieste is under the influence of a German government. The harbor swarms with men from all lands, although next to the Italians the Greeks and Turks seem to be in the greatest numbers. The modern Greeks are the most enterprising people in the world. In every harbor city of Europe they compete with the natives and the English. Greeks do in Europe what other people can do only in America—make enormous fortunes out of nothing. The Italians make the impression of a played-out race. They seem all to be dressed in dirty, old, fine clothes.

We sail on the twenty-seventh, and, just think! our voyage will last eight days! We stop at Ancona, Brindisi (Italy), Corfu, Syra, and Athens. Forward my letter to Aunt Sallie if it pleases you.

You will have to wait for my promised contribution. It is hard for me to make a start.

## LXXI.

*Emotions of the scholar upon reaching Athens; passage and companions from Trieste; Corfu; a night on the Ægean; the reality of Athens; a student's mode of living; opportunities to gain the modern idiom.*

ATHENS, Sept. 6, '71; old style, Aug. 24.

In a letter on an occasion so momentous to me as my arrival in Athens, you will no doubt expect to find

some echo of those memories or emotions which must rise on the soul of the scholar who treads for the first time upon Attic soil. I call them memories for Athens is not strange to him. But the constitution of human nature is such that it does not admit of much concentration in our enjoyments. I have been here quite four days, but the shadowy hours of reverie which I expect are still to come.

For the present I will describe my passage from Trieste and my arrival. We had on board a company of Italian opera singers, some English lords going to hunt in the Caucasus, and a mob of less degree of all nationalities and colors. But we may leave these wandering stars and vacant snobs to the care, the one party of their director, the other of their chief stand-by, the bottle-man, for we have the Adriatic before us, soft and blue as an opal. The fluctuations of its surface are too weak to ruffle. To the right we see the coast of Italy fade away where so many white sails stand out against the evening sun. They are all bound for Venice in whose presence and influence we seem to be, although the city is below the water line to the west.

Our first sunset, the finest indeed we enjoyed, I shall never forget. I had not conceived the luxury of color which the heavens and sea can display. There were tints of such infinite depth and purity, such tone that the eye must see them to realize their possibility. The Arabs on board, who had preserved till evening a dignified silence sitting with crossed legs on their carpets, rose and looking to the east muttered their prayers, then bowed themselves to the deck before the great Allah whom they adore in the highest of many heavens. It was the most impressive act of worship I ever witnessed.

Two days of Elysian weather brought us to Corfu. The breeze upon the sea had made it delightfully cool, but when I went ashore I was almost scorched. The city is built on a hill, with narrow streets crowded with donkeys and sun-burnt venders of fruit, naked children, and villainous looking Greeks and Italians. We left Corfu with a stiff head-wind, and for forty-eight hours, till we reached Syra in the Grecian Archipelago, I suffered the nauseous qualms of sea-sickness. Think of suffering in emetic spasms for two days! But if these had been much worse they would have been well repaid by the magnificent night-passage from Syra to the Piræus, the harbor of Athens. The moon was full and the sea in a splendid agitation, which, strange to say, did not affect me as usual.

We passed the beautiful islands of the Archipelago while I stood till far in the small hours of the night alone at the prow. All hands were turned in, and only the firemen, who came up at turns to take the air, and the silent man at the wheel kept watch. Oh, how the waves danced and the shadows gambolled and ran over the sea! How ghostly the islands rose and sank out of sight! The silver masses of clouds melted into the wonderful Ionian heaven or drank up the floods of moonlight. I thought how thousands of years ago a night like this was broken on these seas by the dash of ten thousand Persian oars.

I went below at last but could not sleep and at the first dawn was on deck again. We were rounding Cape Sunium, the extreme point of Attica. If anything could have heightened the impressions of the night it would have been this sunrise. Presently we were at Piræus, and here the less poetry you bring with you the better. Such a pack of wolves in human

shape as these boatmen who take you from the steamer I never saw before. Impudence and audacity combine to rob the stranger at every turn.

From the harbor to Athens is about five miles, so it was not long till I had the Acropolis in view. Here I am. The city is hot and dusty. It is little of the groves of the Academy one sees in the modern capital of Greece. Even the strongest imagination is oppressed by the present reality, in building up that Athens of another day, when the scattered rocks and dust of to-day were beautiful, quiet temples, or splendid places of resort for the trading, debating, counselling Athenians of long ago. The Ilissus is dry, and the mountains about the city, whose names have loaded so many a verse with the scent of thyme and hum of the honey-maker, are deprived of their woods and fertility. Only the everlasting heavens and the blue Saronic Gulf in the distance still clothe the scene as when Cecrops settled on the Acropolis. Yet the modern town is not ill. It is clean and for the most part well built, and displays the greatest activity. The Greeks are not idle. They possess even public spirit in an eminent degree, and this gives the place something of an American air. But another time more about Greece and the Greeks.

I must tell you now how I am fixed here, or, rather, in what a fix I am. A furnished room as in Germany is not to be had in Athens except under the most exorbitant conditions. So I was forced to secure an empty apartment and furnish it at my own expense. Bed and bedding, towels, table, chairs, wash-stand, and all the other indispensable requisites have cost me about forty dollars. I shall sell my things again when I leave, at not too great a sacrifice as I am told.

On the whole living is not dearer here than in Germany, and I shall come out with the same money if it is regularly sent.

Another circumstance is the threatened approach of cholera to Constantinople and Athens, which would occasion the flight, especially from here, of everything that can go.

You must have patience with my promised contribution. I have been so harassed since my arrival here by all manner of cares, that I almost wish I had stayed where I was. I am living at the foot of Lycabettus and have from one window a full view of the Parthenon. I make my own breakfast, which consists of a cup of coffee (I have a machine), a piece of bread, and a bunch of grapes. Dinner I have in an eating-house and supper as I feel, when hungry in the same restaurant, and when not at home.

I have the best opportunities for speaking Greek, which I do not fail to improve, so that I hope in nine months' time to have a fluent command of the modern idiom. The professors of the University are educated in Germany and, if not exactly such as I have heard at Berlin and Munich, still of respectable classical attainments. I have been introduced already to three of the faculty. There are several very hospitable American families here, as I understand, but I have not met any at their houses yet. Do not forget that it takes a month for letters to reach me. As I have received no mail since coming here, I begin to grow uneasy about the fate of my next letter.

Direct to me, *Poste Restante*, Athens, Greece.

## LXXII.

*The hypothesis of the deterioration of species ; the subtle sympathy of women ; ever-living associations of Attica ; the poetry of a walk to Eleusis ; social life in Greece and resemblances to American life.*

ATHENS, Sept. 23, 1871.

As my last letter was almost entirely occupied with an account of my coming to Athens, I think to fill this with more particulars of my surroundings. It was quite a month before your letter of August 8th reached me, being forwarded from Vienna to my address here with an extra charge of postage to the amount of one franc. The expense of letter-writing from and to Greece is very great. Be careful to secure the thinnest paper and to write fine, unless you suffer from a superabundance of stamps.

I have read many hostile criticisms of Darwinism, but never anything so glaringly exposed the writer's ignorance of the theory he had undertaken to combat as the paper you sent me. That G—— should attempt to construe a *deterioration* of species on the hypothesis of Darwin, is only more pitiable than ludicrous. A deterioration indeed could obtain, where the conditions of life were so modified as to deprive the nobler organism of the means of existence. The dilemma in this case, however, is deterioration or extinction. The style of G——'s remarks, too, is vulgar and unworthy a subject which, as he himself confesses, is occupying the best intellects of the world. To what purpose in such a case, are the frivolous and unconsidered objections which he makes? Mrs. C——'s affectionate remembrances of me give me the liveliest pleasure. She is a woman of beautiful ideals, and no intellectual limit-

ation can deprive these delicate instincts of their value. What a difference between yourself and her ! There is something Titanic at the heart of you, something of measureless power and jagged splendor. Such a woman could be the soul of a tremendous conspiracy in which the heroic remnants of manhood gathered to make a last stand against a universe of wrong. Natures such as hers shed calm through the stormiest spirits ; they will preserve hope like an ark through troubled oceans.

Perhaps no woman is capable of a philosophy, that is, of squaring a whole life to the rule of impersonal reason, but there are women *for* every philosophy of life, natures which resound clearest to the touch of each particular master-thought. The value to the thinker of this subtle sympathy is immeasurable. It is through this that womanhood, whose other claims the scholar may evict, re-establishes her right of participation in our lives. What a digression !

You asked for particulars of life here, and it was my intention to give them you. How shall I modify the judgment, or rather sentence, passed upon Athens in my last letter so as to do justice to what I have since seen and, at the same time, not appear a hasty and superficial critic ? The peculiarities of the climate must excuse me, and the fact that I had not visited when I wrote the best points of view. The remains of the ancient city are not numerous, but of extreme interest, and, in part, still of exquisite beauty. To me the points of association are almost more attractive than the ruins, but to appreciate even these in the way they deserve requires much study and the affectionate brooding of a cultured imagination.

The plain of Attica with its clear air, picturesque

mountains, and sky of such ethereal tones as if born of the ecstatic eye of Claude Lorraine, girt by the blue gulf and strait of Salamis, with bold islands in the distance, satisfies the greatest expectations of what should be the seat and cradle of ancient genius, the birth-place of science, and favorite haunt of song. I have been over the Acropolis amidst the shattered magnificence of the Parthenon. I have seen the exquisite, tender tracery of the ruined Erechtheum, fluted column and capital, frieze and mighty architrave, sculptured metope, polished wall and floor, the graceful strength of supporting Caryatides, the mournful traces of vanished glories which Polygnotos's pencil left in the Pinakothek; or the spot where the great bronze Athene of Phidias stood with shield and lance. I have sat in the seat of the priest of Dionysius in the great theatre sacred to this god, where the dramas of Sophocles were played before thirty thousand spectators. I have been in the prison where Socrates drank the hemlock of envious Athenians and frightened bigots. It is now a filthy chamber in the solid rock of a hill. Near it, too, are the stone steps and platform from which Demosthenes harangued his assembled fellow-citizens. Here is the hill of Mars where the ancient court of Athens sat, and where Paul warned the degenerate sons of Marathon's heroes that a new light had come into the world. Olive trees still shade the site of Plato's Academy.

I live in the grounds of the old Cynosarges where Antisthenes, the first cynic philosopher, taught the vanity of life and the meanness of man. Not far from here was the Lyceum of Aristotle. There are a hundred other places of interest and hallowed memory in the compass of a twenty minutes' walk.



The other day a friend and I went to Eleusis, the old seat of the Mysteries. It was a walk like the road to heaven. We took the cars (the only ones in Greece) to Piræus, the harbor of Athens, about five miles distant. From there we then went afoot along the coast. We threw stones into the gulf of Salamis where the Persians were mustered in that glorious day against the little navy of Greece. It is where they were defeated by Themistocles, whose tomb looks over these waters. What a long rest after such a day! I found the spot where, in my opinion, Xerxes must have sat to behold the fight. We went on, and, as a shower came up, we hid ourselves in a cave directly opposite the ancient city of Salamis, from which old Telamon sent his son, Ajax, to Troy. No doubt the "lubberly Ajax," as Thersites in Shakespeare calls him, has rested in the same shelter.

But how shall I describe the Thriasian plain—the plain of Eleusis—where Ceres first planted grain for the use of man? It is best not to attempt it. We stopped at a shepherd's lodge at noon, where a half dozen great, dirty figures in goat-skins, resembling the satyrs that followed Pan, received us and treated us to fish and bread and honey. They would not take money, but exercised hospitality as a virtue. At Eleusis we had coffee and after resting looked up the ruins of the great temple, the largest in Greece. But little remains of this work, built by the architect of the Parthenon, Ictinos, and representing a new principle in the construction of Grecian sacred buildings. It was two hundred feet square, enclosed on three sides by unbroken massive walls, with a portico on the fourth. The columns, four magnificent rows, traversed the interior as in the order of a Gothic cathedral. It was

hypæthral, or open to the sky in the centre. The famous Mysteries of the "great goddesses," Demeter and Persephone, were celebrated in this temple, to which a solemn procession from Athens yearly came over the sacred way through the pass of Daphne, by which we returned. We had made a march of twenty-five miles and, notwithstanding what we had seen and enjoyed, were glad to rest at home. So much about my tramp.

Life in Athens resembles American life very much ; much more than life in the German cities does. The people are very fond of social parties, a thing which in Germany has given way to the attractions of the beer-houses, concert-halls, etc. Especially the men in Germany seek their amusement together in clubs and knots of old companionship, where they play cards, or talk politics or science, as they are of one class or the other. Beer, however, never fails. The women are left pretty much to shift for themselves. But here we have the American style of parties. They are, it must be confessed, infinitely more insipid than a German *kneipe*.

I have several introductions which I occasionally make use of to hear Greek and practice my tongue. If we call after dinner, we are served with coffee, a very sweet, black decoction in small cups with the grounds, which the Greeks have learned of the Turks to make. A Greek has the greater part of the virtues of an American ; he is strictly religious—in fact, a perfect ass in everything that concerns his church. He is very patriotic, public-spirited, disinclined to aristocracy, always dissatisfied with the men in power, and he is less truthful, and is more an Oriental than Occidental in his estimation and treatment of women.

On the other hand he is, perhaps, more natural—that is, less artificial in his life and sentiments.

Since I wrote you last I have recast and rewritten my promised contribution. You will begin to believe I don't intend to send it, but you will be wrong. The first article is the difficult one, for it must preface the series and explain as well as introduce what I intend to write. We are living here in fear of cholera, which is reported to be in Constantinople. The last time the Greek government kept it off, and it is hoped the same strict quarantine will have the same result this time.

Write to me in care of American Consul.

LXXIII.

*Concerning news of his sister's death.*

ATHENS, Oct., 1871.

Dear Father :—I have just received mother's letters of September 15th, and your note with draft of same date. My heart is too full and my eyes too full to write more than these words. This is the first grief I ever felt. I have been two hours reading mother's letter, and it seemed all so unreal, a nightmare of the soul. I will not recall your agony in mine. Heaven knows I did not think I cared enough for life to be shaken so to the depths of the soul. Oh, love! it is more cruel than hate! My sorrow is too fresh to write, but I must not let the only mail that goes for a week start without these lines. Do you let mother know I have gotten her news. She did not tell me how Abby died nor when. This is the first letter I have had from home for five weeks. My soul had presentiments of evil. My own health is good. I shall write soon. Good-by, dear father.

## LXXIV.

*Grief at the loss of his sister ; piety the sense of oneness with an almighty existence ; sacrifice the less to the greater ; the pen of a scholar in a newspaper article ; loving remembrance of kindred.*

Ah me ! for every bosom-nestling joy  
Behold some sudden doom far in the sky.

B. C. S., 1868.

ATHENS, Oct. 25, 1871.

Dear, dear Mother !

But see ! A half hour has fled since I have written these words. My soul has been out with the rays of my lamp in the storm that is beating upon the Acropolis. How it welters and thunders in the great heavens which for months have been seamed with purple mornings, glorified by Elysian days, and which have encompassed in their sacred infinity the choral movements of the mighty stars. Where in the heavens or earth is the memory of their summer felicity ?

Two weeks have sped since that fatal messenger came,—came and whispered to my heart the great sorrow. It was but a whisper, or voiceless touch of speech ; no heart-rending images of death ; no kindred lamentation ; no farewell ; no last kiss and agony ; an awful whisper to me alone, far off, desolate. Oh, mother, I was stunned, suffocated, speechless. My heart burned ; the whole world grew hollow about me ; grief seized hold of me as I have never felt its agony before. Tears, when they came, were my relief. But tears alone, without a bosom of sympathy to shed them on, fall like fire. The dark hour passed only to come in surges at intervals of memory, with the bitter thought which my soul can scarcely realize.

You do not know how in these last years the images of home have grown dear to me. They have grown with my culture to build a balance of personal interest to poise the great interests of science and history. I need this natural love far more than other men, because it is all I have dedicated to myself in life. But even this is not left me ; its rose, its jewel has been taken away.

But it is wrong for me thus to renew grief in you. In time, from a mist of tears, my higher self rises above the troubled waters where I was plunged. It is not this life, which exults and despairs with the natural pulses of the heart, I would abolish, but it is the higher life I would cherish in which, although we grieve, yet we view ourselves with divine equanimity as another. There is a calm within the storm—a retreat for the inmost soul, in which God's insight abides, and that comfort which is without name or likeness. Let us then dry our tears and, coming closer to fill up the vacant place, say that sister, once the beautiful gift of God moving among us, shall be henceforth the sweet genius of our hearth, a sacrament of love between us, a spirit ever present where two of us shall meet.

If my thoughts could serve to deaden in you the too quick sense of grief, I would they were well said, but pantheism cannot serve as a mere shelter against misfortune to which one may fly as to the false hopes of idle creeds. It requires that we make it our daily conversation ; that we exercise piety, which is self-forgetfulness, not the presumption of our own immortality, which is foolishness. But it is piety in which we are all wanting, that selflessness which is all tenderness and unfeigned love ; which, although given to the creature, yet rests not in him, the single manifestation,

but in its divine source. It is the ever present sense of how we are carried and sustained in the arms of an Almighty existence, how we are of, and one with, this being whose law is love, that is, whose whole mysterious being is solved in our absolute selfless devotion.

You say that I must come home this year. Let it be as you wish. I have learned to put such an estimate upon things as will sacrifice the less thing to the greater ; for what other object can I have in aspiring to the widest culture than to do well for those I love? and if this cannot be without their pain, why should it be at all? I do not know what poor father will do. Our whole future looks dark to me, and I should only like to have in my culture such an instrument as would maintain us more easily. Much depends on the two years I expected to stay here—just that addition which would lift me beyond a great deal of that competition in the world of letters which makes a scholar's bread so sour. But I say these are all considerations which you shall dispose of as you think you must. A thousand dollars would bring you to Europe, keep you a year with me, and take you home again.

Previous letters will give you an idea of my situation here. There are many incidents of interest, but not for this letter, which is too full of sad philosophy.

I sent father my promised contribution, but it is an odd piece of writing and, I fear, will find no publisher. How hard it is for me, whose education has been a departing from the ways of thinking that make a popular writer, to pen a newspaper article. The immense seriousness of my style will not be frightened away by an effort to be light and graceful. Practice in writing must help me, however, to put my ideas in a more gainly dress.

A spell of bad weather has set in, but it will not last long. Our winters here are green and mild, every one says, so that fires are dispensed with pretty generally. My health is good, but I have a care not to take cold, as the ague is pretty sure to result from it. My friend has been shaking off and on all summer and fall.

I must refer once more before closing, to the sad subject which fills this letter. Why did you not tell me how and when sister passed away? You give me no account, but said it was a sudden and not painful death. My flute, that I learned in order to play with Abby, lies untouched. I cannot endure to take it up, but I shall not let it be forgotten. Kiss brother for me. Oh, we are all desolate. When I think that I have no sister I feel poor, almost ashamed among men, for how I had gloried in this treasure of my home!

The dear old folks, Aunt Letty and Linny, Uncle Henry and all those far and near whom you will see, if they have not forgotten me, will care perhaps for my love and remembrance. Henry's little boys are not forgotten, Charley and Grant. Most of all I think of poor father, how he must be lonesome and heart-sore in his struggle with the world. My first wish is to take it from his hands on to younger shoulders. Write me a long letter and speak your heart freely, after considering everything. Your wish is sacred to me.

It is far in the night. Once more the stars look out on the great Acropolis, and light up with a spiritual gleam that ghostly wreck of beauty, the Parthenon. Till I write again, good-by.

## LXXV.

*The resolution of grief ; the difficulty of poverty of spirit ; a day at Ægina ; modern Athenians ; American missionaries ; early Christian writings ; the King of Greece ; a consideration of the value of further study.*

ATHENS, Nov. 10th, 1871.

Over a week ago I thought I had gathered strength to write to you, not as from the shadows of desolation where the soul is alone with her loss, but from where the spirit, turning once more lightward, feels again in the divine presence. I was alone among the mountains, in the shadow of temple-ruins, and rocked upon the jewel-waters of the sea to the plaintive strains of brown-throated oarsmen, and I repeated in the twilight of the stars that wax not old, the lamentations of ages which were in the infancy of man, till the night of despair which had closed over me was rolled away, and the grief which seemed only mine was mingled with all solemn and eternal things. We all seek consolation according to the constitution of each.

How bitterly in your letter of October 5th you speak of the world and fate ! Swinburne says, " There is no help, for all these things are so, and all the world is bitter as a tear." But in the eyes of piety the world is other, and these words are blasphemy, even worse than that cowardly system which men call religion, and by which they endeavor to solve the great problem of life without giving up self, as divine necessity requires. Nay, they rather trust to the operations of magic, for such are all their sacraments and ceremonies, to rescue them entirely from death.\* There are tears

\*In the sacramentarian theory saving-grace is tied to the performance of ecclesiastical rites, without which there is no



enough, and unfulfilled desires enough, one would think, in every life to teach us all the wisdom of self-limitation; but that poverty of spirit, which is the wealth of the soul, is difficult to attain.

Let me write of other things, for somehow I am only cheerful with strangers, and all love makes me serious, so that my letters home rather resemble sermons than letters. My friend and I went to Ægina together a couple of weeks ago. The island lies about twelve miles off the harbor of Athens in fair view. Once it was an independent state with half a million inhabitants, with depots and colonies in Egypt and Italy and Gaul and a navy which commanded the seas. Now a few goats and vineyards on the old terraces occupy Ægina.

The immediate object of our visit was the ruin of the old Athena temple on its northeastern angle. We landed from our little boat near the foot of the mountain from the summit of which the far-shining columns look over the blue Saronic Gulf. On our way up we were greeted by laborers in the fields with a "Well met," or "Good hour," and one old man held up his water-jug, a double-handled amphora of antique pattern, and called to us to come and drink. Even the robbers of Greece, it is said, are hospitable and never harm the stranger who comes to them as a guest. On our return we had a propitious breeze which rested our oarsmen.

promise of salvation. St. Augustine of Hippo was so charitable as to conjecture that there was a painless, changeless limbo in which the souls of infants who died unbaptized remained forever, but for unbaptized sinners there was never any rest. The Greek Church, in the presence of which this letter was written, no less than the Latin Church, lays fundamental stress on sacraments.

We had taken our dinner along, fish baked in olive oil, goats' cheese, grapes and bread, and for the boatmen a quart of resinous wine—that is, wine preserved by a strong admixture of turpentine, much used by Greeks of all ranks, and said to be very healthful ;—but I tasted only the turpentine in it. The day was delightful and not soon to be forgotten by either of us.

The modern Greeks have, in my opinion, scarcely any resemblance to the ancient Hellenes, but they are an original and gifted race notwithstanding. They are envious and busy-bodies, as are the people of all small states. They are naturally vain-glorious, and double-faced in dealing with foreigners, as is natural for a people which has had to do with Orientals on the one hand and English on the other ; but they are patriotic, brave, public-spirited, generous, true to their friends and curious to learn. They have no manners, but stare at a stranger in a most provoking manner, but without the intention to offend. The costumes of the peasants are very picturesque, and the people themselves the handsomest I have ever seen. The young men have a port like angels, and walk with such a bounding elasticity that they seem rather to glide than go. The women of the same class have often a grace and fineness which elsewhere one sees only among the educated and refined.

My good friend and I have attended worship several times at the houses of American missionaries. They are Greeks by birth, all three of them, with American wives and education. Of course they preach in Greek and to a little circle of simple-hearted, good people whom they have attracted to them from the great national Orthodox Church. Their meetings are held in the houses of the respective pastors and call to mind

the early churches of Corinth and elsewhere, which held service in the houses of the wealthier brethren. Then the language is almost the identical dialect of the early Christians, which could almost persuade one that we are in the presence of such an assembly. But since Paul preached here the church seems to have lost in talented foremen, although the heathen are certainly less numerous. Here and there one sees a Turk with his jaunty fez and bag-trousers, and then such heathen as we from the universities of Germany bring a slight reinforcement to their dwindled ranks.

I hear a lecture on ecclesiastical history five times a week, and am reading up the great German work of Neander on the same subject. Besides, I am making studies in the Greek fathers, and sifting the documents which vouch for the New Testament writings. I wish I could give the great mass of honest but deluded Christians of America a glimpse into the character of the early church, such as it really was, and not as the mythologizing traditions of the later church make it appear. It would astonish many a good man to hear that we have not of a certainty a single word written by any man who even saw Christ, and that the practice of forging writings under the names of famous personages was at that time in the Christian and heathen world so universal that no credit is given by scholars to the accredited authorship of a work till other evidence establishes it. But to be able to weigh impartially the evidence for and against Christianity, one must have acquired the historical sense (it is almost a sixth sense) that is, an insight into the processes of historic development of nations and civilizations. No one is more convinced than I of the necessity of a religion, that is, a view of man's relation to the divinity which binds him

over to give up his subjectivity, namely, his individual will, to the great ends of the whole. But there are many religions better and worse, and among these Christianity occupies the first historic place, more due, no doubt, to the fact that Indo-European races embraced it, than to its intrinsic superiority to Buddhism ; but it is antiquated for the enlightened consciousness of our age, which has outgrown religion of a mythological, supernatural character. I speak of course not of the masses whose tendencies are still very greatly to fetishism and idolatry, but of the really cultivated.

It begins to get a little cool in Athens, but not so much as to make a fire even comfortable. The National Assembly has opened with a ministerial crisis. Questions of considerable interest are on the tapis for this session. The King is not loved and, as it appears to me, does not deserve to be. He takes no interest or pride in Greece *as* Greece, but merely as the little stage where he can lord it for his hour. He reads French novels, such as Paul de Kock's, and, as his enemies assert, does not know who built the Parthenon. His mother, queen of Denmark, is here on a visit.

Now about my coming home. You know that I shall not murmur to do what you require, but I only beg of you to take a second thought, and not do what you will repent. The loss to me of the two years which I expected to spend in Italy and France will be felt as long as I live. All my work heretofore has been arranged with a view to spending this time in Europe. Besides it would be a far greater relief to you to come next summer to me in Italy and spend a year with me abroad, than simply to have me come home with my work half done. As to coming back to Europe to study, that is out of the question. I shall require to

go to work and carve me out a place in the world and a home for us all. If I have no friends to help us at this critical time for my future, I shall not consider that I have any friends at all. You must either come to me, or I go to you. As to which of these courses is the wiser, there can be no question. The only question is, where is a thousand dollars to come from? There are a good many thousand dollars for me in the two years which I wish to stay here, and it is my wish and has always been to have you come to Europe. I shall feel like a stranger in the lands of my education till I see you here. Father no doubt, if he retains his health, can support me here for this time, and it cannot escape his clearer understanding in such matters, how necessary a superior education will be to me with my character and views, but I cannot expect that he can afford to send you. I wish to undertake this myself, and to do it, I am willing to pledge my earnings on my return for any time. It is necessary for me as a man to consider, besides the tender impulses of family affection, the substantial interests of the future, without which no family life is shielded from the grinding pressure of the world. How gladly I would fly to your bosom now, without a moment's delay, were not these at stake! But again, I submit my will to yours in this matter, and promise you that whatever happens, I shall accept the situation cheerfully to make the best of it for us all. But I beg that I be not called away from Greece before next April. You must take heart, and let your love for me, which is returned as no son ever loved a mother, comfort you. I shall live for you and for father, the object of our common love, with all my heart and soul. When I do return I shall come to you like your own youth again. It is for this that I have

withstood every temptation and grappled with every difficulty that I thought might conceal treasures for my life, that I might be worthy one day to return to your bosom as pure in body and soul as when I nestled there as at the fountain of my life. These are words of love not for the ears of any, save father if you wish.

## LXXVI.

*The pain of interrupted studies; the real priests of truth.*

ATHENS, Dec. 9, 1871.

Before the post leaves to-day, I shall try and finish these lines for the mail, the last, most probably, you will receive from me in Europe. I expected by yesterday's steamer money and marching orders, but as they did not arrive, the next weekly packet must bring them. The letters which I have written home since receiving the news of our bitter loss, were intended to avert this catastrophe in my studies, but they were not received in time and it is questionable if they would have helped had they been read.

I desire in this letter to state things just as they appear to me, for on my return I am resolved to let no murmur nor shadow of discontent weaken my efforts in fulfilling the sacred duty of consolation. Had I not arranged my studies from the very beginning with a view to a residence of six years abroad, I should have accomplished more, or rather I should have concluded more. I studied for culture, not for a profession; but I hoped, in taking so liberal a school-time, to embrace in this culture the exact knowledge of a profession, and I should certainly have succeeded.

What can I do now? To take a little professorship

in some sectarian college would cost me, I fear, my life in a short time. Politics are off on one side, so that I see no other field open but that of journalism. With a year's practice in the art of writing for the American public, perhaps I can attain such control of my pen as will support me in Europe for the remainder of my desired stay. How can I abjure my thirst for a commanding culture, a standpoint over my times, and an insight into the remotest history of my race? Without the bonds of blood which attach me to America I should spend this little life of mine in the cities of Europe, in the atmosphere of the universities and museums, in the society of kindred spirits. How few the wants of such a life, yet how immeasurable its interests and desires!

As to the usefulness of such an existence, we need only to reflect that those who cherish the sacred flame of knowledge are not less indispensable to the world than those who propagate its light in dark places. These, the real priests of truth, make less stir among the multitude than the heralds of her worship who call to sacrifice through the market-places. They remain in the temple's adytum to receive the inspirations of the divinity. But the claims upon one are such that I cannot follow the natural bent of my soul. It is unjust to charge such a disposition with selfishness, love of pleasure, etc. What do others do? They make money and seek social position and enjoy, as may be in their power, the luxuries of life. Does it become such to abuse as an egoist the poor ascetic student, whose claims upon the world are so few, and whose sympathy with all that is great and good in it is so deep? The vanity of great possession and the show of this world are beginning to be felt by the deepest

spirits of our own time, as once before in the history of the race.

But enough of this. In case my money comes all right, I may be at grandfather's a week after you receive this.

LXXVII.

*Mountain robbers in Greece ; death a liberator ; revised plans for the future ; dread of American noise and tyranny of public opinion.*

ATHENS, Dec. 23, 1871.

This morning I received your first letter from Ohio, full of a mother's inconsolable sorrow, which was far more eloquent in the broken, incoherent sentences of mental agitation and distraction, than in the language of grief it spoke. If what you say is true, that by reason of a two weeks' delay in the mails, I shall not likely receive my exchange before the first of December, it being now the twenty-third, the letter must be lost, as the letter of August twenty-eighth announcing sister's death never came to my sight.

I shall undertake a trip through the Peloponnesus which will occupy between two and three weeks. It is a matter of too great interest to me to let an opportunity so rare pass unemployed. I have been to Thebes since I wrote to you last, but I will spare all descriptions for fire-side talk, seeing my return is so near at hand, and a map of Greece perhaps not in all Island Creek.\* Only this I must not forget to mention, that in the Peloponnesus there are no robbers, such as those whose depredations in the north of

\* The early home of his parents and his birthplace, where at this time his mother was visiting.



Greece are so terrible. At present the government forbids strangers to leave Athens in any direction for the provinces except by sea, as within the last few days a famous chief with numerous banditti is known to be in the vicinity.

How sad I am to hear that you are suffering from a complaint of whose vicious nature I have always had an idea, I know not whence or with what good reason. Spare yourself everything, for you do not know how unjustly you despair of life, seeing how dear you are to us all and before *all* to *me*. Sister is dead, but when you bore her you knew you bore a mortal. It is well with her. With us, although all is not well, yet life has of everything it ever had, of love and hope and duty, but above all, of love. Among the many comforters too, death is not the least, for it cures our aches, pays all our debts, releases from every wearisome obligation. The thought of death is a part of life, and for me it comes in still, sad hours with a power of release, and I bow my head full of cares and wearisome desires, partaking in advance of the great liberation.

I shall return to America, but to what good end is hard to see, save the little service and comfort I shall be to you. Life in America will be intolerable to me. I know it from what I feel in coming in contact with Americans here, from American journals and my own recollections. My own ideas and character require years yet of formative labor and experience. The hunger in my soul for knowledge, contact with the life and spirit of all ages and climes, the restlessness of my nature—such a subtle mixture of sensuous impressibility and bald intellectuality—will never let me settle into the grooves of a Philistine existence, as one must do who will live with conventional order and propriety.

Foreseeing this in my own character, I shall keep far from all manner of connections which bind a man to regulate his life by the necessities of others. It is a sin for a man with my disposition to involve himself in any way that can hamper the growth of his own soul. But there are relations not of our own making, such as my duty to you, and in the fulfilment of this I shall seek a dispensation from all others.

All this you will see only means that I return to America with the idea of returning to Europe, and the next time *not* for a year or so, but possibly for all my life. My first care is to make my pen support me, and to this end I am determined to devote my energies henceforth. My education will be broken off but not finally given up. For a life which is not all culture seems to me, by so much as it is not, lost. My home is in the centres of the world's intellectual life : Berlin, Paris, Florence, Munich, London, and among the storied lands of history. As much as is possible, I wish you to partake of this with me.

Do not imagine I shall be lost to the world because I shall be lost to the noise and fuss of life in America. I hate the tyranny of such an existence, the despotism of public opinion ; but of all these things I hope soon to speak with you. Do not lose hope of seeing me. The journey is not a matter of solicitude to me. Father's election\* rejoices me very greatly, as it will be the occasion of withdrawing his mind from his many troubles. Poor soul ! I do not know why, but a profound pity has seized me for him. May his hopefulness endure him through life ! Aunt Sallie wrote me a kind letter advising me to read Paul. Dear soul ! she has no idea

\* He was chosen the preceding autumn to a representative's seat in the Kansas legislature.

how many of those epistles are spurious, and *less* idea how little weight I can attach to even such as are not. My health is good, but I fear the effects of anxiety upon it. Our winter is very mild. You will not answer this letter in case money has been sent me to come home.

## LXXVIII.

*A modicum of hope and courage ; constitutional government in Greece ; renewal of miracles.*

ATHENS, Greece, Feb. 3rd, 1872.

Such weighty matters of western politics no doubt will have engaged you this winter that you do not greatly miss the scanty spiritual refreshment afforded by my letters. Notwithstanding, I should have written oftener if the uncertainty of your movements and my expectation of starting home after every mail-day, had not hindered. This anxiety has not only hindered me in my correspondence, but no less in my studies.

I have suffered very much this winter in spirit. The world never looked quite so hard and bitter to me. You know my modicum of hope and personal courage is very small. Where others gird themselves more firmly for the contest which threatens to overwhelm, I take refuge in the spirit of sacrifice. I am always ready to put the mark of my ambition a notch lower. "Anything for peace of mind" is a cowardly motto no doubt, but one which nature has stamped upon every fold of my character. Last fall I was averse to giving up my work in Europe, because all my future seemed to hang upon it. Now I have only one desire, that is to go home. I have once given up my plans for the immediate future, and now the ground burns

under my feet. When I get home and have gathered myself up I shall see what is still open for me to do, and shall take hold.

I would I had a taste for politics. My taste for letters I fear is far beyond my capacity of execution. The only thing for which I seem eminently fitted is to enjoy the works of other men and the still more admirable works which God has not made through the hands of men. But this is a confession which perhaps all the world would make.

Mother's letters of Christmas and January 1st reached me in company yesterday. She expected to be with you by the first of February. How I long to greet you both once more face to face. It seems all my melancholy must flee when once more under the paternal roof. It is not good for a youth to be deprived for so many years of the fostering love of home. It is the milk upon which the spirit of man grows ripe and strong and cheerful. The comprehension of the world and history which I have acquired in these four years of absence, I should never have attained at home. But men grow fat on fallacies, while truth is hard of digestion.

I wonder if the same unclear spirits of jealousy and lust of gain, petty ambitions and demagogism, control the councils of Kansas as make constitutional government in Greece a painful farce. It is a wretched state of things where a people is too much alive to submit to an autocrat and too corrupt to govern themselves; but this is the state of Greece. There is a general feeling that the brigands in the mountains are the best blood of the nation; men with the courage to put into practice on a heroic scale the principles upon which they see every one live.

The theory of Greek politics is simple. There are no parties with different political, economical, or social theories, as elsewhere, but there are some half dozen party leaders—men who have succeeded in attaching to their persons a mob of hungry advocates and half-educated or unsuccessful members of other professions—whose ambition it is to fill a place in the civil service of the state. There are accordingly about six candidates for every position whose only chance of success depends upon the unscrupulousness with which they serve their party head in his efforts to balk the government. Nothing is left untried. Things come to a crisis when a ministry is no longer able to administer, the government being impeded on every side and having to do with a thoroughly unmanageable legislature. A change of ministries is tried; the *bear* becomes *bull*, and as Premier assumes the defensive in the identical position from which he has just driven his antagonist. But as there are some five bears to one bull all the time it is impossible for any government to maintain itself. There have been three ministries since I have been in Athens. You may imagine what becomes of the civil service in such a state of things and will not find it at all remarkable that a half dozen brigands can terrify all Attica up to the very gates of the Capital.

You may ask, where are the great masses interested only in good government? They are incapable of conceiving the possibility of an honest administration. Men learn by experience, but this unfortunate people has had no such experience as that of an honest ruler; yet instead of schools, social refinement, and good government, the Lord has continued to them since the days of the Apostles his miraculous presence. Signs and

wonders still encourage the saints. Protestant Christians are blessed with such measures of faith that it is enough for them to have heard about some wonderful things to believe them ; but the simpler children of the Church, whose gifts are not so great, require their renewal and this of course is not withheld. Religious liberty is a glorious thing to decorate the paragraphs of the constitution. In practice, however, it does n't seem to succeed. American tolerance resembles that child's appetite who could eat anything made of sugar.

Enough of such matter. When you receive this I hope you will have already sent my last draft whose paper wings are to carry me home. The journey is long and expensive, but it promises to put an end to my anxiety and to your pains.

If mother is not with you, send her this letter without delay.

#### LXXIX.

*Joy in returning ; a royal baptism ; modern Greek religiousness ; the Turkish problem ; an epoch of political organization ; training for a diplomatic career.*

ATHENS, Feb. 24, 1872.

If my anxious expectations are fulfilled, you will read this letter but a few days before my departure for home. Since I have concluded to return to America in the spring, my patience has all of a sudden deserted me. With the prospect of still two years before me I bore up, but the thought of an early reunion with the dear ones at home, it seems, has unnerved me, and I suffer incredibly from impatience to be off.

How glad I was to receive your cheery letter from

the halls of legislation ! It breathed the matter-of-fact air of its birthplace, and made me think of you as in your element, that is, pushing *with* the world but never afraid to push the world when in your way. You wrote it seems before having received information of my rather suddenly taken desire to leave Europe, and mention your intercession with mother to prolong my time. I am far from overlooking the justice of mother's desire in this instance, and this it is which in the end has almost convinced me that it is to my own interests to accede to a wish which, after our great common affliction, must be entertained equally by all—that of seeing the remnants of the family once more together. I shall imbibe new strength from renewed contact with the sources of my being, the love of home, and its sacred interests.

I was present to-day at the baptism of a royal infant of Greece in the Metropolitan Church of Athens. The pomp of the orthodox ritual is greater than even that of the Catholic. It is as a fragment of the Byzantine empire preserved to our day with the very scent and lustre of the Grecian Middle-Ages upon it. The temple itself, a most gorgeous basilica, is an eloquent architectural interpretation of the spirit, or better, want of spirit, of those times. Nothing is left unaffected which can be attained in architecture by a profusion of colors and forms. Everything is kaleidoscopic, piebald, zig-gag, affected,—a thousand times the effort which is apparent in the Parthenon, with a thousandth part of the latter's æsthetic effect. The priests are in keeping, that is, their sacramental dress is in keeping, the priests themselves being neither modern nor Byzantine, but mere mumblers of old incantations.

What astonishes the stranger most of all things in

Greece is the incredible religious fanaticism of this people—that is, their attachment to their Apostolic Orthodox Church. The viler and lower the Greek the greater his pride in this hollowest of all religious forms. Besides the ordinary grounds of attachment to fossilized ideas and institutions, viz., the intellectual inertia of the masses, his envy of all independent spiritual life, and innumerable individual interests connected with everything established, serve to augment his regard for his church.

There is in the Orient another powerful reason for this high esteem of the Greeks. It is the fact that their faith secures to them, among the numerous and scattered Christian nationalities of this part of Europe and Asia, a predominance which they could maintain in no other way. Now it is upon this predominance of the Grecian element that the so-called "Great Idea" rests—that is, the idea of a re-establishment of the Greek Empire at Constantinople in the event of an expulsion of the Turks. In my opinion the thing will never be. In fact, the last few days have seen what seems to be a fatal blow struck at the hopes of all those patriots who have dreamed of a renewal of the days of Constantine the Great. The despotism of the Grecian hierarchy has finally provoked in Constantinople among the great Slavic element, the Bulgarians, open opposition and schism, and it is in full way to divide into two irreconcilable camps the Christians of Turkey. Under such circumstances it is plain to every one that, in the event of a dissolution of the Ottoman power, the heavily Slavic provinces, which really comprise all of Turkey in Europe, will gravitate to Russia, the great centre of pan-Slavonistic tendencies.

The task of reconciling nationalities is far too ad-



vanced political business for Europe. America can scarcely succeed in it with her unparalleled advantages and political culture. The so-called Oriental question is a Gordian knot, admitting of no other solution than that which some Russian Alexander will give it with the sword.

An idea has been long engaging me without as yet having culminated in any resolution, but at least gradually gaining strength. It is touching my own future. Our epoch is decidedly an epoch of political organization and ideas. The philosophical thought of the day is lower than it has been for ages. The religious life, which always discovers correlative symptoms, has been shorn of all its wide effulgence and reduced to an intense but narrow Christolatry, with no other content than a simple ethical one. As to art, the artists themselves are the first to lose faith in the miraculous powers of their Muses. The conclusion is that I do not believe I shall find in any of these spheres an activity sufficiently profound to absorb my energies. It is impossible to swim against the current. All great reformations and achievements have taken the current at its turn, and therefore *seem* to have turned *it*. But for ordinary political labor I seem to want many essentials of character and person.

There is, however, a sphere of politics for which I feel a certain adaptability, and toward success in which my scholastic tendencies would only contribute. This is diplomacy. Every one knows how illy America is supplied with available diplomatic culture. My idea is that, upon a reformation of our civil service which cannot be indefinitely postponed, the system of appointments to posts abroad will require the first and most rigid revision, in which case a special prepara-

tion for the duties of such a position will be indispensable. Now why should I not have a future here? Let me devote myself for several years yet to political science, international law, the *minutiae* of political history, to a perfect acquisition of the French language and acquaintance with all the forms of diplomacy, and then, perhaps, signalize myself by a work on some matter of special interest to my profession, and why should I not be able to make a start in the diplomatic career? I could utilize my studies in contemporary politics and journalistic correspondence. I would depend for success upon a more thorough acquaintance with my profession than could be easily found in another. Your success in a candidature for Congress would be by far the most propitious omen I could pray for in launching out. In fact it would launch me.

To-day I expect a letter from mother; if none comes I shall mail these sheets for to-morrow's steamer. You will not answer this letter, I hope—that is, I hope to be with you before an answer would reach me.

LXXX.

*Homeward bound.*

April, 1872.

DEAR FATHER :—I hasten to inform you that I have received the draft sent by mother, February 26th, and that I shall embark next Friday for America. I go via Marseilles, Paris, Havre, New York. My health is first rate and I anticipate a prosperous voyage. All my books, save my Greek texts and dictionaries, with a few other exceptions, are in Vienna with my landlady. I shall not pay freight on them, as they are safe

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for any length of time where they are, and should I return to Europe I should be saved a very considerable expense. Let mother have no apprehensions about the dangers of a Mediterranean voyage of four days. I sail from Havre on the twentieth of April with a steamer of the Hamburg American Packet Co., whose boats the Ambassador highly recommends. I must post in great haste as the mail closes in a short time.

## CONCLUSION.

### THE PROFESSOR.

WITH Byron Smith's return to his parents in Kansas this series of remarkable letters ceases. The conditions necessary to their production were changed. From the reveries of the half-cloistered student and still days of converse with the entombed spirits of the mighty dead, he turned to the task of self-maintenance and the duties of active life. A student he remained all his life, animated by a ceaseless craving "to know," and with a mind receptive on all sides, but the tenor of his career was changed. If he cherished a plan for returning some day to Europe and resuming his studious diligence at the universities and galleries of her intellectual centres, he never lamented to others his deprivation of their splendid opportunities. He deplored nothing, but faced with radiance and courage the conditions of American life in the West, those conditions that, as his letters evince, he had at times contemplated from abroad with dismay.

In the early September days of 1872 he appeared in Lawrence, Kansas, as the instructor of Greek in the University of that State. He had just entered the twenty-fourth year of his age. Tall and slender of figure he moved with the grace and elasticity of an

athlete. His eye was dark and lustrous and with its bright gleams was a tell-tale of the man's enthusiasms and of his quick perceptions. His dark brown, soft hair clustered in ringlets about a face of unusually fair skin, under which the mantling blood spread hues of the rose. People turned to observe him a second time, for the beauty of youth and intelligence was upon him. In manner he was retiring and deferential to all men, even to persons of lowly gifts and acquisitions, but there was an alertness of attention and a lively interest in what was passing that caused him to engage readily in conversation. He was naturally a mental gladiator, skilful in the fencings of argument, brilliant in dialectic, impetuous with animation. Yet in the presence of a number of persons his bearing was so modest that he seldom opened conversation and seemed to be led rather than to lead. He was so easily master of his stores of knowledge, acute observations and genial fancies, that there was no effort, nor reflex sense of effectiveness, nor conscious display apparent in his speech; his eloquence—and eloquent he was—seemed full of spontaneity and child-like eagerness. But he was at his best when with but one or two companions, as by the friendly hearth, where he delighted in exposition of a theory or an idea. In the class-room or at his club, when his friends sought him out and gathered round him, he seemed swept on by the flow of thoughts surging in him. Yet he was not declamatory. In such conditions supremacy was accorded him and even forced upon him, and one could not but be reminded of Samuel Coleridge among his friends, where conversation turned to monologue, and rejoinder to listening. His voice was low and mellow, his pronunciation tinged with a breadth of vowel sounds and a slight accent

peculiar to himself, and he seemed like a rich organ of infinite parts with its manuals always uncovered for his companions to improvise upon and draw forth full chords of love, wisdom, and sentiment. Of ambition he displayed nothing ; the pre-eminence that came to him seemed unsought. Withal he had an invincible courage of his opinions, and no one was long left in doubt as to them, although he was not aggressive, and always had a courteous grace and tact that indisposed others to contradiction. What scope of influence fell to him when he became a teacher of young and ardent spirits, who revere with chivalrous devotion those who awaken them to new life and set the pulses of mental power throbbing in them !

At this time the University of Kansas was in her infancy and on an American frontier. She was harassed with preparatory classes which, like milk teeth, were soon to be shed, and her foster nurse, the legislature, was not in those days affectionate, but rather penuriously proud of its ward. It was a time of planting rather than of achievement, and how well the officers of the University planted is shown by the present high standing and dignified work of that institution. In 1872 the Chancellor, an Aberdeenshire man who had commanded a brigade of Pennsylvania troops in the Civil War, mingled teaching the necessary Greek and philosophy with his administrative duties. Indeed, his function was not unlike a protozoan of a colonizing type, having in himself the potencies of the future, and every term he would bud and give off a department. Then, too, the classical side of the University had been most neglected, for the sentiment in the State was strong for science as touching practicalities, and sceptical as to the propriety of teaching youth dead

languages that did well enough for the cultivation of the leisured rich, but had no adaptation to busy and working life.

On the arrival of Byron Smith at Mt. Oread, as it was called,—a bluff overlooking a lovely plain formed by the confluence of the Kansas and Wakarusa rivers, on the summit of which stood the just roofed and half-plastered great University building,—the department of Greek began to bud. At first he was an instructor, or technically an adjutant of the Chancellor, but when the second semester came on Smith's department was officially organized and he installed in a professor's chair. Nothing could have been more fortunate for the cause of classical learning in Kansas than this arrangement. The youngest of all the teachers in the University, he was by all odds the most versatile and accomplished. This radiant child of Apollo stirred the hearts of the young, as the spring sun does the earth, with quickenings of manifold and beautiful life. The wonder and awe of sentient being awakened in them. In the womb of their own souls there were mysterious and fecund possibilities moving.

Here was a man whose feet, almost from the cradle, had turned aside from the paths commonly adjudged to be practical, and had exchanged the slopes and glades of Parnassus only for the walks of the Academy. He had put the mind above the hand, seeking culture rather than utility. Yet what a workman he was! How well-centred he stood towards nature! From what poise he sped to the heart of things! He knew the secrets of the laboratory and the cabinet; but these were no formulas of science for him, for they were the records of a vitalized natural history,—not, as they often are to many, man's history of nature,

but nature's history of man and man's environments. He was one of the most vital of men, comprehending his fellows, ardent to reach the veracities in them, eager to participate in their progress, whether that were the breaking of a fetter or a new achievement. To scores of his associates at this time he was a revelation of what culture and discipline could be gained on classic ground and of its singular worth. From his day the right of Greek to be a part of the student's heritage went unquestioned on Mt. Oread.

In his method of instruction his character is in some degree disclosed. The text he taught was ever a vital thing. It had come from some soul of the golden past and it therefore was a soul itself. Hence glossary, grammar, and orthoepy were not ends in themselves but instruments,—keys to unlock some thought. If he was exacting about irregular verbs and particles, or chased down a dialectic form, it was not as an exercise of acumen, but because there was some subtle product of mind lurking there. His great requirement was that his pupils should study with understanding ; that thought should kindle thought, and he scorned the refuge of the pedant who, half-trained himself, puzzles his class with grammatical obscurities that are mastered only as a feat of diligence or memory, and have no other service. Yet it must not be inferred that he was patient with slovenly work. On the contrary, no man cared more for the refinements and elegancies of study ; only he looked upon details as tributary to some whole. Discipline had value in his eyes because it was the royal road to culture.

It happened in those days of beginnings that in the most advanced class of his second professional year was one girl. The feeble impulses towards classical train-



ing at that time in so new a State had borne her alone of all the students to her Junior year. With her he read in that year the entire Iliad in order that she might catch the Homeric spirit, saying the use of a literature to acquire its contents was the surest way to the conquest of its philological difficulties. He cared for a syntactical subtilty for the kernal of human soul there was within it. Here it may be recorded that to this pupil he pledged the surrender of that celibate freedom he once thought suitable to such a scholarly life as seemed to await him, and not many years after, when a betrothal widowhood had befallen her, she in turn sat in his professorial chair in his old class-room and carried on his work in his spirit.

Professor Smith at once took by willing consent a commanding position in the scholastic and social community of Lawrence. It was the silent rising of Sirius into the empyrean. The fact was that a human being that did not engage his attention or ardor was a fatuous sort of soul, for he was so responsive to all real mentality and especially to that of youth, that one could play upon his rich nature even with a perplexed look or an honest blunder. Contempt was a sentiment he hardly understood, although he had scorn of cant and perversity. A man must be so who cherishes human life as a matter, not of duty, but of natural constitution. He would linger at his desk, or prolong a walk, or discourse in a room with animation, for the delight of contact with student or companion. And then his ascendancy began at once under the spell of a veracious spirit and a mind skilled to touch the heart of a matter.

During his first winter his whole family were together in Lawrence. In the spring his parents returned to

Humboldt and the young professor had to seek a new dwelling-place. It is a mark of the ingenuousness of his nature that he sought another home with a reputedly orthodox Episcopal clergyman, who was then a colleague of his in the University. He could not imagine that truth-seeking men would be estranged by creeds. That Paganism or Scepticism and Christianity should dwell amicably under one roof, was in his eyes something like sisterhood, for were not both emanations from the one great life that filled all things? It may be that he was attracted by three little children of the house he sought, for he was very playful and merry with them, as were they with him, and an outburst of childish glee was an indication that the "professor" was with them. It came about, therefore, that the two young teachers sat at the same table thereafter, so long as they were both connected with the University.

Here a rare malady attacked Professor Smith, and it was one destined to have decisive effects on his career. Its eventual cure proved it to have been renal neuralgia, but for months it was an obscure disease to his medical advisers, among whom were some of the most eminent physicians of St. Louis and Philadelphia. It was overcome by the simple expedients of a man who was not eminent, but was a faithful, careful family physician of high personal character, such as prudent patients take into their hearts and keep there "forever and a day." The disease attacked him at intervals of about six weeks with paroxysms that usually lasted several days. During that time he was wrung with darting, protracted pains through the lonely watches of the night and the still more tedious hours of day in a darkened room. At such times he was utterly incapacitated and unnerved. His fortitude only availed to

keep him from outcry and repining, but he scarcely ate or slept until the torture wore away. When the tyranny of pain abated he returned to his duties, with a touch of weariness temporarily upon him, but with his ardor and strength unimpaired. There are maladies that hurt cruelly, but do not weaken.

For two years and a term Professor Smith lived in Lawrence. His athletic form and radiant face became familiar in the society-meetings of the students, in the homes of citizens, in a social club that formed about him, and occasionally on the lyceum platform. Everywhere he made the impression well depicted by one of his pupils in these words, "He gathered learning as an absolute good, not, as a loose expression has it, 'for the good learning will bring.' Thus it was also that he believed it never to be necessary to choose the least of two evils, considering it at all times possible to choose an absolute right. . . . He was radically truthful."

It is to be expected that a nature not given to compromise, and impelled by the fine ardor of young years, could not entertain the unconventional views that Smith did without bringing upon him the resentment of dogmatic traditionalists. There are people who, despite all his sweetness and veracity, would think Jesus disloyal to himself, if he did not believe in plenary inspiration, or the imputation of sin, or the apostolic succession, or sacramental grace. Kansas was not destitute of them, and they began to whisper that scepticism was fostered in a State institution by the retention in it of an unbeliever. They did not complain of the quality of the Greek furnished, nor did they concern themselves with the logic of their position in asserting that the State should exercise religious discrimination. They were mostly ecclesiastical politicians, of whom

Methodism then furnished the West with a no inconsiderable number of blundering heads. While the young professor was on the scene they only whispered. He was entrenched in the respect and admiration of those who knew him and his fascinations dispelled personal antagonisms. When another man took his duty while he was in quest of health, his adversaries were able to confirm the substitute in his room and to end his connection with the University.

#### THE JOURNALIST.

In the summer of 1874 his home was again broken up by the removal to Philadelphia of his clerical colleague and host. Upon the eve of the following Christmas Professor Smith appeared unannounced at the door of his friend in Philadelphia, and told how the paroxysms of his malady had grown intolerable and that he was in quest of the best medical advice in order that he might either obtain relief or ascertain whether a simple fight of fortitude with pain was all that he could look forward to. His entire recovery, as has been already said, followed that winter, and he then became one of the editorial staff of the *Philadelphia Press*, which was under the management of W. W. Nevin, its proprietor being absent for a long time in Europe as a Commissioner for the impending Centennial Exhibition of 1876. He had now reached a career to which he seemed to have a birthright, as his father was a journalist more than anything else, and his life had been passed in acquaintance with the rural press. It was a profession, too, that had often seemed to him the natural sequel to studies as general as his had been, while his penetration into social, economic, and political problems,—the great

staples of newspaper writing,—was enhanced by the truly religious sense of duty to the welfare of mankind he entertained. The good of mankind was the imperative ethical cycle through which his intellect and conscience moved.

Brief as was Professor Smith's experience in the editorial room it was unusually fortunate and happy for a beginner. At that time the editorial spirit had not been asphyxiated by the encroachments of reportorial work. Newspaper men talked of paragraphing as the highest example of editorial skill, and a clever "scoop" was regarded even then as a reporter's triumph. But obtaining a bit of sensational news in advance of all competitors, with its degradations of sensationalism, had not yet become the sole criterion of journalistic ability. A "scoop" accomplished by the use of legs was popular in the reporter's room, but there was still a recognized "scoop," accomplished by the use of brains, for the editor to achieve, and men read with respect the "views" of their favorite paper on a wide range of foreign and domestic intelligence. Moreover *The Press* was then managed by a man who belonged to a disciplined and gifted branch of a family prominent in Pennsylvania for intellectual force, and he loved versatility and culture in its columns. What is more to the point, its independence was not compromised under him by partisan log-rolling, nor deteriorated by greed for advertisements, nor degraded by servility to fatuous fancies of what the people wanted. There was in those days a function for an editor, and an editor was more than a simple manager peddling copies of the paper. There lingered in the American newspaper-world a respect for good work, judged from the standpoint of literary excellence and worthy matter. On *The Press*

the young editor wrote with his charming lucidity and sparkle of insight and well-mastered erudition. He worked slowly, feeling keenly that his audience had changed and there was a style suitable thereto to be acquired. He was fastidious, veracious, and faithful to that most exacting of masters, his own self-respect. Of his performances his superior said that in his journalistic experience he had encountered nothing more satisfactory or promising. Apparently these young hands had hold of the ladder of influence, fame, and fortune.

THE END.

The stroke of one midnight ended all this fair promise and Professor Smith's career was hopelessly over. It was the season of the year when the sun hangs lowest in the sky, the shadows are deepest and longest and the little days have a dun dreariness. One of those storms came on when the snow falls fast and sleety and lies, like a saturated sponge, deep on the ground. Every footprint fills with water and makes a steelly indentation, while dripping icicles hang from the eaves and the trees put on a glassy coating. On that night the young journalist returned, as was his wont, to his new home in the early hours of the morning. The only night-cars available for him left a half-mile to be traversed on foot through deserted streets. He reached his room drenched and a gush of blood from the lungs announced that he was in the grip of an unrelenting disease. The brief day of work for this brilliant spirit, so full of erudition and enthusiasm, so puissant in its skill and loveliness was over. To a friend who called during the day and found him in bed, he remarked

with a shade of sorrow on his face, "I have had a hæmorrhage, and its meaning is unmistakable. I had thought to master the problems of political economy, for I wanted so to know them, but now I never shall."

The same medical care that had emancipated him from his neuralgic trouble attended him, but the physician said the indications were of an unpromising character and pointed to destruction of pulmonary tissue. The kindest nursing awaited him, for he had found a home in Philadelphia in the comfortable dwelling of a homœopathic physician who with his young wife was deeply under the spell of his captivating nature. He had seemed to enter the house as the herald of a new life, wonderful in its possibilities, glorious in its power. These gentle souls felt all the pathos of the impending extinction of so splendid a life, and at times even to anguish. Nothing that solicitude could supply of time or service did their hands withhold.

The illness was not one of pain ; rather it was a wasting of vitality. The professor gathered books upon his bed and, during the tedious days of confinement, devoured them as if mindful that what he had to do must be done quickly. He still loved to see the countenances of his friends about him, was still alert for discourse on high themes, and his serenity was unruffled. For a time there seemed a chance that the lesions of his lung might heal, and the doctor talked of more favorable climates in the South where some years of usefulness might be in store for him. As spring came on a second hæmorrhage dispelled these vague hopes and the professor abandoned all expectations of recovery. His mother came on and he nestled like a child in her soothing arms, comforted

by the yearning love that was ceaselessly welling in her heart. What arms a mother's are ! What magic in her soft hands ! How they say to the most self-sufficient and matured manhood, " Rest, child ! "

Balmy days came and the mother bore her precious charge to her Kansas home with its rare atmospheres and glorious azure skies. But the sick man grew thinner and his face more lucent with the waste of disease. Still further west there were foot-hills and parks famed for their kindness to consumptives. There was a faint hope that the patient's days might be prolonged there, or at least ameliorated. A maternal uncle invited him to Colorado, and he passed the winter in Boulder. In the spring he was more of a shadow than ever,—so thin, so light. Again his mother was with him, but he faded away painlessly, still talking of the high themes he loved. He did not solace himself with vain hopes of recovery, but faced death placidly and bravely. On the 4th of May, 1877, without distress or uneasiness, his head lay tranquilly on its pillow ; his breath came more and more softly, and then almost imperceptibly stopped. The scholar's life was over. Byron Caldwell Smith was dead.

A broken-hearted woman bore the body to a broken-hearted father, and they laid it in a grave on the banks of the Neosho River, near Humboldt, by the side of Abby, his only sister.

With his own estimate of life and its consummation let this biography close. From Berlin he sent these notes and verses to his father :

" I do not know whether I do wisely in sending you such verses as the accompanying or not. I have never seen that any great or little poet has written such things, although I have read much which was calcu-



lated to move the same chords as these. This feeling, as I have said, cannot be expressed in the music of numbers. It is the highest product of philosophic thought; yet there is something poetic in the contemplation of this supreme mood, in which the antitheses of feeling are overcome and the soul rests in its identity with the Infinite. The many thousand lights and shades of being are swallowed up in its all-involving fire-gloom, that takes possession of the soul as the sky is filled with ether. It is the privilege of a Christ and Spinoza to *live* in this element, and of less holy men to taste at sacred moments its divine repose."

"There is a mood that 's far too deep for song,  
In it are no sweet objects of desire,  
No tender visions fashioned of soft fire,  
The honeyed tongue of music must do it wrong;

"Nor any mighty waxing of the heart  
With beat of holy scorn, or great intent  
Which is on some supreme devotion bent,  
Or wills to take a more than mortal part;

"Nor such as thought of what all space contains  
Might make in Plato's vast and lucid soul,  
Where all the laws of order have control,  
And thronèd Beauty monoeidic\* reigns.

"'T is the indifference of joy and grief,  
The utter oneness of all, time creates,  
Foretouch of that deep silence, which awaits  
All spirits with the fulness of relief."

\* "Monoeidic," literally, "of one form"; Plato's epithet of the First Beautiful or Ideal Beauty, which is only partially expressed in the multifarious objects of beauty in the world. These only reflect single rays of monoeidic Beauty.



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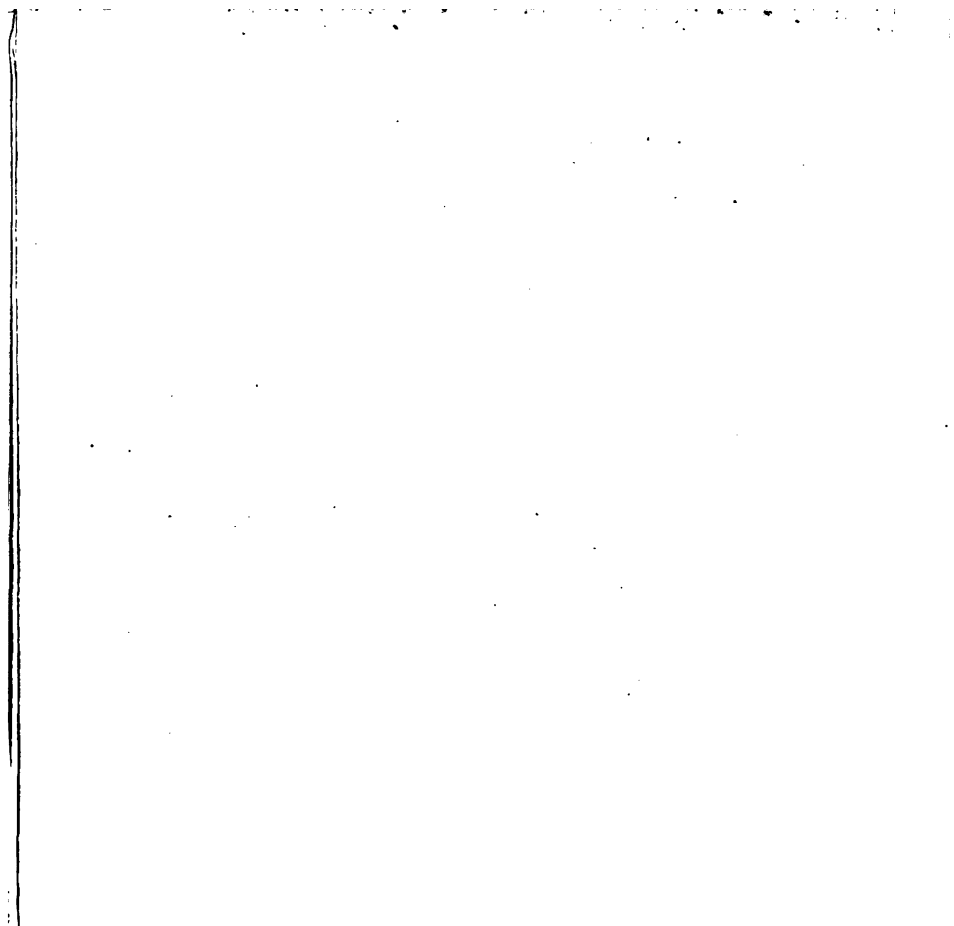
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